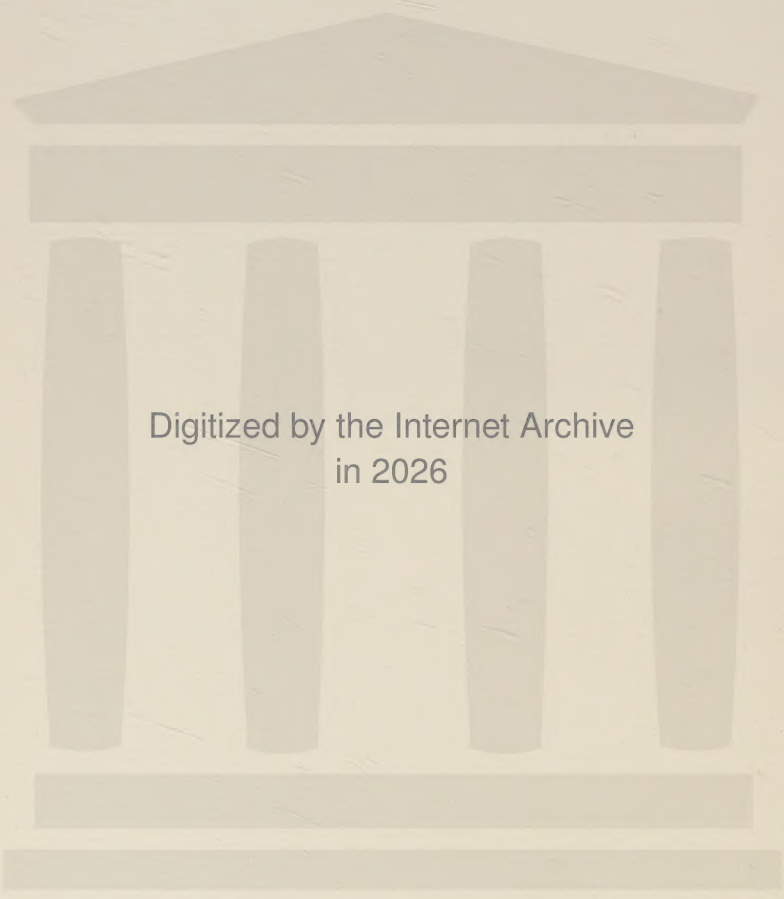
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Large-Paper Edition

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS

VOL. II — PART II

Phillips Brooks

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

Phillips Brooks

BY

ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED

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MDCCCCI

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CHAPTER XI

1881–1882

MEMORIAL SERMON ON DR. VINTON. DEATH OF DEAN STANLEY. SPEECHES AT CHURCH CONGRESS. SECOND VOLUME OF SERMONS. THE STANLEY MEMORIAL. DEATH OF DR. STONE. REQUEST FOR LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR A YEAR

On April 26, 1881, Dr. Vinton died at the age of seventy-four. The eulogy which Phillips Brooks pronounced upon him in a memorial sermon preached at Emmanuel Church, Boston, and again in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, was published by request in pamphlet form, but deserves a permanent place among his writings, for it is the description of an ideal which had been before him from his boyhood. For nearly forty years these two lives had been intertwined. A few extracts from this sermon will show what the relationship had been, how profound had been the influence of the older man upon the younger, but incidentally they show us what manner of man was Phillips Brooks. Thus he describes Dr. Vinton as the great presbyter, to whom the episcopate would have been no gain. He is interpreting the working of the organization of the church by his own experience when he says: —

> And so he was in his true place in that degree of the ministry where preaching is the constant duty. Once or twice they talked of making him a bishop. But it was well in his heart, I think he knew that it was well, that they who formed such plans for him did not succeed. So far as it would have separated him from the pulpit where he belonged, it would have been a loss and not a gain. The great work of the church lies with the presbyters. The deacon saves the presbyter from some details of work

that he may be the freer for his tasks. The bishop watches the ramparts of the church and secures for the presbyter the conditions of peaceful and effective labor. But the great work of the church is in the presbyters. And this was our great presbyter. That is his name and honor. A bishopric could never have increased his dignity, while it must have weakened his power and fretted his life out with minute details. He was our great presbyter, the elder, the brother, with a special experience and education, but still the elder brother, telling his brethren in brotherly simplicity and earnestness the truth of God.

Here follows a description of the pastoral office as embodied in Dr. Vinton, always before the mind of Phillips Brooks as his own ideal: —

I stop a moment and think of that great pastorship, of all it meant to countless souls; and to have lived in it and carried it on as he did seems to me to be an indescribable, an inestimable privilege. A great pastorship is the noblest picture of human influence and of the relationship of man to man which the world has to show. It is the canonization of friendship. It is friendship lifted above the regions of mere instinct and sentiment and fondness, above all thought of policy or convenience, and exalted into the mutual helpfulness of the children of God. The pastor is father and brother both to those whose deepest lives he helps in deepest ways. His belonging to his people is like the broad spreading of the sky over the lives of men and women and little children, of good and bad, of weak and strong, on all of whom alike it sheds its rain and dew. Who that has ever known such a pastorate can believe that death, which sets free all the best and purest things into a larger spiritual being, ends the relationship of soul to soul which a true pastorship involves?

It is with profound respect that he goes on to speak of Dr. Vinton's theology, from which he had diverged. Many and earnest had been the discussions between them on this subject, as they maintained their differing views, but always with mutual deference and toleration: —

He won in the community where he lived a profound respect for the theology which he preached; not necessarily an acceptance of it, but a respect for it. No people listening to him could think that the theology of the Incarnation and the Atonement was irrational or absurd. There never was a pulpit which more

clearly uttered a definite truth than his, and yet there never was a pulpit more respected. . . . Many of us who listened to Dr. Vinton thirty years ago have seen truth differently now from the way in which he showed it to us then, but we have seen it still with eyes that he helped to open; and many a vision which he never bade us see, but which is now our joy and feast and inspiration, we owe still to his ministry, and may thank him for it, next to God.

The change in the religious outlook which comes to every new generation is a trying experience to the older men, who would fain have the world abide by the conclusions they themselves have reached. Dr. Vinton bore himself well under this ordeal — a model to young men who in their turn must encounter the same difficulty.

Those years from 1858 to 1861 were interesting years to any minister of our church, because of the new drifts and tendencies of Christian thought which were beginning to become pronounced. Ritualism and rationalism were claiming their places in the church. Especially in the latter of these two directions the movement became vigorous and prominent about that time. The famous "Essays and Reviews" were published in 1860, and the whole liberal or broad church tendency attracted the interest of thinking men. It would not be right to try to sketch the life of Dr. Vinton, and not to tell how he regarded that movement in which he was, through all the last years of his life, so deeply interested. He mistrusted it and feared it. He disagreed with many of its processes and most of its conclusions. At the same time he never withheld his friendship and his love from those who were most earnestly in sympathy with it, nor ever gave them anything but help and godspeed in their work. He never recoiled from it with horror. And his own spirit, which, above the spirit of any other man I ever knew, was devout without the slightest taint of superstition, had much to contribute, both in the way of check and in the way of stimulus, to the new thought of the younger men in whose society so much of the years which still remained to him was passed. . . . For my part, I thank Dr. Vinton for many and many a word even of protest against what I thought was true, which, while it made me more anxious and careful to be sure that what I thought was truth was really true, made me also more earnest in holding it as I became convinced that I was not mistaken. And I am sure that his great soul would not grudge me that gratitude. And I think that it is one which

many others share with me. . . . He has been the Socrates to many a poor boy's unborn power of thinking. He was never shocked at honest heresy, however earnestly he argued to disprove it and dislodge it. He has set many a glad soul free from the constraint of what it thought it ought to believe and sent it out to the delight of a real faith.

There came a letter in response to this sketch of Dr. Vinton from a distinguished Congregational clergyman, which forms part of the record, showing that Dr. Vinton's power continued to be felt through the influence of Phillips Brooks's portrayal: —

Boston, September 13, 1881.

My dear Brother, — I can address you by no other name since reading, as I have just done, your Memorial Sermon on Dr. Vinton. Never by anything you have before written have I been so profoundly stirred as by parts of this noble discourse. I am not ashamed to tell you that tears have fallen on the pages where you describe a great pastorship as "the noblest picture of human influence," and where you tell of Dr. Vinton's work in the national judgment day of this generation.

Rebuked and humbled have I been by the vision you have given me of a great life, the humbling I trust to be followed by new inspirations to a higher service of Christ. Indeed, I now believe that no such moral quickening has come to me for years as I have had on this blessed morning.

Within a few weeks I am to go from my work here to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago. In the one happy year of my ministry in Boston, I have felt the inspiration, not only of your words, but of your nearness, and I cannot go away without telling you of it.

There creeps into the correspondence of Phillips Brooks at this time the evidence of some physical weariness. He found, so he writes, the sermon on Dr. Vinton one of the hardest things that he had ever undertaken; and he mentions that while he was writing it the weather was atrocious. He declines an invitation to take a journey, which would call for physical activity or endurance, on the ground that he is no longer good for such things. On hearing that one of his clerical friends proposed to take a long rest of more than a

year, he says: "It is getting to be kind of tame and vulgar to plod right on. But it is pleasant nevertheless."

It was a novel event at Harvard, creating a deep interest, when the "Œdipus Tyrannus" was given in Sanders Theatre. No one was more interested in following it than Phillips Brooks, for the Greek tragedies had formed an essential part in his education. He speaks of it as a "most tremendous success."

Among the important books which appeared in 1881 was Dr. Mulford's "Republic of God." It was important because it broke the long silence of the younger men, speaking for them on the religious issues of the day. Mr. Brooks was asked to review it for "The Atlantic Monthly," but declined. He read it, however, despite its philosophic terminology, against which he rebelled. To a lady who wrote to him a few years later, after Dr. Mulford's lamented death, asking his opinion of the book, he wrote: —

> Dr. Mulford was a most interesting man, and his book is one of the most inspiring and exasperating things that anybody ever wrote. It is as bright and deep and vague as the sky. It will never be much read, but a few men will get out of it what they will interpret to the world. He was not a man for the ecclesiasticism of the Church to make much out of, but he was felt, and his loss nobody can make good.

Mr. Brooks took no vacation from preaching during the summer of 1881. Every Sunday found him in his place in the pulpit of Trinity Church. But he gained some relief from the burden of pastoral cares in visiting his parishioners in their summer homes. It was a summer long to be remembered because of the assassination of President Garfield, when for weeks the country was in suspense waiting for the fatal issue. To the Rev. James P. Franks he writes: —

> Boston, 233 Clarendon Street, July 3, 1881.
>
> Dear James, — . . . This week has been Commencement and Φ. B. K., and we have been revelling in Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis. It was very beautiful, and made eloquence seem as easy as breathing. Arthur and John were both here, and we had a very beautiful time and sentimentalized about the lapse of

time in a very maudling sort of way. Then, when that was over, I went yesterday and spent a day with Charles Parker, the Senior Warden of Trinity, who has just returned from Europe, and when I came home from there this morning, we were met with the President's assassination. How it brings back that awful Friday sixteen years ago, only this is more wretched because it is not connected with any great issue and has no more dignity than must always belong to death — if it is to be death. The assassin seems to have been the most miserable moonstruck vagabond — and his object nothing more than disappointed spite. I met —— on the street just after we had heard of it this morning, and he told me of an article he had been writing upon the folly of allowing the President of the United States to go about without a bodyguard! Every goose will sting his own sermon into the dreadful tragedy. I saw ——, and he had several delightful and subtle theories about it. But the one thing to do now is to hope that Garfield will get well and that we shall be spared the infliction of Arthur as President. We shall pray for the President to-night at the "usual meeting previous to the Communion." Well, all this is to tell you why I have n't come to Beverly to thank you for asking me to come. And now, though I am to be in Beverly twice next week, I am afraid I shall not tread your hospitable piazza before our Mountain tour. The truth is that the Summer looks as if it were going to use itself up in a sort of parish visiting on a big scale. . . . It is the old struggle of duty and desire, and, of course, with you and me duty conquers. But it 's only a week from next Monday when we start under William's care for the Mountains — that will be the *Cor Cordium* of the Summer. Till then we 'll think of one another, and you will give my Love to S—— and the chickens.

Ever affectionately, P. B.

The summer brought another sorrow, in the death of Dean Stanley, which took place July 18. On first hearing the sad intelligence he wrote to Rev. Arthur Brooks: —

July 22, 1881.

The suddenness of the Dean's death is most startling and seems to flash all that was lovable and beautiful about him upon one with a terrible sense of loss. We shall not see another such interesting man in our day, and I have a sort of feeling as if the Abbey and the Deanery could not possibly be standing there in the old way we used to know them, now that he is gone. Well, it is a good thing that he has lived and a delightful recollection to have known him.

To Lady Frances Baillie, a sister-in-law of Dean Stanley, he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, July 23, 1881.

My dear Lady Frances, — I hope that I shall not seem to you strangely intrusive if I try to tell you something of my deep sympathy with you and of the deep thankfulness with which I think of our dear friend's beautiful life. It seems to me as perfect a picture of human living as the world has ever seen, — and what it suggests and promises for his great future, for the other life (as we blindly call it) which he has begun, is past all expression. My first thought is all of him, of the rich and sacred delight which has come to that insatiable appetite for truth and that deep love for God.

But when I let myself think of all his kindness to me, of how he has welcomed me with that beautiful welcome of his which was like no other man's, of how England has been bright and tempting to me, most of all because he was there, the world seems sadly altered now that I shall never see him again.

I remember so perfectly the first time I saw him. Lady Augusta was with him in the Library of the dear old Deanery, and before we had loosened hands, it was as if she and he had given me the right to count them friends forever. That was in 1874, and from that day on, with all his cares and interests, he was so full of thoughtful kindness, that he did not even let me think how little right I had to any word or thought of his. But I did give him, and I will give him always, that love and gratitude which is all that such as I am can give to such as he is.

Surely we cannot lose him. We have not lost him. We are with him in the love of God in which he rests at peace.

I wish that I could tell you what he was when he was here in America; what friends he made, what a memory of him remains, and what a multitude of hearts are mourning for him, as if he was their friend.

But more than this is the blessed work that he has done for Christ and for the Church. That cannot die. It will be part of the great future for which he kept such an unfaltering hope, and which we may believe he now discerns with perfect clearness. And it is sweet for us all because he believed in it so.

Will you forgive me if I ought not to have written, for his sake. I send my kindest remembrance to your daughter, and I am, with truest sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

Phillips Brooks.

Phillips Brooks now for the first time broke the rule to which he had hitherto invariably adhered, and in response to a call from the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" wrote his article on "Dean Stanley."[1] For two months he gave himself up to the task, collecting material enough in the preparation for it to have made a considerable volume. Only a fraction of what he desired to say could find room within the required limits. The article glows with devotion to Stanley, to whom he felt deep personal indebtedness. "The life of Stanley when it appears, if it is worthily written, will be one of the richest records of the best life of our century and one of the most attractive pictures of a human life in any time." He reviewed Stanley's career so far as it was known to the world. He delineates his characteristics with loving appreciation, for, as in the case of Dr. Vinton, he is describing the ideals of his own youth and manhood. He speaks of Stanley's love of right, his desire to look facts in the face and to know the exact and certain truth. He remarks on his method of approaching all truth through history; of his dislike and inability for metaphysics and for abstract thought. Stanley loved men for the sake of man; special arts and occupations in which he had no personal interest were to him full of the great human drama, full of divine meanings. The world was full of poetry to him. There is need of other methods for the entire mastery of truth, but there is great value and beauty in the historic method which Stanley followed: —

> In the turmoil of *a priori* reasoning, in the hurly-burly of men's speculations about what ought to be, let us welcome the enthusiastic student of what is and of what has been. The gospel in the ages must always be part of the same revelation with the gospel in the Bible and the gospel in the heart. We cannot afford to lose the softening and richening of opinions by the historic sense. The ecclesiastical historian and the systematic theologian must go hand in hand. "The word of the Lord which was given in the Council of Nicæa," says Athanasius, "abideth forever," but the personal History of the Council, which Dean Stanley has so won-

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 340 ff.

derfully told, is part of the word of God which comes from that memorable assemblage to all the generations.

Stanley's last volume on "Christian Institutions," Phillips Brooks especially admired for "its wonderful clearness and power," and as "making Christian faith and worship stand forth in calm and majestic simplicity." In an age of perplexity and disbelief Stanley stood high among the faithful souls who refuse to despair of the Church of Christ. As we read his "Christian Institutions" —

it is as if we heard the quiet word spoken which breaks the spell of ecclesiasticism, and the imprisoned truth or principle wakes and stands upon its feet and looks us in the eye. The flush of life comes back into the hard face of dead ceremonies, and their soul reveals itself. Bubbles of venerable superstition seem to burst before our eyes; and we feel sure anew, with fresh delight and hope, that not fantastical complexity, but the simplicity of naturalness, is the real temple in which we are to look for truth.

He dwelt upon the work of Stanley in making the Bible live to a great multitude of readers. He had not only invested it with a fascinating interest, but he made it the Book of Life. Thus his work was constructive. As an American Mr. Brooks did not sympathize with the idea of an established church; but he refused to believe that there was any low Erastianism in Stanley's interpretation of the church-and-state theory. "It combined the view of Dr. Arnold with Maurice's inspired and glorified doctrine of the kingdom of heaven. His volume of 'Essays on Church and State' is a book which every religious student should read."

He recalled Stanley's personal charm, the charm also of his preaching, — a point on which he could speak with authority: —

Apart from the beautiful simplicity of his style and the richness of illustrative allusion, the charm of his sermons was very apt to lie in a certain way which he had of treating the events of the day as parts of the history of the world, and making his hearers feel that they and what they were doing belonged as truly to the history of their race, and shared as truly in the care and government of God, as David and his wars, or Socrates and his

teachings. As his lectures made all times live with the familiarity of our own day, so his sermons made our own day, with its petty interests, grow sacred and inspired by its identification with the great principles of all the ages.

Of Dean Stanley's visit to America, and his first sermon in the New World, at Trinity Church, he says: —

He had been but a few days in America. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. The church was crowded with men and women, of whom he only knew that to him they represented the New World. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words, it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation: it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America.

The article brought to Mr. Brooks gratifying letters from relatives and friends of Stanley. Dean Plumptre writes: "It is, I think, the truest and fullest presentation of his character that has yet appeared." Lady Frances Baillie thanks him for giving "such a living picture to the people of your country and to us all. . . . How *she* would have thanked you!"

After Stanley's death, the English friendships grew dearer and more intimate, — with Lady Frances Baillie, Sir George Grove, who had accompanied Stanley to this country, and with Archdeacon Farrar, through whom he kept his connection with the sacred Abbey unbroken, always preaching within its precincts at St. Margaret's whenever he visited England. Another friendship in England was formed at this time with Dr. Thorold, Lord Bishop of Rochester, afterward translated to the See of Winchester. On failing to find Mr. Brooks at home when he called upon him in this country, Bishop Thorold had written: —

You are so well known to me by your sermons and have so blessed me by them, I wanted to thank you face to face. They are my constant companions. Some of them, — the "Consolations of God" and the "Soul's Refuge in God," I almost know by heart. This morning I read the one on "Humility." As life

goes on I am always trying to grow new blood in the shape of new friends, and I had dreamed such a dream of a cup of tea with you to-night, to which I had meant to invite myself; and we should have soon found out that we had much in common. . . .

But I write chiefly to say, when you next come to England you must be my guest. I am very near London, Selsdon Park, Croydon; and I shall rely on your proposing yourself.

Part of the summer was spent in New Hampshire, where he recalled old associations connected with the familiar tour of the White Mountains. He speaks of the visit as "pleasant and pathetic. We have been watching the telegraph just as we used to do in the old war times, and the last thing we do before going to bed is to go down to the village and see what the President's pulse and temperature are. After a short stay at Mount Desert he returned to Boston.

The effect of the call to Harvard was to bring Mr. Brooks into closer relationship with the University. A temporary arrangement had been made by which he was appointed one of several chaplains, who were to take their turn in preaching at Appleton Chapel and in conducting morning prayers. Had he accepted the call to be the sole chaplain, he could not have felt more keenly the responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the students. In his devotion to the students he did not begrudge the claims upon his time. But the tax was none the less severe. "I am chaplain this week at Cambridge," he writes to Rev. Arthur Brooks (November 6, 1881), "and go there every morning for prayers. It is very pleasant, but it takes lots of time. I have to leave here at eight o'clock and do not get back till ten."

At the seventh Church Congress, which was held at Providence, in October, Mr. Brooks was one of the appointed speakers on the subject of "Liturgical Growth." It was a subject full of interest at the time, for it had been brought before the General Convention in 1880 by Dr. William R. Huntington, then rector of All Saints' Church in Worcester, and a committee had been appointed to consider the question of the enrichment of the Prayer Book. For long and weary

years the leaders of the Evangelical school had been asking for changes in the way of omissions, and also for greater flexibility in the use of the various services. These demands had been refused. There had grown up in the minds of many the feeling that the Prayer Book was too sacred to admit of alteration or change. Dr. Huntington's motion, however, had passed the convention and the subject was before the Church. It was distinctly understood that the purpose in view was not to alter the Prayer Book in the interest of any school of opinion, nor to make changes for the sake of change, or in order to adapt the Church to any changed condition of the time; but to enrich the worship by additions from the great treasury of devotions. There were some things which all alike would have been glad to see incorporated in the Book of Common Prayer. Whether this could be done without also making doctrinal changes, or without invading the Communion Office, was the question which agitated many.

To the Church Congress at Providence Mr. Brooks went with a determination to speak his mind on the subject of changing the Prayer Book. Others were suggesting what changes were desirable, and he, too, had changes to recommend. What he chiefly wanted was the formal recognition in the Prayer Book of the liberty of extemporaneous prayer. In his paper on "Liturgical Growth"[1] he pleaded for this permission on the ground that in a comprehensive church such as the Episcopal Church claimed to be, this element of power and flexibility should be included. It was not enough that a clergyman was already at liberty to make the extemporaneous prayer at the close of his sermon, — a liberty of which he freely availed himself. So long as the rubrics did not authorize it, he felt bound to refrain from indulging his preference, for he was scrupulous in adherence to the prescribed form and order. Yet it may be told here — for there are many who will remember it — how in saying the beautiful prayer which was a great favorite with him, — "O God, Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the Faithful," he always included

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 96.

himself with the congregation, and changed "them" to "us:" "Visit *us*, we pray Thee, with Thy love and favor." He also changed the abstract expression "the truth" to "Thy truth:" "Graft in *our* hearts the love of *Thy* truth." Slight changes, but bearing witness to his passion for the personal relation of truth and his avoidance of the abstraction. Whether he were conscious of these innovations may be doubted. In some nervous impressible moment, on informal occasions, when he was quite at liberty to make such changes, they may have been stamped upon his memory, and grown unconsciously into a habit.

The paper on "Liturgical Growth" shows that he keenly felt the restriction which made it impossible to pray with an open heart at critical moments, when the freedom of the soul should be granted. Thus he was indignant, and also amused, that when the city of Chicago was in flames the General Convention, then in session, showed its sympathy and asked for the Divine aid by reciting the Litany, while the name of the city and the awful occasion were passed over in silence. Even the Roman Church possessed flexibility in striking contrast with this hard conservatism and immobility. To this defect in the Church he called attention in vigorous speech, denouncing the conservative habit as showing lack of faith in the principles of liturgical worship.

Upon one other topic he volunteered to speak at this same Church Congress, — a thing unusual with him, for when people were met to talk it was his custom to be silent. The Revised Version of the New Testament was one of the subjects for discussion. He listened to the objections to it by the various speakers, — its sacrifice of rhythm in style and of familiar expressions which had become dear. He listened till he could bear it no longer, and rose in his majestic presence to make his way to the platform.

The thing that is really upon trial, he said, is not the Revised Version but the Church. If a man is going to translate a book for me, the one thing I demand is scrupulousness, — the most absolute fidelity to details, the absolute binding of themselves to the simple question how they could most completely represent the

Greek in English, letting the question of literary merit take care of itself. That is the one great evidence of faithfulness to their charge which we had a right to ask of those men who undertook this responsible work, which work so far Christendom has stamped with its approval as to its accuracy. If a man came to me to-morrow, and wanted to know what Christianity was, to understand the words of Christ, I should be absolutely bound to give him the New Version and not the old one.

The great body of new Christians are reading the new book. God grant that our Church may not condemn us to read the old and faulty book in our churches, to the exclusion of the new and corrected one, and so lag behind, as we have done again and again, and only with a tardy run by and by come up abreast of the great dominant sentiment and the prevailing convictions of our fellow Christians.

This instance of his volunteering to speak without special preparation is not a characteristic one. Mr. Brooks was a man that usually weighed his thoughts and his words in long meditation beforehand. He was accustomed to qualify his utterance by considering the other side. He was quite alive to the truth which the late Master of Balliol had expressed in such perfect form, — that there might be more inspiration in the received version than in the original Greek. Nor was Mr. Brooks aware of the importance which others attached to his words, how he spoke now to the country at large, and not merely to his own religious fold. The consequence of these speeches at the Church Congress, especially of his remarks on the subject of Liturgical Growth, was an editorial criticism in "The Churchman" which sharply resented his strictures upon the ecclesiastical conservatism, not mentioning him by name, but referring to him as "a brilliant and popular preacher" who had recently been making some rash remarks. The use of the Litany, when Chicago was burning, was defended as the most appropriate thing to have done. How Mr. Brooks regarded the criticism is shown in a letter to his brother: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 6, 1881.

Dear Arthur, — I thank you very much indeed for your kind sympathy. The brutal attacks of "The Churchman" have kept

me awake o' nights and I have thought several times of either writing a reply or else committing suicide — but I have n't yet done either. The only consolation I have is that "The Churchman" seems to enjoy it, and that I have no doubt —— congratulates himself that the Church is still sound. One serious injury that the articles do me is that I don't feel quite as much at liberty to abuse "The Churchman," which has been one of my chief amusements. I am afraid now that people will think I am spiteful.

In the fall of 1881 Dr. Brooks published his second volume of sermons, under the title "The Candle of the Lord, and other Sermons." It met with the same reception accorded to the first volume, reaching a sale of over twenty-one thousand. The titles of the sermons are felicitously chosen, and linger in the memory. Most of them had been written in the seventies in the ordinary course of his preaching at Trinity Church. Out of the twenty-one sermons which the volume contains, the texts of nine are from the Old Testament, which is a large proportion. If this circumstance has any significance, it lies in showing his gift of the poetic imagination applied to the interpretation of life, the continuation of the spirit of his Philadelphia preaching. Phillips Brooks indignantly repelled the insinuation, that the Christian pulpit lingers too long among Jewish antiquities. He found in the Old Testament perpetual inspiration, the disclosure of the process by which God reveals his life to the world. These texts of sermons in his second volume recalls some of the most abiding impressions of his preaching: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord;" "The good will of him that dwelt in the bush;" "And he said, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee;" "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help;" "Curse ye Meroz, saith the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" "Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;" "Behold he smote the rock that the water gushed out and the streams overflowed. But can he give bread also? Can he provide flesh for his people?"

As we read these words of Scripture the preacher stands forth again in his strength with his insight into the deeper meanings of life. The bush which burned and was not consumed stands for the continuity of one's years; the joy of self-sacrifice is typified in ancient ritual, as when the "song of the Lord began with trumpets" at the moment of the burnt offering; to lift up one's eyes to the hills is to see all lower sources of comfort and consolation as having their origin in the highest, which is God; the curse which was upon Meroz is the curse upon human inactivity in any age whenever the crises of life are upon men; the accumulation of faith makes it possible to believe that God is as powerful in the present as in the past, — "He could overcome the worldliness of the eighteenth century, He can overcome the materialism and fatalism of the nineteenth century; as in ancient times He not only smote the rock that the waters gushed out, but He also provided bread for his people."

It is hard to speak of some of these sermons without speaking of all. But a few must be specially mentioned. There is the sermon on the "Manliness of Christ," which strangely touched the conscience of every one who heard it. The keenness of psychological analysis is here, going beneath the surface to the depth of the consciousness, as he probes it for the reason why men have failed to see the strength of Christ, who in his human personality was the manliest and the mightiest of men. The defect, and the cause of the defect, felt in the traditional portraits of Christ, is here made apparent.

The sermon on the "Law of Liberty," delivered many times, has in it a reminder of Chalmers and Bushnell, but does not suffer by comparison. No one who heard it can forget the closing passage, where he describes the judgment day as simply taking off the restraints of education and of social order, at last leaving each man free to seek his own place.

The sermon on the "Mystery of Light" gives a contrast between the two kinds of mystery, that of light and that of darkness. It is no more possible to measure the depths of

one than of the other. The object is to show that current popular objections to the doctrines of the Trinity are mistaken in considering it as a mystery of darkness, when in reality it is the dazzling, bewildering mystery of light.

This second volume of sermons, like the first, bears witness to that moment in the history of religious experience when, according to the familiar comparison, trite indeed but always most expressive, there was a storm on the ocean of life and much wreckage of faith. Then Phillips Brooks had stood forth as a commander to the people, pointing to the haven and the way by which it was to be gained. Thus on Thanksgiving Day, when his church overflowed with hearers who anticipated the value of the message to be delivered, he took for his text the words of the prophet Ezekiel: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." His subject was the need of self-respect as a condition for hearing the voice of God in revelation.

There are many passages in the Bible which describe the servants of God as their Lord's messages came to them, falling upon their faces to the earth, and in that attitude listening to what God had to say. . . . There is a great truth set forth in all these pictures. It is that only to human humility can God speak intelligently. . . . But in the passage which I have taken for my text this morning, there is another picture with another truth. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." Not on his face but on his feet; not in the attitude of humiliation but in the attitude of self-respect; not stripped of all strength, and lying like a dead man waiting for life to be given to him, but strong in the intelligent consciousness of privilege and standing alive, ready to coöperate with the living God who spoke to him; so the man is now to receive the word of God. . . . The best understanding of God could come to man only when man was upright and self-reverent in his privilege as the child of God.

If this be a truth, is it not a great truth and one that needs continually to be preached? The other truth is often urged upon us that if we do not listen humbly we shall listen in vain. But this truth is not so often preached, nor, I think, so generally felt, — unless you honor your life, you cannot get God's best and fullest wisdom; unless you stand upon your feet, you will not hear God speak to you.

With this introduction the preacher turned to pessimism, whose prophets were vehemently declaring that "human life is a woe and a curse, that the will to live is the fiend which persecutes humanity." Because unphilosophical men, who have no theory of life, are practically accepting this teaching, he proposes to show what the "will to live" must mean.

I am sure you know whereof I speak. In large circles of life, and they are just those circles in which a great many of us live, there is an habitual disparagement of human life, its joys and its prospects. Man is on his face. It seems to me that he must hear God's voice calling him to another attitude, or he is hopeless. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee."

The year 1881 as it came to a close brought the usual commemoration days with their inevitable reflections. The friends of Mr. Brooks continued to insist that his birthday should be observed, though in the swift passage of time the years were coming which made it no more a pleasure. He was confused a little with the transition of life. A birthday should be a day of rejoicing. But as he entered the forties he began to sigh for the youth that was passing, and to realize that something had been lost. He was now forty-five. When he was reminded of the increasing wealth that came with maturity, the larger vision, the mature ripeness of the powers, he declared there was in them no compensation for that which was gone. There was a conflict going on in his soul as he measured the significance of the changes in the life of man, and out of this conflict were to be born some of the most valuable truths which it was given him to reveal to the world. Let the reader turn to his sermon on the "Manliness of Christ" and he will find him brooding upon this issue: —

It would seem, then, as if this truth were very general, that in every development there is a sense of loss as well as a sense of gain. The flower opening into its full luxuriance has no longer the folded beauty of the bud. The summer with its splendor has lost the fascinating mystery of the springtime. The family of grown-up men remembers almost with regret the crude dreams which filled the old house with romance when the men were boys.

The reasonable faith to which the thinker has attained cannot forget the glow of vague emotion with which faith began. . . . Who is not aware of that strange sense of loss which haunts the ripening man? With all that he has come to, there is something that he has left behind. In some moods the loss seems to outweigh the gain. He knows it is not really so, but yet the misgiving that freshness has been sacrificed to maturity, intenseness to completeness, enthusiasm to wisdom, makes the pathos of the life of every sensitive and growing man.[1]

This is but one of the passages scattered through his sermons where Phillips Brooks is telling the congregation before him what he would not speak of in the intimate intercourse of friendship. It was when these moods were on him that he took them to the pulpit, as to some Horeb or mount of vision, to test them there. What he could not tell to his people out of his own experience which would prove a source of strength and elevation and joyous triumph could not be true. Let the reader then turn to his sermon on the "Symmetry of Life," preached on Advent Sunday, where he gives the corrective of all depressing moods. His text was from the Book of Revelation, in whose mystic imagery his soul delighted, "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, Christmas Eve, 1881.

Dear Johnny, — How many Christmas Eves we have spent together! Do you remember how we used to go up to St. Mark's and then come back and wander through the toy shops and look up children's presents, and then how you would go home and find father nailing up Christmas wreaths? Well, that 's all over, and here I am all alone with the Christmas festival safely over and the Christmas sermon done, and cheering myself up by looking at the mighty pretty little vase you have sent me, and by thinking how very kind you were to send it. I do thank you, and I do think it just as pretty as possible. It came quite safe and has taken its place among my treasures, and every club the fellows will see that the study looks a great deal brighter than it used to look, and will wonder what it was that did it. I do indeed thank you for all your kind thoughts of me.

Give H—— my very best love, and for you, dear Johnny, you know how truly I am your affectionate old brother,

Phillips.

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. ii. pp. 258, 259.

Watch Night had been kept as usual at Trinity Church, and on returning to his house in the first hour of the New Year he found a gift awaiting him from the members of the Clericus Club, — a bronze statue of John Baptist in the attitude of preaching. In this letter he describes one of the familiar meetings of the Club and speaks of the gift he had received: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 5, 1882.

Dear Johnny, — A Happy New Year to you and Hatty and Josephine and the Baby! I have been meaning to write you a beautiful letter, but somehow the sermons have got all my time and all my lovely thoughts. What a lot of them (the sermons) there have been! Thank you for sending me your Advent sermon, which I enjoyed exceedingly. It was a delightful sermon, and I envy the people who hear such sermons always. Pray send me everything of yours that goes into the papers. The Club went off first-rate. There were sixteen men here and Bradley's paper was capital. Parks and Percy got a foul of one another in the discussion. Willie Newton turned up when we were halfway through. Charles Richards stayed here all night, and altogether we had a first-rate time, barring your absence which was very bad. Did you know that the Club made me a splendid New Year's present of a bronze John the Baptist, who stands upon my centre table now? It came in just after the watch meeting on Saturday night. We have called Kidner to succeed Killikelly and he has accepted. Jim was up yesterday and Parks is going to preach in Appleton Chapel next Sunday morning. You will come down and spend a night or two soon, won't you? But send me word beforehand or I 'm awfully likely to be away.

Good-by, Johnny.

Affectionately, P.

In this month of January Mr. Brooks undertook with enthusiasm the task of soliciting subscriptions for a memorial of Dean Stanley to be placed in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The subject had been first suggested at a meeting held in the Chapter House on December 13, 1881, to commemorate Stanley's birthday. At that meeting the American minister, Mr. James Russell Lowell, had been present, making one of those felicitous speeches which pleased the hearts of Englishmen. It had then been suggested that

the opportunity be given to friends of Stanley in America to contribute to the memorial already determined upon in England, — the completion of the Chapter House, — by supplying one of the great windows, for which Stanley had already furnished the designs. With reference to this point Dr. Bradley, the successor of Stanley, wrote early in January to Mr. Brooks and a few others, asking that the amount required, £1000, should not come from three or four rich persons, but from a large number. So quickly did the response come in to Mr. Brooks's appeal that by the month of March some three hundred persons from all parts of the country had sent in subscriptions whose total amount exceeded what was called for by several hundred dollars. In a letter to Dean Bradley, in which was enclosed a bill of exchange for £1064 9s. 10d., Mr. Brooks requested in the name of those subscribers whom he had been able to consult, that the surplus, if there were any, should be given to the Westminster Hospital and Training School in which the Dean and Lady Augusta were so deeply interested. To Lady Frances Baillie he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 15, 1882.

Dear Lady Frances, — I want you to see one of the small tokens of the way in which our dear friend was honored in America. So I send you the list of names of the people who, without urgency, have contributed most gladly and often most eagerly to the window in the Chapter House. It has been most delightful to see the feeling with which people have sent their small or large sums. The subscriptions have ranged from one dollar to one hundred, many of the givers not being able to afford more than the single dollar.

You will know many of the names: Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Adams among our oldest public men; Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier among the poets; Parkman and Bancroft among the historians; Emerson, the philosopher, who was most glad to make his contribution; the Bishops of Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Nebraska; clergymen of all sorts, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Baptists, Congregationalists; men of business, college students, and professors, and then a great many who have simply read the Dean's books and have personal gratitude for him. You will no doubt recognize more than

one who have enjoyed the delightful hospitality of the Deanery, which nobody ever forgets.

I hope that you are well, and I know that the months must bring you more and more of peace and thankfulness. I wish that I could hope to meet you this summer, but, though I probably shall go abroad, I do not think that I shall be in England.

Will you remember me most kindly to your children and to my kind friends at Megginch Castle, and believe me, dear Lady Frances,

Always sincerely yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On January 13 Dr. John S. Stone died at the age of eighty-six, almost the last of the great leaders of the Evangelical school. To his death Phillips Brooks refers in the following letter: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, January 28, 1882.

DEAR COOPER, — You know, I suppose, that dear Dr. Stone has gone. Last Friday afternoon he took his dinner as usual and very shortly after had a stroke of paralysis from which he almost immediately became unconscious. He lingered through the night, and the next forenoon at about eleven o'clock without any return of consciousness he passed away. He has been pretty feeble lately but very bright and happy. I saw him about two weeks ago, and he was lying on the sofa in his study, as cheery and full of fun as ever. He spent his days there, without pain, till the stroke came, and I believe he died in the study where you and I saw him a couple of years ago.

It was a beautiful old age and death. On Monday the funeral service was held in the Chapel and his body was taken to Greenwood.

What good old days those were which it brings back, when he used to come down to Race Street and when he used to come and sit in the chancel of Holy Trinity. Well! Well!

He was very fond of you and always talked of you when I saw him. I wonder what he will be like when we see him again.

Ash Wednesday fell on the 22d of February. It had been the custom of Mr. Brooks in the earlier years of his ministry to confine the Lent services to Wednesday and Friday of each week. That was then the prevailing usage. But a change had taken place; there was multiplication of ser-

vices till they were held every day of the week, and in Passion week each day was observed by two and even three services. Mr. Brooks accommodated himself to the change, but with some misgivings. He humorously remarks in a letter that he is wearing out the bricks between his residence and "the meeting-house." He writes to Mr. Cooper accepting an invitation to preach at the consecration of the Church of the Holy Apostles in Philadelphia, and expressing his doubts about Lent: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 2, 1882.

Dear Cooper, — Of course I 'll preach at the Holy Apostles on the evening of the Second Sunday after Easter. That 's half the fun of coming to Philadelphia. I am depending immensely on my visit. When the services get a little thicker than usual I say to myself, in six weeks I shall be in Cooper's study. . . . That cheers me up and I go on with the services again. I do believe you are right about Lent. We have got the thing a great deal too full and complicated. No one service amounts to much in the way of exciting thought or feeling, and the whole long stretch of services grows tame if not tiresome. Besides this there has got to be a sort of rivalry between Parishes, as if the one which had the most services were the most Godly flock and shepherd. Men get each other's "Lent Cards" and compare them, to see who is doing the most "work." There 'll be a great collapse some day. Meanwhile we are keeping on with two or three services a day and counting on the Second Sunday after Easter. When that comes we 'll talk things over and set the whole world right. . . .

After Easter Mr. Brooks showed signs of physical weariness. He continued to say of himself that he was as well as ever, but he knew and admitted that he needed a complete change, and a long one. The subject was mentioned to the wardens and vestry of Trinity Church. He had not yet made up his mind definitely how long he should wish to be absent from home, but intimated that he might possibly conclude to ask for an entire year. The answer of the Proprietors of Trinity Church was prompt and generous. These were the resolutions they adopted, drawn up by the late Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, and presented by Colonel C. R. Codman: —

Resolved, That the Proprietors of Trinity Church, deeply grateful for the invaluable services which have been rendered us by Mr. Brooks, during the more than twelve years of his rectorship, and fearing that he may be in need of a longer and more continuous rest from his devoted labors than he has even yet been willing to allow himself, desire to express their sincere wish that, in going abroad this Summer, he may not feel bound to limit his vacation too narrowly, but may be at perfect liberty to linger in other climates for the Autumn, Winter, and following Summer, if he shall deem such a stay more likely to bring him back to us with invigorated health and strength for the work which we count upon so earnestly in future years.

Resolved, That the Wardens and Vestry be instructed to communicate the foregoing Resolution to Mr. Brooks, with full powers to make any arrangements which may be agreeable to him, and to assure him that much as we should regret even a temporary loss of his services, we should still more regret to deprive him of the rest and recreation which he needs, and which he has so richly earned.

Boston, April 10, 1882.
Easter Monday.

Just before sailing for Europe Mr. Brooks wrote this letter to Mr. Cooper: —

June 20, 1882.

Dear Cooper, — While I am waiting for the carriage which is to take me to Europe my last letter shall be to you. I got your good kind letter yesterday, and it was like the Benediction I had been waiting for, the last blessing, which I had half hoped to get on board the Servia at New York, but your dear old handwriting is the next thing to it.

What lots of good times we have had together! Race Street and the mountains and the lakes and the Tyrol and Switzerland and Paris and Boston and Spruce Street for twenty-two years. And now it seems as if you ought to be going with me. The journey does n't look lovely or attractive this morning, but of course it will all brighten up by and by and there will be lots to enjoy, but the best of it all will be getting home again. So keep well and young and strong so that we may have still a lot of talks together.

Thank you, dear Cooper, for your long friendship and unfailing kindness. May God be good to you as you have been to me.

Well, well, a year from next September.

Good-bye, Good-bye. P. B.

CHAPTER XII

1882

PLANS FOR THE YEAR ABROAD. GERMANY. CORRESPONDENCE. RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK AND FROM JOURNAL OF TRAVEL

It seemed to Mr. Brooks a simple and natural thing to do when he asked for a year's leave of absence from his parish. It was the rule at Harvard to grant its professors this privilege once in seven years. And among the clergy it was not uncommon, especially in large city parishes where the strain of labor was severe, to seek this mode of relief. But when it was known that Phillips Brooks was to be absent for a year, that his voice was to be silenced during all that time, people wondered, and were amazed, and even alarmed. They were asking of him and of one another why he should go away. It seemed inexplicable that he should stop preaching when the world was waiting to listen. How great the work was which he had been doing he did not realize, nor was there any one then who could tell him. In reality he had been leading people in all the land through one of the darkest, strangest crises in religious history. The popular gratitude and devotion to him seemed overwhelming in its length and breadth and depth, but it must have been only in proportion to some service of immeasurable value he had rendered. That at such a moment he should withdraw himself seemed unreasonable. There were fears that something was wrong. Vague rumors were in the air. An interruption like this of his unprecedented work seemed to portend disaster. In the forecast of the future, it was feared he might not return. When he was asked, as he often was, why he was going, he answered to some that he wanted a change;

or to others that he had been giving out for a long time and he would like to stop for a moment in order to take in. But his answers seemed unsatisfactory. No one felt that it was necessary for him of all men to be in such need. He had made them realize the meaning of the words that it was more blessed to give than to receive. But there was another side of the truth, that one must first have received in order to give; and one must continue to receive if one would have the reward of giving.

A few words of comment upon the situation are required. They must take the nature of surmise, for he was silent while all were talking, as he had also kept rigid silence during the public discussion of his call to Harvard, and at every other turning point in his life. It must then be said that his health was in danger from the severe and prolonged strain of his twelve years' ministry in Boston. There were no impending signs of physical collapse, but the danger was real. He had no misgivings about his health, and when the subject was alluded to would simply remark that he wanted a change. But he had been undergoing a strain during these years, to which flesh and blood were not equal, no matter how perfect their organization in the human body. People marvelled sometimes at his powers of endurance, but for the most part were content to accept the fact and to rejoice in it, as in the regularity of natural phenomena.

When we stop to think of what he had gone through, we recall the unbroken line of wonderful sermons, each one better, so it seemed, than the last. It was no slight task for him to be always equal to himself. Those who thought that it was as easy and natural for him to preach great sermons as it was for the sun to shine are now seen to have been mistaken. Others could not have done it at all, but neither could he accomplish it without the life going out of him. To this must be added that he usually preached three times every Sunday, that he preached once a week beside in the Wednesday evening lecture, and in addition to this very often on other days in the week as the call came to him. There were also the occasional addresses of which it is useless to attempt

the record. But they were numerous, for he was wanted in every direction, and where he was wanted he went. He was accustomed to go abroad for his vacation; he had gone six times in these twelve years, while the other six summers he stood in his place in Boston, preaching to the strangers that were passing through the city, or to the toilers who stayed at home because they were unable to leave. He carried the responsibility of a large parish, involving innumerable calls on his time and strength. This was the inevitable strain under any or ordinary circumstances. But it must be remembered that those years of the seventies were also no ordinary years. He was watching the trend of thought and discovery, as it necessitated changes in his own attitude to meet the spiritual need of the hour. Those who lived through the seventies realize, now that they have passed away, the trial and strain to faith and to life which they brought. Materialism, fatalism, pessimism, agnosticism, were words which describe the moment. To lift the world above them into the light of faith was the task which had been assigned him. To this end he must cultivate the larger faith in himself. He lived through the strain, but the virtue which went out of him was a drain upon the vital powers. For multitudes of people he had been living vicariously; they were content so long as he believed.

Then again, he had suffered, and it cost him to suffer, from the loss in such rapid succession of his father and his mother, and at last of Dr. Vinton. The world was changing to him. There was inward agony as he adjusted himself to the new stage of his life when he was to be henceforth without a home. The situation was the harder because he was not married, and would be forced to realize what loneliness meant. Had he been married he would not have felt as keenly as he did the changes of this mortal life. They would indeed have gone over him, but with compensations which he never knew. His large heart, with its vast capacity for affection, was hungering for human love. He should have married, and yet perhaps he knew that if he had now attempted to give himself to one, the spirit of the world which held him for its own

would have resented the attempt and made it impossible. He realized that he was losing the richness and the consolation and the gift which God so freely bestows on others, but did not vouchsafe to him. But he pondered the more deeply on what it was to lose these gifts divine, which constitute the joy of life, and out of his musing came comfort and hope for others.

It is evident that the health of Phillips Brooks was now in danger from the lack of exercise or some method of relaxation from the incessant strain of life. He felt the need of it the more as the opportunities for it diminished. He clung to the Clericus Club as offering freedom to an overburdened man; where there was no danger that he should be misunderstood as he unbent himself in the amusement which some of its members, himself among them, were wont to furnish. He was a member of the Saturday Club. He took an active part in the formation of the St. Botolph Club in 1880, whose object was social, artistic, and musical. For a few years after its establishment he went occasionally to its weekly gatherings.

But there was no diminution apparent in the seemingly boundless vitality of Phillips Brooks. He will be recalled at this time as carrying that manner of boisterous mirth which has heretofore been mentioned to an almost abnormal extreme. If he suffered at all, or were lonely, or ever knew what depression meant, the world would not have guessed it. He seemed to be the very soul of joy. His coming was always and everywhere the signal for an outburst of wild hilarity. His very presence on the street seemed to have power to carry happiness and content to hearts that were heavy. "It was a dull rainy day, when things looked dark and lowering, but Phillips Brooks came down through Newspaper Row and all was bright." This was one of the items in a Boston daily paper.

His presence in a house was so exciting that it seemed to penetrate every part of it, and the effect was long in subsiding after he had left. When he took his journeys, the tumult began from the moment he landed at the station. He walked

up the street, the observed of all observers, though he did not know it; people turned to look at him and stood and watched while he stopped at the windows of shops and made humorous comments on their display, or paused at posts or signboards to read notices and to detect or fabricate some absurdity or incongruity which provoked his laughter. When he reached the house he threw family discipline to the winds. He would call in a loud voice for the children, regardless of considerations of convenience, and when they came their elders passed into the background and the scene of revelry began. He would incite, or seem to do so, the children to revolt and disobedience, as though law and order in the household were a sham; but he deceived no one, least of all the children. To them it was some fairy scene, some picture from "Alice in Wonderland," where all things were reversed or lost their normal relations. To considerations of personal dignity of bearing he would become oblivious, as when he would romp on the floor or stand as Goliath for some small David of a boy to use his sling. This was his amusement and recreation, so far as he had any. But at times there seemed to be something almost desperate about it all, as though he were striving hard to escape from his influence for a moment or to throw off the burden he was carrying.

But the worst of the situation was that he had little time for quiet reading or thinking. Only by the strictest economy of his opportunities could he have managed to read as much as he did. This diligent improvement of the casual hours, coupled with his power of taking in so quickly the purport of a book, still enabled him to do what to others seemed a large amount of solid as well as of discursive reading. Thus he placed books before him and read while he was shaving. Twice, as we have now seen, he had endeavored to obtain for himself a mode of life in which there would be leisure for thought and study, — in Philadelphia, where he wished to accept the offered chair in the Divinity School, and again in Boston, when he was called to Harvard. "The years," he would say, "are not so many as they were." Time was flying and there was much that he wished to know. He admit-

ted there were great questions which he wished to think out for himself. He may have fondly recalled that second year in the Virginia Seminary, when the intellectual world in all its splendor first opened to his view. We may surmise all this and other things to fill in the picture. He seemed to tell nothing when he answered those who asked him why he was going, but in reality he told all there was to tell. Some deep instinct impressed him with the necessity for a change which should be as prolonged and as thorough as opportunities in this world would allow, and he would fain secure one long year for study and reflection.

The plan for spending the year abroad included a sojourn in Germany, India, and England, giving some three months to each country; and it also provided for a short tour in Spain, to glance at its monuments and churches. It was a plan for study, but he proposed to study from life as well as from books. He wanted to know for himself, by personal inquiry and observation, how the world was thinking and living at a moment so significant in its history. He found it hard at first to realize that he had a long year before him.

> And so the year of wandering has begun. It is not easy yet to realize that it is more than a mere summer's journey, but every now and then it comes over me that the gap is to be so great that the future, if there is any, will certainly be something different in some way from the past. I don't regret that, for pleasant as all these past years have been, they don't look very satisfactory as one reviews them; and although I am inclined to put a higher value on their results than anybody else would be likely to do, they have not certainly accomplished much. I should like to think that the years that remain, when I get home, would be more useful. There is surely coming, and it has partly come, a better Christian Day than any that we or our fathers for many generations have seen. One would like to feel before he dies that he had made some little bit of contribution to it.

He went attended by his friends Rev. W. N. McVickar and Rev. James P. Franks; Mr. Richardson, the architect, and Mr. John C. Ropes were also fellow passengers. The appearance of three such men together as Brooks, McVickar, and Richardson, all of them far above the average in their

stature and physical proportions, was the occasion of humorous anecdotes, in which the humor ran beyond the actual fact. Their stay in England was brief, and Mr. Brooks preached but once, at St. Botolph's Church in old Boston. He was invited to speak at the English Church Congress and his name was advertised, but owing to some delay in the mails, there was misunderstanding which prevented his keeping the engagement. In London he went to Stanley's grave and had much talk about him with Lady Frances Baillie. He called upon Burne-Jones, the artist, and William Morris, the poet. The arrangement was here made with Mr. Richardson to visit southern France and Spain. Architecture under these circumstances must be the main interest, but "art, life, and scenery," he writes, "shall not be forgotten." The journey was a delightful one, including Provence, with its wealth of old Roman remains, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Ravenna, and then Venice. "I think that I enjoyed," he writes, "the re-seeing of old places almost, if not quite, as much as the discovery of new ones. The deepening and filling out of old impressions is very delightful." At Venice the delightful party began to break up, Richardson and his friend Mr. Jaques, then a student of architecture, of whom all became very fond, taking their way toward Spain. With McVickar and Franks he went to Paris, and after a few days together, he was left alone to follow out his plan of study. On August 28, 1882, he writes: —

> After three pleasant days together in Paris, they have gone this morning, and I am all alone. It has been a delightful summer, and now I feel as if my work began. A week from to-day I hope to reach Berlin, where I shall stay for some time. I am very anxious to study, and the prospect of unlimited time for reading opens most attractively. I do not feel as if it were a waste of time, or mere self-indulgence, for all my thought about the work which I have done for the last twenty years, while it is very pleasant to remember, makes it seem very superficial and incomplete. I do not know that I can make what remains any better, but I am very glad indeed of the opportunity to try.

How he felt on being left alone is evident from this letter to McVickar: —

August 29, 1882.

I tell you it was a lonely fellow that walked back in the rain all the way from the Gare du Nord to the Hôtel de l'Empire last Monday morning. It seemed all wrong that I had n't got in with you. I had a sort of feeling of having missed the train. I felt like a fool, and I have no doubt I acted like a fool, and so I called myself a fool. It is better now, and I am looking forward to a very pleasant winter. But did n't we have a good time? I like to sit and think about it all, and one by one the queer, delightful scenes come up, and I find myself laughing all alone at the Brionde kitchen or the St. Nectaire Church, or the night on board the Indian, and then to think that it 's all over and poor little Jimmie is already crawling sideways down the channel in the Malta. I never shall cease to thank you for coming.

Before leaving Paris he wrote this letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Paris, August 29, 1882.

My dear Bob, — I have come to a sort of a way station on this long journey and it seems as if it were time for me to report myself. Besides I want to have a talk with you, and if you were in Mt. Vernon Place and I in Clarendon Street, I should come up and spend the evening with you. This is a very poor substitute for that, but it is all I can get.

To talk about myself, then: the summer journey is over, and you have no idea how good it has been. We went down almost to the gates of Rome, and saw the beauty of northern Italy at its most beautiful. My eyes swim with light and color now. We went also into southern France and saw a great deal of soberer beauty, — quiet old towns, and queer, quaint churches, and kind, dirty people. Richardson was with us till we reached Milan, and then went off into Spain, where he is now. You should have seen the man in Venice! The wonder is that any gondola could hold such enthusiasm and energy, or that he ever, having once got there, came away. Fortunately he has been very remarkably well all summer, and has been most capital company. McVickar and Franks are both old friends, of whom I am very fond, and they made the summer even more delightful, and Mr. Richardson's small friend Jaques was always pleasant and kept the money accounts. We sent you a counterfeit presentment of the party. Did you get it? You will find Richardson glowing with splendid projects for Trinity. A front Porch, a Chapter House, and the great Piers to be covered from top to bottom with mosaics. You

TRINITY CHURCH, WEST

will listen with interest, and dream as I do of how more and more beautiful the dear old Church may be made from generation to generation.

Now I am going to Germany, and for a good while to come I mean to be very quiet in or about Berlin, certainly somewhere in Germany. I still mean to start as near the 1st of December as possible for India. . . .

Well, my dear fellow, I think of you all constantly. What a good time we have had together for the last thirteen years. For myself, I am almost scared when I think how happy my life has been. And now, when it seems as if a new period of it were beginning, I have no wish except to go forward and trust the same good God. Your life, too, has been very bright, I know, and in the heart of your deepest sorrows there must lie some of your brightest hopes.

My best love to your wife and children.

Your and their friend, P. B.

To the Rev. Percy Browne he commended the interests of the Clericus Club while he is away: —

You won't let the Club flag this winter, will you? It seems to me that we all owe so much to it; and while we have grown used to it and don't think so much about it as we used to, it has never been better than in these last years. . . . You don't know how pleasant the old life looks from this distance, when one understands that he is to get nothing of it for a year. What good times we have had! and how few the dull and disagreeable spots have been! May the winter be as bright as possible, and yet I hope you may find room to miss me a bit.

One other pleasant incident remained, however, before the real work should begin. At Cologne he met his brother Arthur travelling with his wife; and of this he writes: —

HANOVER, September 4, 1882.

The great event of the last week was the meeting of the waters. Two Brooks boys, Arthur and I, came together in the ancient city of Cologne. It was Thursday evening when it happened; Arthur had started that morning from Mayence and come down the Rhine, — the way you know, — and I had started from Paris, at an awful hour, and come all the way through by rail, and we met in the hall of the Hôtel d'Hollande at about eight o'clock P. M. We had a long talk that evening, and the next morning we went

through the sights of Cologne once more. Then we took rail to Aix la Chapelle, and I saw that again in this new company. I had been there once before this year with James and McVickar.

Then we went to Maestricht, where we spent the night, and saw a queer cave. Then we came to Brussels, with various experiences on the way, and once more I found myself in that very familiar town. There we spent a very quiet, pleasant Sunday, went to church, and talked to each other a great deal. Late last night we bade each other a long, long farewell. This morning I was called at half past four, and have come to-day (passing through Cologne again) as far as here. . . .

I have started my journey three or four times already. Now to-day it really has begun. I have said good-by to my last relative, and there is nobody else whom I have any engagement to meet until I land in New York a year hence. I am quite alone. To-morrow I am going to Hildesheim and Magdeburg, and the next day to Berlin.

While Mr. Brooks was in Germany and India he wrote a large number of letters, many of them long letters, in which he spoke much of himself, giving expression to his thought and feeling in a most unwonted degree. He seems to have felt at last, in his separation from home and friends, the absolute necessity of letter-writing for his own satisfaction. Not since he was at the seminary in Alexandria do we get such a complete picture of the man. In the twelve years of his life in Boston, his letters had been comparatively few, short, and conventional, so that only through what was said of him by others, or by what personal allusion might be read in his sermons and other published writings, do we get any strong light upon his character. Some of these letters, which he now writes, but mostly those of a lighter character, have been included in his "Letters of Travel." Even these, however, are always characteristic in their quality. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of these published letters that only after reading them did he feel that he knew the man. In them we see the great child-heart and the exquisite humor, as he writes to little children, — his nieces Agnes, Gertrude, and Susan, who were to him as his own children, or the other little nieces in the home at Springfield. While he was away he carried all the interests of his life at home close to his

heart, — the Clericus Club, Trinity Church, the households of his friends, and the varying phases of ecclesiastical life. Many of his friends at home charged themselves with the duty of writing to him often, so that he could easily follow the familiar stream of the things he loved.

So voluminous is the correspondence and other material during this year abroad that it would require a considerable volume to contain it. Only a small part, therefore, can be given here.

To the Rev. Reuben Kidner, one of the assistant ministers at Trinity, in charge of St. Andrew's Church, he writes: —

BERLIN, September 9, 1882.

I am sorry to know that the ecclesiastical world of Boston is being stirred up again by troubles at the ——. It seems sometimes as if the world outside the Church must get to think of it solely as a field for the scramble of small ideas, and small men for prominence and precedence. We know how small a part that plays in church affairs. The —— people have worked conscientiously and faithfully. Their ideas seem to me to be vastly fantastic, and their whole conception of Christianity is one that I cannot enter into at all. But I think it is a great pity when anything happens which would make these people seem what they are not, — partisans ready to quarrel with each other for personal preëminence.

But I am talking about all this at a distance and quite in the dark. Very likely I do not understand the case at all. At any rate there is nobody here in Berlin whom I can ask about it. The people in the streets look as if they had never heard of the ——, many of them as if they had never heard of Boston. They are discussing whether the Jews have any right to live here, and whether there ought to be such a thing as property, and whether there is a God. There is plenty to interest one here, and having settled myself quietly after a summer of hurried travelling, I shall probably be here for some time.

Early in September Mr. Brooks had reached Berlin, taking up his residence there for some two months, but in the mean time visiting other university towns, Giessen, Leipsic, and Heidelberg. For Heidelberg, where he spent two weeks, he felt a strong fascination, as combining beauty of scenery with history and with thought. It was unfortunate that the

universities did not open till the middle of October, so that he missed in consequence conversations with many distinguished men to whom he carried letters. Thus he writes from Berlin, September 17: —

I am going out to dine at Wansee (which seems to be a sort of Berlin Brookline) with Baron von der Heydt, who is going to have some of the Court preachers to meet me. A good many other people have called on me, and talked about German things and people; so that I see all I want to see of folks, and the days are only too short. Unfortunately, the university is closed, and the professors are all off on vacations, so that I miss many men whom I should like to see.

Here are some hints of how he passed his days, of the effect upon him of being for a moment associated with men whose whole time was occupied with speculative thought and learned investigation.

I get up in the morning and breakfast at eight o'clock; then I go to my room, which is very bright and pleasant, where I have a lot of books and a good table, at which I am writing now. Here I stay until eleven or twelve, reading and studying, mostly German; then I go out, see a sight or two, and make calls until it is two o'clock. Then I go to Dr. Seidel, my teacher, and take a lesson, reading German with him for two hours. Then it is dinner time, for everybody in Berlin dines very early. They have North Andover fashions here. Four o'clock is the table d'hôte time at our hotel, and that is rather late. After dinner I get about two hours more of reading in my room, and when it is dark I go out and call on somebody, or find some interesting public place until bedtime. Is not that a quiet, regular life?

This week I have been like a college student, going to hear what the great men have to say about theology and other things. I have German enough now to follow a lecture quite satisfactorily, and you do not know how I enjoy it. Of course I have not taken up any systematic course of attendance. My time is too short for that. I only roam round and pick up what I can and fill it out with reading from the books of the same men, a good many of which I have. There are four thousand other students here in Berlin, so that one can go and come in the great university quite as he pleases, and be entirely unnoticed. . . .

It is very pleasant to see how quietly and simply these scholars live, and what cordial, earnest folks they are. I have also seen something of the ministers, but I do not think I like them so much as the scholars. German religion seems to be eaten up with controversy, and is hampered everywhere by its connection with the state. There is much work being done here, and the thoroughness of their real scholars makes me feel awfully superficial and ashamed.

To Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes more fully of what he is doing: —

October 12, 1882.

Dear Arthur, — I have been as German as I could, and while I have no revelations to make about the tendencies of German theology, I have been quite successful in seeing what I wanted most to see, and if we could sit down and talk about it all together I think I could be very interesting, but I shall not try to put it in a letter. I will only say that every one who seems to know best gives strong assurance that there is indeed a strong awakening of religious thought in Germany, and while very much calls itself Christian here which would puzzle the House of Bishops and makes even the broadest of us open his eyes, yet still a candid and respectful interest in Christianity and a decided disposition towards a theistic explanation of the world and man have largely gained, and are still gaining, among men who think about religious things at all. In Berlin everybody says that Lotze is the truest representative of the prevalent tendency in Metaphysics, and his death so soon after he came there to teach is almost pathetically lamented.

That he had been greatly impressed by reading Lotze is evident from the following important letter: —

Berlin, October 29, 1882.

Dear Arthur, — I got a real good letter from you yesterday, which told me all the things that I liked most to hear and made me feel as if we were very near indeed together. And I wanted to write off at once and tell you so and report myself to you, but I am only at it now after your letter has been almost two days with me. For this morning I went to preach at the American Chapel, and after service I met your friend Evart Wendell, who is a very nice boy, and he came home to lunch with me; and then he wanted me to go home with him and see the photographs that he had bought, and so the whole afternoon got used up, and

here it is Sunday Evening. Understand that Wendell sent his best love to you, which I hereby give. I am now back something over a week here in Berlin, and my time here draws to a close. Just think of its being two months since we parted in Brussels! Of that time about half has been spent in Berlin and the rest in other parts of Germany. On the whole I have been as successful in carrying out my rather vague plans as I could anyway have hoped. I have been only unlucky in being rather too early for the universities, which did not begin their lectures till last Monday; so that I have not had much of that sort of life, and the vacation time also prevented a good many men whom I should have liked to see from being at home. On the other hand I have found people everywhere most accessible, and although very few of the theologians speak English they mostly understand it, and the study I have had here makes their German quite intelligible. Both in such lectures as I have heard here in the last week and in the conversations which I have had with men in various places, I have found no real difficulty. In Halle and Heidelberg and Leipsic I have found interesting people and got pretty good ideas of what theologians were at. A thoroughness of Exegesis which is beautiful, and an inquiry into the Old Testament History which makes it very living, and a rearrangement of dogmatic statements in philosophical systems: — these are their great works. The books which I have read with considerable struggle are the new "Life of Jesus" by Weiss, of Berlin; the "Life of Luther" by Köstlin, whom I saw at Halle, which is the last great work on the Reformation; the "Christian Belief and Morals" of Pfleiderer of Berlin; and, above all, the lectures of Hermann Lotze on the "Philosophy of Religion" and on the "Foundations of Practical Philosophy." Then I have dipped into Schleiermacher, of whom I knew nothing before. But Lotze is the most interesting of men. I wish you would get somebody to translate his "Grundzüge der Religionsphilosophie," — somebody who knows German well. It is a little book, the mere notes of one of his students from his lectures, which has been published this year in Leipsic. If I knew enough German to be quite sure that I was n't making him say just what he did n't mean to I would translate some of it myself, for it is full of as rich sound meat as any book I ever read, and with my poor German knowledge I know I have got at the gist of it. The way that people speak of him here is very impressive. I have heard one or two lectures from his successor Zeller, who is also an interesting man. It is the jolliest thing, this University. There it stands wide open and anybody can go in to any lecture that he chooses. I have heard Dillman and Weiss and

Pfleiderer, who are the best of the theological people here except Dorner, who is the Nestor of their faculty, but is now very ill and off at Baden-Baden. The city preachers, of whom I have seen several, seem to be very earnest but not very inspiring men. On the whole I feel as if there were not in Germany just the type of man whom we have in England and America, — the really spiritual rationalist or broad Churchman, the Maurice or the Washburn. Their positive men are dogmatists and their rationalists are negative. Such men there must be somewhere, — successors of Schleiermacher on his best side, — but nobody seems to be able to point them out, and except in vague and casual approaches I have failed to find them. Outside of theology I have made some very pleasant acquaintances. I have seen a good deal of Baron von Bunsen and his family. He is the son of the Bunsen of many books, the Chevalier, and is a very charming man, and his house is always full of pleasant people. Lately I have seen something of Hermann Grimm, the translator of Emerson, and the author of Goethe's Life and of Michael Angelo's. Then there is a most hospitable doctor (Abbot) who has been here for many years, and whom I knew when I was here seventeen years ago, whom I have found a kind friend and at whose house I have seen lots of nice people. All this about my Berlin life, but I hoped you would care to know what had come of my venture. Now I leave here on Wednesday for Dresden, and then Prague and Vienna and so to Venice, whence I am booked for the Poonah, which sails for Bombay on the 1st of December.

Is your new church coming on to your satisfaction? How I should like to be where I could hear all about its details and know what all the knotty points are which you will have to settle. Do get in a bit of La Farge glass somewhere. It is too splendid a chance to be neglected now when you have such a wonderful genius living at your doors who may die any day. The more I see of what work in glass is being done abroad, the more remarkable his work appears. Just think of Trinity Church, Boston, being on fire the other day! Do you know young Peters, the son of your friend the Reverend Doctor in New York, who came to see me the other day in Leipsic? He seemed to be a fine fellow, an enthusiastic scholar and a wise broad Churchman. Surely, there ought to be some place for such a man in some one of our seminaries.

To Professor A. V. G. Allen he writes, with reference to an article on the "Renaissance of Theology in the Nineteenth Century:" —

VIENNA, November 13, 1882.

MY DEAR ALLEN, — I have been reading this evening your article in the "Princeton Review," and before I go to bed I want to tell you how deeply I am delighted with it. Its great idea, the distinction between the *extra*-mundane and the *intra*-mundane conceptions of God's revelation, has happily grown familiar to multitudes of us in their own thinking under the half-recognized influence of the disposition of our time. Little by little we have awaked to the knowledge that we had attained to such a richer and worthier idea of our relationship to God. Not least among the delights which it has brought has been the sense of how with it belonged all the best, the most characteristic work of the human mind in our time, from Emerson's essay on the Oversoul to Darwin's teaching of the constant presence of live, creative force in nature. Of course this truth, as opposed to the Napoleonic conception of Deity, verges toward Pantheism. All the Orthodox ministers of Germany say that Schleiermacher was a Pantheist, as some Englishmen say of Coleridge. But it has been a great joy to find how in such a more intimate knowledge of God a nobler and realler sense of His Personality has ever come.

All this has been familiar to many of us. But to trace the history of the Christian thought upon the subject, and to show that in the knowledge of God that is true which the Alt-Katholiks have claimed so barrenly to be true of Christian institutions, that the youngest is the oldest, and the last the first, — this you have done beautifully in your essay. Henceforth I am an old Greek. I wish that you would develop that part of your Essay, the presence of this better theology before Augustine, into a book. It would be a flood of light to many souls.

But I only wanted to thank you, and to say how glad I am with all my heart, away off here, that you are teaching our youngsters in Cambridge. God bless your work.

I hope that you are all well and happy. You ought to be.

In two weeks now I am off for India, but I shall think of you from the Ends of the Earth.

With best remembrances to your wife and boys.

Ever your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It is interesting and important to note that Phillips Brooks was impressed by Lotze's philosophy. We have seen that in his youth it was the philosophy of Lord Bacon which influ-

enced him. For the abstractions of speculative thought he felt no attraction. There is no evidence that he ever made any effort to understand the purpose of Hegel, though one sometimes encounters in his sermons thoughts which are akin to those of the Hegelian philosophy. But they may have an independent origin. There are also traces in his sermons of the influence of Plato, as in the sermon on the text, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount" (Hebrews viii. 5).[1] On this sermon, which was preached in England, at old Boston and at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, an English clergyman remarked to him that it was not what was wanted in England. The influence of Lotze was to raise the question whether the intellectual formula at any moment was adequate for the full and final expression of the content of human soul, of human faith and belief. That one did not come to the truth solely by the intellectual process had always been one of the ruling ideas of Phillips Brooks. But in the first stages of his development, he has assigned the lead to the reason. In his lectures at Yale College on the "Teaching of Religion" he had assumed that truth came first to the reason, then from the reason to the feelings, and finally from the feelings to the will. In some degree that had been the law of his own growth. His temperament was predominantly intellectual, and in the early years of his ministry this tendency was prominent in his preaching. But as he passed through the struggle of the seventies, he found more and more that men must believe through the cognitive power of the feeling, — those deeper instincts of the human constitution which do not originate so much in the mind as in the heart, or in the experience of life. With this growing tendency in himself, he found Lotze in harmony, as also in another direction which he was forecasting, that the reason had been given a predominance in modern philosophy which obscured or subordinated the mighty function of the human will.

While Phillips Brooks was in Germany he seems to have been profoundly moved by the intellectual environment. It

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iii.

was a time with him of most intense activity, affecting the whole man, as he was engaged in translating into terms of life the thoughts with which his mind was teeming. He appears as reviewing his experience, religious and intellectual, in the light of a more satisfactory philosophy. He enters in his journal a series of connected statements regarding his religious beliefs, prefacing it with the words: "I want to try to draw out in order and connection those personal convictions about religious truth which have slowly and separately taken shape in my mind." The paper was not exhaustive, and as these words quoted indicate, it was the working of his individual experience which he was seeking to trace. Upon this point something remains to be said in another chapter. It is interesting also to note how his mind assumes a devotional tone in dealing with theological problems. To this beautiful and impressive paper, the reader will now turn: —

1. GOD.

Man does not seem to reach the idea of God by any conscious process. All conscious processes appear to be either the subsequent analysis of what has gone on already unconsciously, or else the support which study and thought bring to a conviction which already exists on other grounds; very much as the filial impulse or instinct finds itself supported by many considerations of human nature and society, but was not *made* by any of them.[1]

If we look into this first idea of God, which seems self-born, a direct impulse of the heart of man, its origin, I think, will be found to lie in a transference by man to the universe of that one sole primal cause of which he has any knowledge, which is *will*. This is a very simple transference and is made almost unconsciously. Man finds only one stopping place in tracing back the claim of cause and effect in his own activity. That stopping place is in what seems to him to be truly an uncaused cause. When, then, he pictures to himself the stopping place of the chain of cause and effect in the greater world of active life, then, too, he thinks that at the beginning must lie *will*.

This seems to be to man a supposition to be verified by experi-

[1] Alle Beweise sind blos Rechtfertigungsgründe für unseren Glauben und für die bestimmte Art, in welcher wir dies höchste Princip meinen fassen zu müssen. Lotze, *Grundzüge der Religionsphilosophie*, § 5.

ence. God is first to the world, and to some extent to every man a Working Hypothesis. It is in the way in which this working hypothesis seems to meet, and abundantly cover, all the events of life and conditions of the world, that man finds himself justified in accepting it as true.

Of course for every individual this process is not merely in large part unconscious, but it is also complicated with *tradition*. Each man receives the result of the process as it has gone on in the minds of men before him, and often it is by the greater or less tendency to traditionalism (that is, to the acceptance of the testimony of previous men) which is in different men's dispositions that they are led to adhere to or react from the witness which this process bears to the existence of God in their own minds.[1]

We must not understand *will* too narrowly. It includes the whole creative force in which there is an element of affection and desire, and so this testimony is not distinct from, but includes, the impulse which man feels to believe in a God, because he craves to be loved and to have some interested purpose outside of himself governing his creation and his life.

2. REVELATION.

How does such an Idea of man arriving at the Idea of God by the examination of himself affect the doctrine of a Revelation?

In the first place, it *is* a Doctrine of Revelation. When man has thus reached the Idea of God he adds almost of necessity the notion that God *meant* that he should reach it. God's first revelation of Himself must be in human nature itself. All other kinds of revelation would be useless unless this lay behind them all. There is here the first appearance of the truth that man is the *Child* of God. Both the wish and the possibility of God to show Himself to man in man's own nature are involved in the Idea of Childship. To no being but a child could such a revelation from the Father come.

The traditional element, of which I spoke, makes the access to the knowledge of God seem all the more a revelation. God seems to the man to have been using not merely this man's own self, but the selves of other men and the great self of humanity, to make Himself known to this one of his children.

But with this first revelation (which is often not called a Reve-

[1] Im Gegentheil hat das religiöse Gefühl immer die *expansive Leibe*, die zur Mittheilung ihrer Seligkeit an andre Wesen drängt, als das Motiv der Schöpfung angesehen. Lotze, § 52.

lation, but is spoken of, by way of contrast, as a part of natural religion, — an unreal distinction) then the expectation of other revelations immediately follows. Man cannot think of God existing and creating *him* without thinking also of God making some effort to communicate with His creature.

The result is a searching curiosity to find God's communication, which, whatever fantastic form it takes, is still valuable as testifying to the fundamental conviction of man that there is a God and that He will speak. It takes form in the belief in Visions, Oracles, divinely written Bibles, and more vaguely in an undefined idea that at the origin of human life God must have said, in some way, things to man of which man has preserved the tradition.

The degree of truth in each one of these is a separable question from the fact of *a* truth being resident in them as a whole. In this, most religious men, however they may hesitate about each particular Vision or Bible, are always tending to believe.

Still in close association with what I said about man's finding God's first witness in himself (i. e., in man), there is always a half-consciousness that it must be *in human life* that the truest and fullest and deepest revelation of God is given. No other paper is fit to hold that awful writing. Hence all great religions, however they may rely upon their sacred books, have also their sacred *man*, their Prophet or Saint, in whom God is supremely shown.

This comes to its completeness in Christianity.

3. CHRIST.

The Principle of Christianity is that God was in Christ. Not a revelation by a *Book*, but by a *Being*. This the point to which all disturbances of literal faith in the Book are tending, and so in this there is no tendency to deny or to depreciate the true humanity of Jesus, but rather a necessity of exalting and emphasizing it.

The *Possibility* of such supreme manifestation of God in Jesus must lie in the essential nearness of humanity to Divinity. Such revelation in a person could not take place in any person which did not thus naturally belong with God.

Hence it is not strange that there should be much in the lives of the best men which seems to be identical with the life of Jesus. In them, too, there is the capacity to manifest God. In them, too, God is endeavoring to manifest Himself. Here is the true key to the inspiration of Thinkers, Poets, and Saints.

And this has been always and everywhere, so that Religion has been in all times and places. What we call the heathen religions

are thus real utterances of God. After man has passed beyond mere fear and the adoration of Power in the forms which seemed to him to represent it (as, for instance, the heavenly bodies), wherever he has tried to come into the genuine companionship and communion of a Great Father, there has been a vision of the same truth which became completely manifested in the Incarnation. Therefore we ought to welcome and not disparage every resemblance between heathen religions and our own, and find in them the point of approach to heathen minds. Christ certainly is to be thought of, not primarily as a revelation of God's will or intended *way*, but as a revelation of God's character.

This does not do away with the *separateness* of Jesus, but only shows the way in which His separate life becomes a possibility. His seemingly contradictory name, the "only begotten Son of the Father," seems to contain this double idea of the uniqueness of His life and at the same time its being the consummation of the life of man. The testimony to its uniqueness is in His own words as historically recorded (of which I will speak later when I come to treat of the Bible) and in the solitary strength of His influence.

His miracles are to us not so much the *proofs* of the separateness and superiority of His life (whatever they may have been to his contemporaries), as they are the natural and altogether to-be-expected utterances of it in its reaction upon the material world. Supposing such a special presence of God in any human life, it would seem altogether likely that that life would have a peculiar relation to nature, perhaps a peculiar mode of entrance on the mortal career and a peculiar mode of departure from it, as well as peculiar power over it during the intervening years. Thus the question of Christ's miracles becomes purely an open question of historical evidence.

In this view the higher power over nature which belongs to man as God's utterance in the world, compared with the lower power over nature which the brutes possess, is also of the nature of miracle. The recognition on our part of the means and processes of the exercise of that power seems not to change the nature of the case, and the miracles ascribed to other men than Jesus (using the word "miracle" in its ordinary sense) become the natural expression of God's superior life in them and are also pure questions of history. There is no antecedent presumption against their truth. The supernatural is only the manifestation of a higher nature and so is natural.

Hence, also, no man who believes in them can reasonably deny the possibility of present miracles.

I cannot but think also that the whole present tendency of

physical science, which, with its theories of evolution, dwells upon the presence in the world of nature of a continually active formative force, is in the line of Christianity. Christ not merely taught that the divine Power was always at work in the world. He *was* Himself that present active divine power, and so, in some sense, not merely made miracles seem occasionally possible, but made all events seem miraculous, which is not the abolition of the idea of the miraculous any more than the flooding of the world with sunshine is an extinction of the sun.

4. PRAYER.

The revelation in Christ of the intrinsic relationship of man to God furnishes the true ground for the Idea of prayer, the presence of prayer outside of Christian influence being, as in the other points mentioned before, an indication that the essential truth of Christianity is everywhere present in the world. Prayer, as Christ, not merely by His practice and precept, but by His nature, makes it known to us is the entire expression of loving and dependent sonship, — the complete resting of the life of man upon the life of God, of the child upon the Father. While Petition will be certainly included in the utterance of this, it will not be limited to petition. Confidence, love, sympathy, thankfulness, all will be part of Prayer. And when Petition comes it never will be absolute, but always conditioned on the higher knowledge and complete love of the Father to whom the Prayer is offered. See the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done," and the Prayer in Gethsemane, which is the pattern of all petitions.

In this view the so-called "difficulties of prayer" by no means disappear, but are seen to be identical with the difficulties of moral life in general. They are not involved in any relation of a subordinate to a superior will, one working within the other. They do not make prayer impossible or unmeaning any more than the difficulties of free-willed life make choice and action impossibilities or fictions.

The evidence of the reality of Prayer and of its efficacy must lie not in our recognition of its specific answer, but in our assurance of the nature of the Being to whom it is offered.

5. ATONEMENT.

Of such a revelation of God in a human life what should we say beforehand would be the results? First, Suffering to the Humanity in which the Revelation is made; and second, Recon-

ciliation or assertion and establishment of the essential oneness between God and man. The first of these is accidental, belonging to the special circumstance of human sin in the midst of which the Revelation must be made. In a pure, though imperfect humanity the Revelation by Incarnation might be painless. The second result is essential, and must come under whatever circumstances God thus showed Himself to man.

In other words Atonement by suffering is the Result of the Incarnation ; Atonement being the necessary and Suffering the incidental element of that result.

But Sacrifice is an essential element, for Sacrifice truly signifies here the consecration of human nature to its highest use and utterance, and does not necessarily involve the thought of pain. It is not the destruction but the fulfilment of human life.

Inasmuch as the human life thus consecrated and fulfilled is the same in us as in Jesus, and inasmuch as His consecration and fulfilment of it makes morally possible for us the same consecration and fulfilment of it which He achieved, therefore His Atonement and His sacrifice, and incidentally His suffering, become vicarious.

It is not that they make *unnecessary*, but that they make *possible* and successful in us the same processes which were perfect in Him.

The Vicariousness of Jesus is of the same sort with and has its distant repetitions and illustrations in the Sacrifices by which the men in whom God is most revealed open for other men the way to God and the divine life.

6. THE BIBLE.

If the true revelation of God is in Christ, the Bible is not properly a Revelation, but the History of a Revelation. This is not only a Fact but a necessity, for a Person cannot be revealed in a Book, but must find revelation, if at all, in a Person.

The centre and core of the Bible must therefore be the Gospels as the Story of Jesus. There is no necessity of supposing them to be other than the natural records of the events of the life of Jesus which they appear upon their face to be. The critical discussion of them has in the larger part confirmed their genuineness and authenticity. The Fourth Gospel has sufficient claims to be accepted as the work of John; but even if that were doubtful there would be abundant authority in it as issuing very early from the Church's consciousness and tradition and holding the Church's loyalty of faith.

The course of our thought with reference to the Gospels is this:

(1) They set before us the character of Jesus in such way as demands our supreme honor for His knowledge and His truthfulness. (2) Then *upon His own word* we accept His higher claims; there being, as I have already said in speaking of Him, no antecedent impossibility or even contrary presumption.

The Epistles have their natural value as the commentary of those most likely to know the mind of Christ, or what He was and did and said.

The Old Testament gets its value from the New. It is the story of the gradual shaping of the world for Christ. For the purpose of giving this story there is brought together the whole literature of the very peculiar nation in whose midst He came. That literature consists of History, Poetry, Biography, Essay, and Discourse. It was formed under the same laws under which all literature is formed, only made peculiar by the facts that (1) the Jews were under special divine training for a peculiar purpose, and that knowing this fact themselves they were (2) very careful of their national Records, and (3) very anxious to find signs of the divine interposition in their affairs.

There is in these facts nothing to prevent the occurrence in the Bible of mistakes or misconceptions; on the contrary, there is strong reason to believe that certain great tendencies (e. g., love of the miraculous) will distort special facts, while the great spiritual current of the story will be preserved more faithfully than that of any other ancient history.

Inspiration is primarily in the events with which the Bible deals; secondarily in the nature of the Bible writers; only through these in their literal words. It was a noble story told by noble men. So comes the nobleness of the narrative. The Bible claims nothing else for itself. We must not give it qualities which simply seem to us necessary. It is the word of God, speaking not through passive trumpets, but through living History and acting characters.

7. MORAL LIFE.

Taking the Bible thus, not as a series of oracles but as the utterance to the world of the Revelation of God in Christ, its treatment of man's moral condition and hope is clear.

Its great characteristic is that it is positive and not negative. The Idea of Jesus is of a true personal moral life for every man, which belongs to every man as the son of God, to which by his deepest nature every man tends, from which sin hinders him, into which he is to be set free. It is the need that every man should

thus fulfil his own true life which makes the obligation, and must ultimately make for every man the attractiveness, of *duty*.

While this is the distinctive New Testament Idea of Duty, the other Ideas of Duty have their true place. Always "mere morality," as it used to be called, is included and involved, not set aside by the Gospel. Such motives as the fear of the consequences of sin, the honorable gratitude to God, the regard for the well-being of humanity, the instinctive sense of the beauty of conforming to the moral law, are freely used to surround and sustain the central motive which comes of the soul's revealed possibilities. Indeed some of these motives may be considered only as other forms of this motive.

The entrance into this deeper consciousness and into the motive power which it exercises is Regeneration, the *new* Birth, not merely with reference to time, but with reference also to profoundness. Because man has something sinful to cast away in order to enter this higher life, therefore Regeneration must begin with Repentance. But that is an incident. It is not essential to the idea. A man simply imperfect and not sinful would still have to be born again.

The presentation of sin as guilt, of release as forgiveness, of consequence as punishment, have their true meaning as the most personal expressions of man's moral condition as always measured by, and man's moral changes as always dependent upon, God.

8. PERSONALITY.

Christ's whole conception of life is Personal. Every man is a true and distinct will and nature. There is no shadow of Pantheism or Fate in His teaching. It is the union of this clear sense of personality with the full declaration of God's all-pervading life which makes the greatest wonder and power of His life and doctrine. It is put forth in His teaching of the Father and the Son. Here is the strong irreconcilable issue of Christianity and Buddhism.

This personality of Christianity is involved in the fact of its being a moral religion, and not a system of ideas or a condition of feeling. It is in moral life, in responsibility and duty, in personal attainment of character and personal suffering for sin, that personality becomes clear.

We want to be very clear, in speaking of Christianity, about the real meaning of Salvation. Only when it means the release from sin and the attainment to holy personal *character* does it keep the essential peculiarity of Christ's teaching, which is personality.

9. THE CHURCH.

The struggle of man for personal character directly and consciously pursued must to some extent defeat itself. It must become self-conscious and selfish. Men's social relations giving birth to constant duties are provided for the training of character in self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness. Man forgets even to question about his own growth in goodness while he serves the souls connected with him and the great whole of humanity.

Although society gets its value from the individuals of which it is composed and has no existence apart from them, yet as made up of them it is capable of being conceived of as a Being, with duties, with rights, with character, able to be developed indefinitely in wisdom and goodness.

It is this ideal society which Christ contemplates when he established the Christian Church. In other words the Church is simply the Ideal world. A perfect church would be a perfect world. The church is imperfect so long as it is not coterminous with the world.

The church therefore possesses no real existence or character except those of the men and women who compose it.

The sacraments in their largest view are *human* rites, that is, they indicate the universal facts of humanity.

Baptism is the declaration of the universal Fact of the Sonship of man to God.

The Lord's Supper is the declaration of the universal fact of man's dependence upon God for supply of life. It is associated with the death of Jesus because in that, as I said, the truth of God giving himself to man found its completest manifestation.

10. DEATH.

The soul which has lived in society passes through death alone. Death is the point where it is reminded of its individuality and where the points of its life in society are gathered up. This is the real criticalness of Death, the way in which it becomes proper to speak of it as a Judgment Time and of the period which precedes it as Probation.

The continuance of Life *through* death is the natural assumption of humanity, conscious in itself of something which the apparently wholly physical phenomenon of Death seems not to touch. Man believes in continued existence because the burden of proof seems to him to be upon the other side and no one has proved that death ends all.

According to the strength and clearness of the sense of personality will be the strength and clearness of men's belief in Immortality.

The ordinary argument for immortality, like that drawn from the need of moral adjustments, of the need of rewards and punishments, never could create the Faith. They are only its occasional helpers in its weaker moments.

The Resurrection of Jesus has power in assuring our resurrection, in the fact that it confirms and illustrates that expectation which the consciousness of our own personality had produced.

Here, as in other cases, the sense of our own personality in some weak times will resort to and rest upon the sense of individual personal life which is strong in other men, and which, as I said, was supremely asserted first in Christ's own self-consciousness, and then in the way in which He treated the lives of other men. This is one of the deepest ways in which He "brought Life and Immortality to light."

11. ETERNITY.

The more natural Death seems the more truly the world beyond Death will seem to be one with the life on this side of it. Christ, therefore, in redeeming Death (which we must remember was a true *re*demption or bringing it back to its ideal self) redeemed also Eternity.

At the same time, death, while not the end of Life, must certainly be a very significant event *in* Life, and therefore there may well be a criticalness in it which will make it a true time of Judgment.

There is no possibility of logically denying the eternal continuance of sin and suffering. It is bound up with the continuance forever of free will.

On the other hand, there is no possibility of asserting it, for that, too, assumes a determination of men's free wills which has not yet been made and which nobody can know.

This life is probationary, but only as every period of existence is probationary with reference to the times which follow it. It is not ended in a fixed decree, but in a more strongly assured character.

Heaven is the soul finding its own perfect personality in God.

The activity of the Eternal Life must be intense. Stated philosophically, it will be the soul working without resistance or reluctance in perfect harmony with its surroundings. Stated religiously, it will be the child reconciled in perfect love to the

Father and serving Him in the delight of love forever. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast!"

The strong undercurrent of Phillips Brooks's life during the year abroad was religious. Natural scenery, art, architecture, historical monuments and inscriptions, everything relating to famous men, the customs and manners of people, the course of ordinary life — in these he was deeply interested. But beneath them all he was seeking for the spiritual meaning of human existence in this world. He took the opportunity which his leisure gave him to study the life of Luther, visiting every spot connected with his career. He made himself the possessor of many of the original editions of the great reformer's writings, surprised to find that they could be bought so cheaply. Köstlin's "Martin Luther," which had just appeared, was eagerly read. Next to Luther in his admiration stood Goethe. He studied the Second Part of Faust, and witnessed an attempt to reproduce it in the theatre, which he pronounces a failure. He devoted much of his time to Lessing. He had long been familiar with Lessing's ideas regarding the education of the human race, but he now gave himself up to a thorough study of that most suggestive work, "Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts," writing out in his note-book an abstract of each one of its paragraphs.

Much of his time was given to writing in his note-book the thoughts with which his soul was glowing or the impressions he was receiving. Not for many years had he done such systematic work in recording what passed through his mind.

The lateral and terminal moraine, — that refuse of misconception, superstition, etc., which an old institution or faith throws off on its sides as it moves while it is still living, and that which it leaves as refuse at the end after it has exhausted itself and perished.

> The heaven of Truth lies deep and broad and still,
> And while I gaze into it, lo, I see
> Some human thought, instinct with human will,
> Gather from out its deep serenity.

Awhile it hovers, changes, glows, and fades,
  Then rolls away; and where it used to be
Naught but the heaven of Truth from which it rose
  Looks down upon me deep and broad and free.
So have I seen, shaped in the noontide blue,
  A floating cloud attain to gradual birth,
And then, absorbed in that from which it grew,
  Leave only the great Sky which domes the earth.
What are men's systems, thoughts, and high debates
  But clouds which Truth creates and uncreates?

Standing in the cloud and seeing the dew upon the mountain tops in front of us.

The sad story of the earnest minister who went to give himself to study so that he might be more useful. And as he learned more and more his faith more and more decayed, until at last he was a learned skeptic, and knew himself that he had destroyed the vessel in filling it with its true wine. The awful dilemmas which his life must have presented to his mind.

The truth and value of George Eliot's remark in "Romola," apropos of Savonarola, that it is not always the strongest spirits of a time who are most free from its superstitions. The illustrations in one's own time.

"Show thy servants thy work and their children thy glory" Psalm xc. 16 (Prayer Book version). One generation doing a piece of the work of God, and the next generation seeing how splendid it is.

The day returns, and street and lane
Throb with the human life again;
As if one poured the rich, red wine
In the dull glass and made it shine.

The mosaic work, whose pieces being long they can cut the mass across at various points and find the same figure or face less a quarter in size, but keeping the same expression. So perhaps of various ages in history.

"Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." The answer of Christ. The cry of dissatisfied men who only need more impulse and "go" for a complete change of thoughts and

principles; when what they want is only to put to use more conscientiously and vigorously what they have.

In Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," when Gessler's cap is on the pole the priest comes with the host and stands beside the pole, and the people bow themselves down to that and so avoid the appearance of disobedience.

As the one test of a well-tied knot is that it shall be so tied that the more the strain is put upon it the stronger it holds.

As when you fling your window open on the crowded street it seems as if the noises then began.

The way you sit in a great square in some foreign town (Erfurt) and see the monument of some dead local hero, but do not care to go and examine it, sure that you would know nothing about him; but yet you get a clear and deep and pleasant feeling of past life and history from it all.

The blessed little towns which have no *sights*, where you may just wander about the streets and take it in.

Herder's Wahlspruch, — "Licht, Liebe, Lehre." It is on his tombstone in Weimar and on the scroll which he holds in his hand in his statue in Herder Platz.

Text: "Living or dying, we are the Lord's."

Text: "And my people love to have it so." The final critical decision of what the preaching is to be is in the people.

Text: "And what shall be done in the end thereof?" The culmination of processes. The "entering wedge." The danger and duty of anticipation.

One of the old Heidelberg professors in the Jesuit days used to say, "wenn die Fragen der Schüler ihn in die Enge brachten, 'Unus asinus plus protest negare quam decem docti probare.' "

"No fine view to-day," says the guide who shows the castle; "there is too much cloud." And so the glory of the cloud view goes for nothing. His one idea is that the greatness of a view is measured by the distance you can see. Sometimes you can almost see Strassburg minster eighty miles away. So talk often the

guides into the regions of truth. But constantly it is the very clouds that make the landscape most worth studying.

In the old church which fronts the square,
By the third altar in the southern aisle
There hangs a picture radiant and fair,
The Virgin Mother with the heavenly smile.

Then describe the same picture standing there still, even in the dark with no one to see, but the same beauty in it all the while. The blessing of knowing it is there. So of God's unseen grace.

Comparison of the people to a fountain (Warzburg Schloss Garden, Sunday afternoon, October 15, 1882). The constancy of it, though its particles are constantly changing. The constant effort to go higher and yet the ever undiscouraged failure. The power proceeding from a mysterious and hidden source — the power telling on each separate particle, yet seeming to move the whole as one mass, etc.

The figure of the "Stream" of time (or life) is true not only in other respects but also in this, that it expresses the constant change along with constant *identity* which life possesses.

Text: "He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." This text in the light of the idea that original utterance of God's true prophecy had ceased since Ezra's time, and that since that, "Halacha, Midrash, and Hagada had become the forms of all literary effort." (See Robertson Smith, *Old Testament in Jewish Church*, p. 141.)

"A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me." Text for sermon on the passage through darkened periods of Life and Faith.

Lessing's "Der Junge Gelehrte" must be more than an amazing farce. In it we certainly can see two things, one temporary and local, the other universal and eternal. The universal teaching is that mere pedantry is not true learning, and that life, no less than books, has lessons for the learning man. The local application must be to a state of Germany in his time, when the studying people, filled with the new enthusiasm of study, were often using it foolishly, as if it were a valuable and noble thing for its own sake, — the crude condition of the ordinary German student in those days, of which we see many signs.

In all this travelling one is overcome and oppressed with the multiplicity of life. The single point where we stand is so small, yet it is the best and dearest of all. I would not for the world be anything but this, if I must cease being this in order to be that other thing. But I would fain *also* be these other things, — these College Students, these soldiers in their barracks, these children playing round the old fountain, these actors on their dotage, these merchants in their shops, these peasant women at their toil, these fine ladies with their beauty; I want somehow, somewhere, to *be* them all! and the simplicity, the singleness of my own life, with its appointed place and limits, comes over me oppressively. Where is the outlook and the outlet? Must it not be in the possibility, which is not denied to any of us, of getting some *conception* of life which is large enough to include and comprehend all these and every other form in which men live, or have lived, or will live forever? And is not such a conception to be found in Christ's large truth of God the Father? Oh, to preach or hear some day a worthy sermon on "In Him we live and move and have our Being"!

This morning as I looked up at the castle [Heidelberg], the sun streaming through a vacant windowpane just caught a branch of autumn vine and made it burn so that it seemed as if the room within was glowing with the light of fire. All the rest was dull and brown and sombre. Only this one window shone like a lighted palace window on a winter night. It was as if Frederick and Elizabeth had come back to the English Bau again.

Text: "Till the time of the restitution of all things." Acts iii. 21. Pointing to a great *return*, but not to a previously realized condition of things, which would be terribly disheartening — rather to that ideal conception of things which is the true "before," the antecedent of all intelligible being. Apply to Genesis.

You complain of the details of life and duty, but after all they are to the great principles what the countless objects of the Earth's scenery are to the sunlight, the points of manifestation. What a world empty of everything but sunlight it would be! That would be a life with noble principles, but no details of duty or lines of small events.

Oxenstein's speech to his son, "See, my boy, with how little wisdom the world can be governed."

The present condition of our churches is something like an orchestra tuning up. Each instrument trying itself altogether by itself. Some time they must all strike in together and the great Symphony begin. The high unselfishness of the instruments in an orchestral piece.

The way in which each speaker in a play must make the situation ready for the player who is to follow him, prepare for his speech or action.

Text: "The Son of Man cometh like a thief in the night; watch therefore." The whole subject of suddenness; nothing is sudden and yet everything is sudden. Examples in history, Christ, Luther, Darwin, — the illustrations which you 'll find in your own life. The value of the knowledge of this in bringing about the true *poise* of temperament. Expectation without terror, a sense of naturalness and wonder together.

Sermon on the verse about the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.

Text: "Sacrifice and meat offering Thou wouldst not, but my ears hast Thou opened." Ps. xl. 8. Sermon on God's love for intelligent worship and for a desire after the truth upon His people's part.

Text: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." The absolute creed that only by belief in something higher should man master the lower. Oh, the necessity of *loving* purity and great thoughts about great things, not merely being *driven* to them. This the child's salvation from brutal vice and infidel cynicism. Point also to the men who are overcome by the world for want of Faith.

In connection with the above think of the great danger of abolishing that for which we give no substitute. Sometimes it must be done, and the development or discovery of the substitute must be left to wisdom and power greater than ours, but there is always terrible danger.

We in America have no complete substitute for the military training which we rejoice to be free from. The mercantile rivalry is not a substitute. It lacks the possible self-devotion and nobleness.

The "Rundschau" for October, 1882, contains a most interesting address delivered by Professor Haeckel, of Jena, in September, 1882, at the meeting of German naturalists and physicians in Eisenach. It is called "Die Naturanschauung von Darwin, Goethe, und Lamarck." It is really a eulogy on Darwin. It opens with an allusion to the place of meeting and a claim that the New Era which Darwinism opens is a fit successor to that with which Eisenach and the Wartburg must always be associated in connection with Luther. It is interesting to think what degree of truth and what amount of fallacy there is in this. Luther's protest in behalf of freedom was indeed the opening of a new world, but its real value was measured by the worth of the positive authority to which he appealed. Darwin's protest against the crudeness of popular Creationism must be his real claim to remembrance in spite of the very striking letter from Darwin to one of Haeckel's pupils, which the Professor quotes, in which Darwin says that "Science has nothing to do with Christ." It may perhaps turn out after all that Science has wiser teachers than the Great Scientist knew, that Christ's truth of the Father Life of God has the most intimate connection with Darwin's doctrine of Development, which is simple, the continual indwelling and action of Creative Power.

I do believe that it is a real test of men's character to ask yourself whether you can think of them in connection with their mothers and fully realize the association. The greatest, the wisest, the oldest, if only they have kept simplicity and freshness, if they have genuine reality and truth, will easily enough allow such thoughts. But the sophisticated, the unreal, the vicious and untrue, repel them. You cannot bring the mother thought home to them. It does not seem as if they ever had mothers. Try it with the thorough-going man of the world and you will see.

Some people seem to have almost exactly the influence of *Music*. It is an inarticulate influence. It does not communicate ideas, but it creates moods. It is incapable of analysis. Men ask you to give an account of these people's power over you, and you cannot. You tell your story and the listener asks, "Is that all?" and wonders at your delusion. All that you can do is to say, "Come and see," as after vainly trying to describe the power of a piece of music you take your friend to hear it. All influence of man over man, however rich it may be in the imparting of ideas and the awakening of the moral sense, seems to be incomplete unless there is in it something of this musical power of creating moods.

Stein had great contempt for what he called *metapoliticians*, who are, as Seeley in his "Life of Stein" defines it, "those who stand in the same relation to politicians as metaphysicians to the students of nature." The same feeling which crudely and coarsely breaks out in our time against the "scholar in politics," those "damned literary fellows." There are reason and unreason in it both.

Text: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." Spoken in perfect honesty. A naïve expression of the worldly man's sense of the difficulty of life and of the inadequate equipment of merely spiritual natures to cope with it. "I really do not see what the world would come to if all men were Christians." Let us see.

Text: 2 Cor. v. 11. "We are made manifest to God and I trust also to your consciences." The two great objects of the true man's appeal.

Text: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A sermon on the need of essential purity, unselfishness, and loftiness of purpose as a condition for all special entrance into the Reality of Things, which is *God*.

The beasts in a zoölogical garden always trying to get out; their pathetic, brutal inability to be convinced that it is hopeless. You come back after years, and there is that same bear walking up and down just as you left him, trying the same bars, and never giving up the hope that somewhere he may find a gap. It is the dim memory of savage free life — nay, see how even the beasts born in captivity, who have never known by experience the freedom of the desert, they too are at the same endless undiscouraged effort to escape.

Apply to man's everlasting working away at the problems of existence. (Berlin Zoölogical Garden, October 27, 1882.)

Like the bear in his disgraceful humiliation begging for nuts.

The remembrance which we leave behind us when we die only like the blue smoke which floats off from the candle for a moment or two after you blow it out.

Launce, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," says, "Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable." So some people give out their new ideas about religion.

What was the dream which long ago
  Filled this sweet face with pensive pain?
What pity at some tale of woe
  Or longing for some hopeless gain?

Gone are the dreamer and the dream,
  Yet still among the things of earth
The pensive pain, like sunset's gleam,
  Outlives the sun which gave it birth.
  (Picture by Bronzino, in the Dresden Gallery.)

In the palace of the Countess Nostitz, at Prague, is a most curious picture by Van Eyck which singularly illustrates the way in which mysticism opens on the one side into coarse materialism, as we see so constantly in the history of the church. Christ stands literally in a winepress. On His bent back the great board is crowded down by the great screw, and out of the gash in His side the pressure drives a torrent of blood which flows into the vat in which He stands. Out of mouths in the sides of this vat the blood comes flowing in smaller streams, and angels catch it in cups and hand it to the faithful all about, who are drinking it before one's eyes. Yet there is nothing in all this horrible realism which is not easily enough matched in the writings of Calvinistic and Romish theologians.

The Franz and Carl of Schiller's "Die Räuber" is another illustration of that disposition to disparage respectability as against vagrant generosity which is always appearing. It is the same thing whose real key we have in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

The nature of the cause in which heroism is shown does not affect our honor for the heroism itself. We do not like confession, but the constancy of this St. John Nepomuk, who would not reveal to Emperor Wenzel (1383) what the Empress had told him in the confessional, wins our honor nevertheless.

In the old castle at Prague the Bottle-Shaped Dungeon, where they put victims for starvation, has in its floor a hold leading to a lower cavern still. When any prisoner was put into the horrid place the dead body of the last occupant was thrust into this hole and there decayed, the new wretch dying in the horrid stench of his predecessor's corpse. So sometimes with doomed Ideas and Institutions.

The English minister at Prague compelled every week to send his text to the police authorities; sometimes compelled to send his whole sermon too.

Like a bell buoy got adrift and ringing wildly all over the ocean.

The conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria comes out very strongly as the type of the narrowness of orthodox conservatism (in this case combined with a life of sin) set over against the breadth which had its root in first principles. "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship;" "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, a woman of Samaria?" How often I have heard this sort of talk from the true sectarian. And then the richness and depth of Jesus, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

As when the music of the organ suddenly stops and leaves only the solid, stolid tramp of outgoing feet.

We are not called upon to set in opposition the two great conceptions of the results of conduct, one of which thinks of them as inevitable consequences naturally produced, and the other as the rewards and punishments meted out by the superior insight and justice of a ruling Lord. Each conception has its value, which we cannot afford to lose in seeking for the total truth. The first gives reasonableness and reliability to the whole idea. The second preserves the vividness of personality. The time was when the second conception monopolized men's thought. In the present strong reaction from the second to the first conception it would be a great loss if we let the second be denied or fade into forgetfulness.

When St. Francis Xavier had been buried at Goa, "le corps du saint fut officiellement déclaré vice-roi des Indes et lieutenant général; et c'est de lui que le véritable gouverneur était censé tenir ses pouvoirs; encore au commencement du dix-neuvième siècle, il allait les demander en grande pompe à Bon Jesus avant de prendre possession de son gouvernement." (Reclus, *India*, iii. 447.) A picturesque illustration of the way the living are ruling by the work the dead have done. The great dead still really rule.

The Ten Commandments based on the idea of liberty. "Thus spake Jehovah who brought you out of the house of bondage," and issuing in the injunctions of duty and righteousness "Thou shalt and thou shalt not;" so Liberty and Duty lie together here. (See Robertson Smith's *Prophets of Israel*, pp. 40, 41.)

It seems to be almost an indication of the incompleteness of each thing by itself, and of how each needs all the rest to make a whole, that we find the full illustration of the qualities of each in other things than itself, — often in those things which are its opposites. Thus we say of the frank man that he is "simple as a child," and then we bid the boy "behave like a man." The hero is "bold as a lion," and the strong voice rings "like a trumpet." It is in the individual and the host coming to their several completenesses together that the final completeness of the whole must be attained.

I read in a religious paper, "Nothing short of this can difference the gospel from any other ethical system in kind." Do we, then, want to *difference* the gospel from the ethical systems of the human soul? Is the impulse which makes us want to do so the highest impulse of the soul? Is there not yet a higher and a truer impulse whereby we may rejoice to see the gospel sweep into itself all of man's moral effort, and prove itself the highest utterance of Him who in the million cravings of man for righteousness has always been, *is* always, making Himself known?

> There are who hold life like a precious stone,
> Hither and thither turning it to see
> The rich light play in its mysterious depths;
> And other men to whom life seems a bridge
> By which they pass to things which lie beyond;
> And others still who count life but as wine,
> In which they drink their pledges to their friends.
> But then there are to whom life's dearness lies
> In that it is the pressure of God's hand,
> With which He holds our feeble hand in love,
> And makes us know ourselves in knowing Him.

There is a stronger and stronger reluctance to have religion treated purely as a regulative force for conduct. That it will surely be, but that it will be most surely if it be primarily considered as the power of a higher consciousness, the power by which the soul knows itself divine, and enters into conscious communion with God. So, if I could do what I would, I would

reveal the power of religion to a soul, and thus it should arrive at lofty contempt for sin, which should be its perpetual safety and strength. And is not this the real thought which was in all the ancient talk about works and Faith?

> As when a mother proudly holds the hand
> Of children, walking one on either side,
> Who fight their fights across her, and yet still
> Are one in being hers, howe'er they fight;
> So walk we 'mid our struggling fears and hopes.

The way in which the fact that Nelson was mortally wounded was kept from the knowledge of the men as they fought on to victory at Trafalgar. (See Rossetti's Sonnets, p. 271.) Some people seem to think they can do so with a dying doctrine.

The Banyan Tree, dropping its supplementary branches, which take root; then the main trunk decaying, and the tree supported by these secondary supports. So of institutions and doctrines, and their history and first evidences.

"Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

The tragedy and misery of having falsehood at the very seat of power, not merely an accident of the life, but in possession of its very citadel.

In addition to his letters and the note-book from which these extracts are taken, Mr. Brooks kept a journal where he records his impressions of travel. By its aid we may follow the lonely man in his wanderings from place to place. It is too voluminous to be given in full, but a few extracts from it, which are as characteristic as they are beautiful, bring us near to the man himself, nearer than his friends could come as he moved in and out among them.

BERLIN, Thursday, September 7, 1882.

The first day in Berlin certainly does not impress one with anything like brightness or gayety. Everything is dull and lumbering. The people, for the most part, very homely, the shops tiresomely ugly, and the whole having the look of a piece of coarse material which has not well taken polish, perhaps which has not yet found the right way of being polished, but has tried other people's ways and so has failed. At the same time there is an evident strength, the constant suggestion of not being yet

finished, but having a future, and the general homeliness in which the simplest affections show out not unpleasingly.

He comments on the picture of George Gisze, the merchant, by the younger Holbein in the Museum: —

BERLIN, Friday, September 8, 1882.

It is a picture perfect in its kind, of the best sort of northern life and mercantile character. No southerner, no dealer with the abstract as the business of his life, ever looked like that. He knew affairs. The lovely green wall, before which he sits, is covered with the apparatus of concrete concerns. He writes and receives letters, which are what fasten men to common, present things. And yet he thinks. Those eyes look beyond his ledgers. And he has suffered. Not idly is his motto written on the wall, "Nulla sine merito voluptas."

Where shall such a merchant meet such a painter now? It is a sober strength which comes from such a picture, a genuine inspiration to good and faithful work.

Sunday, September 10, 1882.

Took tea with Baron George von Bunsen and his family, who were most interesting people, old friends of Stanley's, son of the famous Bunsen, now member of German Parliament, a broad churchman and liberal in politics. Is under prosecution for libel by Bismarck, who, it seems, makes three hundred such prosecutions every year. Baron Bunsen gives but poor accounts of religious conditions. Liberal church empty; dogmatists and unbelievers have things their own way. But it is good to hear of the power of what he calls the second class, — professors, judges, etc., — who are the real power, the higher society having no power to oppose them.

Tuesday, September 12, 1882.

Spent some time in the Kunst Gewerbe Ausstellung, where they have a sort of show and salesroom of the present artistic manufactures of the town. One thing pervades it all, a certain heaviness and lack of inspiration and careless ease, which is the delight of all such work. "Go to, now, and let us make our furniture beautiful," they have said, and the result is what we might have expected. The old German work is delightful because it is unconscious and quaint, very little of intrinsic or eternal beauty in it. Take the unconsciousness away and let the race *try* to be beautiful, and they fail just where the Greeks, whom they seem to worship with a sort of despairing adoration, so wonderfully succeeded.

BERLIN, September 15, 1882.

I paid a long visit to Dr. Carl Abel, and found a very intelligent and learned man. He told me of the strong tendency which he believes exists at present among the better German classes towards religion; not distinctively towards Christianity, but in general towards theism, although some of it still keeps a pantheistic aspect, towards reverent thoughts of the mystery of the causal powers of life and death. Lotze, who seems to have been highly honored here, represents the real tendency of German thought. Of course there is also the growing irreligiousness of a great busy community, and there is the narrow materialism of absorbed scientists, but these are special phenomena with their own explanations. . . .

Monday, September 18, 1882.

In the morning to the Royal Library, — a free public library, where whoever will may come and read, and with simplest precautions books may be taken out, — every way apparently as free as our own Public Library. It is the love and care for learning that mitigates the hardness of this northern city. Without that, and with its all-pervading military habits, it would be barbarian. In the library are many interesting manuscripts, but perhaps the most interesting is the Bible and Prayer Book which, on the morning of his execution, Charles I. of England gave to Archbishop Jaxon. How comes it here?

Dined at Baron von der Heydt's. A lovely view over a quiet lake not far from Potsdam, royal estates all around. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Potter dined there; also Dr. Strauss, the court preacher at Potsdam. . . .

BERLIN, Wednesday, September 20, 1882.

The beautiful picture of the dead Christ in the Museum, which was formerly ascribed to Mantegna, is now called by the name of John Bellini. It is rather hard to give up the old association, and though no doubt the evidence is sufficient, one cannot help feeling that the old name suited best the picture's character. It is a greater picture than Bellini, with all his wonderful sweetness and beauty, ever made. The greatness of the Christ, and the tenderness of the sorrowing angels who support him, are both wonderful.

A pleasant dinner at Dr. Abbott's with Herr von Bunsen, Dr. Abel, Mr. Sargent, our new minister, and Dr. Frommel, Hof Prediger, the last a very interesting man, full of eloquence and imagination, a bit too declamatory for private life, but very earnest. He differs altogether from Stöcker about the Jew ques-

tion; thinks Christianity is suffering the reward of its misdoings but sees the outcome in the return of the Jews.

BERLIN, Friday, September 22, 1882.

A long morning with Herr von Bunsen at the Falk Real Schule in the Charlottenberg district. The bright little boys and their oral arithmetic, the tendency to guess, the frequent mistakes, but the general quickness and correctness. The gymnasium full of boys of about fifteen at their physical exercise, the absence of manly games among German boys, the consumptive look, the pale faces and thin frames. Then the melancholy religious teaching, boys being taught to analyze and explain the Epistle to the Galatians, evidently very tiresome to them; a strong confirmation of the belief that the Bible is not suited to such ways of being taught. . . .

BERLIN, Saturday, September 23, 1882.

I leave Berlin to-day after a little over two weeks' visit. The people impress me not wholly pleasantly. The enormous power of the army overshadows everything. Great commercial activity is everywhere. Social life is generous and free, and in its best specimens unsurpassed doubtless in all the world, but in its ordinary aspects it is crude and rude. A coarse personality is everywhere, and through the whole community there runs a certain restlessness and fear, a disappointment that the nation has not won, out of the wonderful success of 1870, the advantages which were so confidently looked for; a sense of constant pressure from without, the two great neighbors, France and Russia, never being forgotten for a moment, and a sense of watchful surveillance within, which makes liberty a partial and *always precarious* possession.

WITTENBERG, Sunday, September 24, 1882.

A delightful Luther Sunday. In the morning at eight to his old parish church, where a dull sermon wearied a quite numerous congregation. The singing was good, and all the time there was the association of his having preached there, and of this having been the place where first, in 1522, the communion, in both kinds, was given to the laity. How formal an event it sounds, and how essential it really is. The standing of the people while the text is read is very good. The Augustinian Convent, with the great Reformer's rooms, is a perfect monument. And that strange wife of his, who is said to have been so pretty, and looks so ugly in all the pictures, gives a homely reality to it all. His little fourteen-year-old girl's picture, hanging in the chamber where he died, is very pretty. . . .

HALLE, Monday, September 25, 1882.

Halle has grown greatly since I saw it seventeen years ago. Now it has 80,000 people, and all the new fine streets which every growing town, it seems, must have. But still the University is here, and Francke's Institute. The latter is enormous, and seems as if it must be very difficult to guard from false developments, and perhaps also from corruption. But its look of simplicity is very charming, and the German teacher, with his class of girls, was the very picture of unsophisticated earnestness. One is ready very seriously and literally to ask who has left a more enviable name in the world than Francke. The University has the same simplicity. Its class rooms are as plain as rooms can be made, and even its Fest Hall has not succeeded in being fine. But its library building is superbly arranged. Professor Conrad went through the buildings with me, — a youngish man, Professor of Political Economy. I took tea afterwards at his house: a strong man, talking as they all talk about the poverty of Germany and the crushing effects of the war. I saw with him the very curious and interesting cast from Luther's face after death, which is made into a sitting statue, and, with his own Bible before him, sits at the window and looks into the market.

EISLEBEN, Tuesday, September 26, 1882.

Professor Conrad rode with me in the train almost to Eisleben, getting out at the station before, where he has a little country place. He talked of the Church and its lack of hold upon the people, their slight religiousness. He ascribed it to the dead life of the clergy, who study theology but not life, cultivate the head and not the heart, and have not sympathy with the people. It is the old story, with probably about the usual amount of truth in it. At least he earnestly regretted that there was not more religion. He talked also of the superabundance of students, more than Germany can provide for in learned occupations. Divinity students are increasing. . . .

WEIMAR, Wednesday, September 27, 1882.

The poetic character of this town, with its long worship of Goethe and Schiller, has something artificial, an eighteenth century look about it, but very pretty, and the town suits it perfectly. It is like a very well-kept room of an unforgotten but dead friend. One can see Goethe going in and out of Herder's door, and the park all about the town is a beautiful setting for it. And Luther preached here in the Stadt Kirche, they say, on his way to Worms. . . .

WEIMAR AND GOTHA, September 28, 1882.

Of all the pretty Thuringian towns there seem to be none so pretty as these two. Weimar is a monumental town. It is a sort of German Concord, with most characteristic differences. . . . The new Museum, quite at the other end of the town, has the Odyssey frescoes of Preller, which are models of their kind of decorative art. The pale and quiet colors keep the dreamlike vagueness and distance of the whole story. No one can help being interested, but no one can become anxious or excited over the doings or the fate of these far-away people. It is as if the transparent veil of twenty-five centuries were between them and us. Then, in the Bibliotek, you come to the startling reality of Luther's coarse and ragged cloak which he wore when he was an Augustinian monk at Erfurt.

FRANKFORT, Sunday, October 1, 1882.

There must have been something in the early Reformation times which tended to bring out the best German character. Luther is constantly interesting. It must have been partly the fresh sense of discovery and the feeling of an opening future, which is always suited to the German mind, and inspires it to its best. It may also have been the presence of conflict, which the German also loves. But, whatever it was, it has strangely disappeared. Modern German Protestantism is the driest thing. It seems to have had no power to develop any poetry or richness. At present it seems to be ground between the upper millstone of a military state and the lower millstone of the learned universities. It was almost a relief to be again in the Catholic worship in the Cathedral here this morning.

HEIDELBERG, Tuesday, October 10, 1882.

. . . In the early evening on the great terrace, where after all is the finest point of view. I watched the lights gradually kindling in the darkening town, and thought of the Reformation breaking out at point after point in Europe. . . .

HEIDELBERG, Wednesday, October 11, 1882.

Goethe chose a most beautiful spot in the Elizabeth Garden for his point of outlook over the town, which looks very grim and gray and sets off richly the broad sweeps of color which are on either side of it. A still finer point is further on towards the brink of the castle hill, where the garden seems to sweep out for the very purpose with a sudden jut into the air. Here the leaves were falling thick as I sat taking my last view of it all to-day. Last Sunday the English minister preached a very dreary and

dull sermon about "we all do fade as a leaf." Here was the real sermon. It was inspiring, but terrible to see each leaf fall, carrying with it its whole history since it was a bright little green thing last spring, falling with such perfect quietness, but having done its duty all summer. . . .

WÜRZBURG, Sunday, October 15, 1882.

It is something of a notable Sunday in Würzburg to-day, for it is the anniversary of St. Burkard, one of the many planters of Christianity in this region, — for it seems to have been planted and destroyed and replanted again and again. This morning the Mass in the Neumünster Kirche, under which St. Kilian, the martyr, another of the early apostles of Würzburg lies buried, was fine and crowded. The singing of the people was splendid. There was a strange spontaneousness about it. It burst out almost as if it were a common thought of the moment. So different from our "giving out" hymns. . . .

LEIPSIC, Thursday, October 19, 1882.

The religious question in Germany has suffered from that fate, which always is disastrous to it, of being made a political question. But leaving aside those whose whole interest in the question is to be explained on political grounds, there remain certain clearly recognizable classes: First, the Virchows and Haeckels, the simply naturalistic people, whose hatred to church and religion is something quite unknown among us. Second, the opposite extreme, the dogmatic churchmen, whose whole theological position is retroactive and obstructive. Third, the liberal church party, who esteem the church purely for its social and police value, and take little or no interest in its missionary aspects. Such are some of the rationalistic preachers. Fourth, there is not clearly shaped nor very prominent a school of thoughtful, earnest, and enlightened men, to whom the real future of Christianity in Germany belongs, the men of reasonable faith like Lotze.

LEIPSIC, Friday, October 20, 1882.

The life of young students here is very curious, supposing them to be real students, and genuinely in earnest with regard to what they are about. They are all specialists, none of them are seeking a complete or rounded education. Each of them is dealing with a people not imitable by him, however admirable they may be in themselves, out of whose learning he is to pluck the special knowledge he desires. And they are mostly at an age when a special hero-worship or enthusiasm seems to satisfy the life and when the habits of the life are being very deeply founded. There

certainly could be no circumstances in which the value of loftiness of purpose and purity of life could come out more strongly, — and with many it does seem to have these inspirations, I mean among the young Americans.

BERLIN, Saturday, October 21, 1882.

As one gets back again to Berlin, after a month's absence, there is a new sense of how modern the town's life is, and of how plain and prosaic the people are. German art so lacks spontaneity, is so scholastically overridden, and German taste is so enterprising and so bad. One is very much struck with the lack of humor which is the rectifying sense. There is immense heartiness and good feeling, enthusiasm for country, pride in their heroes, and devotion to ideas; but of easy and graceful expression of it there is very little. The public monuments are generally most unpleasing. The officers of the army are the only well-built and well-dressed men. The streets lack lightness and liveliness. . . .

BERLIN, Monday, October 23, 1882.

The minute divisions of the Established Protestant Church of Prussia within itself are very complicated and numerous. They suggest, of course, the one thing to be said in favor of a State Church, that it keeps the different schools of thought in association with each other. On the other hand, it certainly develops animosities and jealousies which are exasperated by the forced union of antagonistic minds. It is the old question which we have settled for ourselves by the free liberty of sects. In all their preaching there is too much eloquence and too little thought.

BERLIN, Friday, October 27, 1882.

A visit to Dr. Hermann Grimm, the author of the "Life of Michael Angelo," "Life of Goethe," etc., translator of some small parts of Emerson, lecturer on art in the university. The picture which, from his point of view, he gives of religion in Germany, and the way in which it has affected his whole feeling about religion, is most interesting. He speaks of all that goes on in the churches as something that does not appeal to him in any way, and so he never goes to church. He claims that there are no men who are what Schleiermacher seems to have been, distinct both from the dogmatists on one side, and from the equally acid rationalists upon the other. And certainly I myself have failed to find any such either in personal intercourse or in reading contemporary books. Professor Grimm then curiously talked of a certain power which distinctly belonged, he said, to the Roman Catholic ceremonial, and made many educated men

feel it as they felt nothing in Protestantism. It was historical and it was self-possessed. The priest at the altar, with a certain disregard of the people, busied himself directly with God. He did not attempt to teach what is unteachable, but he stood between the soul and God, and in some vague way made the divine present. Strange enough, surely, to find a man like Professor Grimm feeling all this, and at the same time feeling the power of the preaching of Channing and of Parker, of both of whom he spoke. He speaks hopelessly of religion in Germany, but surely there can be no room for despair until first the trial of a voluntary religion shall be made, and some attempt at a higher priesthood than either the Romanist's or Channing's shall be seen.

BERLIN, Saturday, October 28, 1882.

It is strange how, in a great gallery like this of Berlin, one finds his special mood met by one class of pictures and special rooms attracting him on special days. . . . One day you go there and Holbein's portraits fascinate you completely, and satisfy your cravings, while, if you wander into the other room, the faults and crudities of Botticelli are all that you can see. But to-day his St. John in the Madonna picture seemed full of mysterious beauty, and even the Eve, with yellow hair on the black ground, appeared to appeal to something very real in one's power of enjoyment. . . .

BERLIN, Monday, October 30, 1882.

Professor Zeller's lecture room at eleven o'clock was crowded with students who had come to hear him discourse on the History of Philosophy. He was talking especially of the Greek philosophies as they influenced mediæval times. The lecture was interesting, but still more interesting the audience. One wondered what had brought them there, and what they proposed to do with the knowledge they were getting. They had not the look of pure students for the pure sake of knowledge, nor did they seem intellectually ready for great thought. On the other hand, the profitable purposes to which such knowledge could be turned it was impossible to see. Professor Herman Grimm, who lectured from one till two on the Earliest History of Christian Art, gave a very good sketch of the changes of early German art in the way of representing the persons of the Trinity. A well-put, intelligent account, with nothing particularly suggestive or profound. In the afternoon I walked a long, long way, and came at last down Schleiermacher Strasse to the Dreifaltigkeit Kirchenhof, where I saw Schleiermacher's tomb, and in the evening, on my way home from hearing Pastor Frommel talk to the coach-

men and postilions, I passed the Dreifaltigkeit Church, where Schleiermacher used to preach.

BERLIN, Tuesday, October 31, 1882.

It is very interesting indeed, in the Dorotheen Burial Ground, to see the two quiet simple monuments of Fichte and Hegel facing each other across the narrow path, which was all wet this afternoon with rain, and covered with dead autumn leaves trodden into the ground. Fichte's monument bears on one of its three sides his name, with dates of birth and death; and on another that of his wife, with the assurance that she was the worthy wife of such a man; and on the third, the Old Testament text which tells how those who turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars. One feels how *late* all German greatness is. In the Reichstag Chamber the things that interest you are the seats of Bismarck and Von Moltke, and the tablets of great Germans in the corridors go back no farther than a century. . . .

DRESDEN, Saturday, November 4, 1882.

One comes back to the sight of anything which he has seen in his mind's eye, so long as he has seen the Dresden Madonna, with a sort of fear whether, in all these years, the memory has not been deceived by the imagination; whether, dreaming of the world's most perfect picture, his dream has not passed into a region where no actual power of human art can follow it, and so the point from which it started will fail to satisfy one who comes back to it. This is the sort of question which is in one's mind as he passes through the curtained doorway which leads into the shrine of the great picture. And he finds it greater than his dream! A deeper wonder than his memory has been able to carry is in the Mother's eyes. The Child looks into a distance farther than his thoughts have run. The faint, rich heaven of angel faces behind the scene is sweet and holy beyond any conception which his senses have been fine enough to keep. Before the picture begins to open to him again its special treasures of detail, it blesses him with this renewed knowledge of the wonderful power of the highest art.

DRESDEN, Sunday, November 5, 1882.

Among the religious manifestations of Germany one finds it hard to discover any trace of that which in England and America seems to many of us at the present day to be most full of attractiveness and hope, — the devout and spiritual rationalism of Maurice and Erskine and Washburn, all the more spiritual for the freedom of its thought, free in its thought just because of the profoundness of its faith in God. This may exist, but it is cer-

tainly not a prominent or powerful element in the religion of the land. There is Pietism; there is scholarly Dogmatism; there is hard, critical Liberalism; but unless it be in some trace of Schleiermacher's influence, or possibly in some power of Tholuck and such men as he, making their followers broader than they were themselves, it is hard to find the religious life of which I speak. The Orthodox all call Schleiermacher pantheistic, as if every attempt to depict the essential closeness of God's life to His world must not incur that charge.

DRESDEN, Tuesday, November 7, 1882.

After seventeen years I come back to the Sistine Madonna, and find it greater than I thought. One of the things that most impresses me about the picture is the wonderful life that is in it. There is such a stillness in it that it hushes the room in which it hangs, but yet it is all alive. The Virgin is moving on the clouds. Her garments float both with the blowing of the wind and also with her motion. Strangely different it is in this respect from the many pictures in which the Divine Group simply stands and meditates, or gazes from the canvas. The nobleness of the arrangement, too, is most impressive. Every rule of highest art is there, but swallowed up by the sublime intention of the work. The pyramid of figures has built itself. What, one wonders, were Raphael's feelings as he sent his work off to Piacenza? Did he know what a marvel he had done? For among the wonderful things about this picture is the immeasurable degree in which it surpasses everything else of Raphael's.

DRESDEN, Wednesday, November 8, 1882.

A perception of the wonderfulness of the art of painting comes nowhere more strongly than in some of the great portraits. Here are the Rembrandts, which get, more than any others, the total conception of the man they portray. No detail detains you. Just as it lay in the artist's mind, a distinct human thing, not a mere composition of features and beard. The person looks out at you from the canvas. There are the Vandykes, so full of lofty refinement, gentlemen and ladies always, appealing to the part of us which always feels the power of good taste, even in Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Titian, with the sumptuousness of Venice, and yet able to portray something as sensitive and delicate and shy as the timidity of the girl in white, who holds the fan, full of the quality as distinct from the quantity of color. Battoni's St. John Baptist, which one sees through the door if he turns his head from looking at the Madonna, is a beautiful, sunny, living picture.

PRAGUE, Friday, November 10, 1882.

Two figures occupy the eye at Prague. One is John Huss, who once was university professor here, and who has left behind him a power that passed through the great defeat as a spirit passes through a solid wall and leaves the wall puzzled and defeated behind it. Huss's power is in the liberal thought and intelligence of the university to-day. There is nothing left of him by way of relic except a very doubtful house, which perhaps stands where he used to live, and may have in its walls some of the old material of his. The other figure is Count Wallenstein, the very type of earnest, fiery mediævalism, strong, able, true to conviction, narrow, cruel, dark, and spreading darkness. . . .

VIENNA, Monday, November 13, 1882.

The first sight of Austria to one who comes from Germany is full of suggested contrasts. The people in Vienna are brighter and handsomer than in Berlin. The whole movement of life is gayer. But at once is felt, what I believe all later observation will confirm, that the people to whom we have come are not the really interesting and respectable people we have left. Germany teems with ideas, conceives of itself as having a mission in the world, and expects a future. Neither of these things is true of Austria.

VIENNA, Wednesday, November 15, 1882.

In the Belvedere there is a picture of St. Catherine of Sienna, which, if the story of that very unpleasing person, that canonization of hysterical young womanhood, is ever to be put in paint at all, paints it aright. It is hard and white, but there is a real ecstasy about it, the ecstasy of intense, distracting pain. It is no comfortable damsel, pluming herself on the romance of a celestial lover, and enjoying the éclat which her adventure brought her among her earthly friends who were less fortunate. It is the eager, straining, yearning after a mysterious love which is, indeed, more than life to her, for which she would rejoice to die, nay, for which she is dying as we look at her. She does not make the subject pleasing or profitable, but at least it gives the only ideality of which it is capable.

VIENNA, Thursday, November 16, 1882.

A figure carved on a gem such as are the most beautiful in the great collection here seems to have reached a sort of apotheosis. It floats in light. When it receives the sunlight through it, it seems to bathe itself in the luminous color, and yet to keep its own brilliant identity and shape, to be a brighter and distincter form of light within the light that bathes it. Somewhat as we

conceive of how in the great world of spirit one spirit, while it is part of all around it, has its own special personal glory intensified and made more personal. There is also something in the sense of fineness and eternity combined with the brightness and glory of a gem that makes it beautiful and impressive to the imagination. Size is nothing except to connoisseurs. There is a very small green stone down in the corner of the case hung in front of the window which is glorious.

VIENNA, Friday, November 17, 1882.

In the great Treasury there is what seems as if it must be the most glorious opal in the world. It is as large as a small pear, and as it hangs there with the light upon it, it quivers through and through with fire. The flame which you see seems not to come from any surface lustre, but out of its very heart. The mystery of it and the life of it, every one must feel. Indeed, standing before the whole wonderful collection one feels very strongly the preciousness of precious stones. It is no fanciful or conventional value, but something which springs as truly from a real relation to human nature, though on another side, as the value of a beautiful face or of a noble thought. It does not depend on rarity. If sapphires like that which tops the Imperial crown were as plentiful as are gray pebbles, the healthy eye would see their beauty all the more, not less.

VIENNA, Saturday, November 18, 1882.

In the Belvedere the greatest wealth is in the paintings of the Venetian school. Titian is there in quite bewildering profusion, but, as seems always true, it is not in his great compositions such as the Ecce Homo, which is here, that he is most admirable, but in the single portrait where an individual life glows with the richness which it seems to have gathered from generations of ancestors who have basked in the sunlight of the south. On the other hand, Tintoretto, who is represented here only by some noble portraits, is equally great in splendid compositions, as Venice bears abundant witness. There is at least one glorious picture of Giorgione's, where the vine-crowned youth is caught by the mysterious person who holds him by the collar and gazes into his astonished face. Only those two heads, but wonderful union of color and expression.

VIENNA, Wednesday, November 22, 1882.

One building at least our cities at home cannot share, and that is the barracks of an army. One sound is not heard on our streets, with which, in the streets of Europe, one's ears become

awfully familiar. It is the bugle which summons the soldiers to their drill. They may say all that they can about the value of the military discipline in Germany and Austria as a school for raw youths, and we ourselves may sometimes fear lest, in the absence of anything corresponding to it among ourselves, a certain tameness may settle down upon our young men's life, and heroism and obedience to authority may fail; but, after all, when we come to speak seriously about it, words cannot express the privilege we enjoy. Of course its danger and responsibilities come with it. Its dangers are those to which I just alluded. Its responsibilities are summed up in the duty which must rest upon us of finding new and higher cultures for the virtue which the army does no doubt rudely train, and of developing a purer and loftier social life out of a soil which is not cursed and exhausted by the rank weed of military life.

VENICE, Thursday, November 23, 1882.

The Pont Ebba route from Vienna to Venice is the very poetry of railroad travel. It is very long. We left Vienna at seven in the morning and did not arrive much before midnight. As we left, Vienna looked its dreariest, dark, cold, and rainy, with the comfortless, need-driven people crawling to their early work. But soon after we got out of its gloomy shadow, came the approach to the hills, and they were streaked and flecked with snow. Sometimes a sloping side would be completely covered, then the fields of thin snow would try to make their way up to the heights, for all the world like great waves breaking on a rocky shore. . . . The afternoon, rich with sunset, lights up the valleys, which seemed to lead to heaven; the moonlight superb and full on mountains made of silver, and afterwards on cold plains and marshes which stand guard round Venice.

VENICE, Friday, November 24, 1882.

Strange how there is nothing like St. Mark's in Venice, nothing of the same kind as the great church. It would have seemed as if, standing here for so many centuries, and always profoundly loved and honored, it would almost of necessity have influenced the minds of the generations of architects, and shown its power in their works. But there seems to be no sign of any such influence. It stands alone. Either because it seems a work beyond all chance of being copied, or else, as is more probable, because the whole disposition to be consistent in architectural work, to preserve characteristic styles in certain places, is a modern and artificial idea; or perhaps because the Eastern influence, which made St. Mark's, died away, and Western influences,

such as made the Frari and Salute, came in instead. Whatever be the reason, there it stands alone, and there is nothing like it in the rest of Venice.

VENICE, Monday, November 27, 1882.

Venice has two aspects, one sensuous and self-indulgent, the other lofty, spiritual, and even severe. Both aspects appear in its history, and both are also in its art. Titian often represents the former. The loftier, nobler Tintoretto gives us the second. There is something in his greatest pictures, as, for instance, in the Crucifixion, at St. Rocco, which no other artist approaches. The lordly composition gives us an impression of intellectual grasp and vigor. The foreground group of prostrate women is full of a tenderness. The rich pearly light, which floods the centre, glows with a solemn picturesqueness, and the great Christ, who hangs like a benediction over the whole, is vocal with a piety which no other picture in the world displays. And the Presentation of the Virgin, in Santa Maria del Orto, is the consummate presentation of that beautiful subject, its beauty not lost in its majesty.

VENICE, Thursday, November 30, 1882.

The sun arose to-day at a quarter past seven superbly over the Lido, and promised Venice at its best and richest. But directly after sunrise came the clouds, so that the last day here is cold and dreary. But in the Academia there is the sunshine of three hundred years ago. Paris Bordone's glowing picture of the Fisherman who brings the Ring of St. Mark to the Doge, burned like a ray of sunlight on the wall. Carpaccio's delightful story of St. Ursula brought the old false standards of other days back to one's mind, but brought them back lustrous with the splendor of summers that seemed forever passed, but are perpetually here. Tintoretto's Adam and Eve was, as it always is, the most delightful picture in the Gallery, and Pordenone's great St. Augustine seemed a very presence in the vast illuminated room.

VENICE, Friday, December 1, 1882.

As one who parts from Life's familiar shore,
    Looks his last look in long-beloved eyes,
    And sees in their dear depths new meanings rise
And strange light shine he never knew before;
As then he fain would snatch from Death his hand
    And linger still, if haply he may see
    A little more of this Soul's mystery
Which year by year he seemed to understand;

So, Venice, when thy wondrous beauty grew
Dim in the clouds which clothed the wintry sea
I saw thou wert more beauteous than I knew,
And longed to turn and be again with thee.
But what I could not then I trust to see
In that next life which we call memory.

CHAPTER XIII

DECEMBER, 1882–MARCH, 1883

INDIA. LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

THE journey to India was strewn with letters all along the way. In his leisure on shipboard he recalled his friends, and seemed to be taking a review of his life. His imagination was excited by the fascinating interest of the land to which he was going, — the first home of the human race, where religion was in strange and rich exuberance, as was outward nature. He was to realize the brilliant pictures of Oriental life and history, with which he had long been familiar through books. With his power of vision in reading life and detecting its hidden meaning, the opportunity meant to him a vast increase in knowledge and in wisdom. But with this prospect before him, his memory carried the past and made him feel the changes in his life. To his aunt, Miss Susan Phillips, living in the old house at North Andover, he had written while he was in Vienna: —

> It is eighteen years since I was in Vienna, on my first European journey. Then I was on my way to Palestine. One difference between that year abroad and this I feel all the time. Then the old home in Chauncy Street was still there, and father and mother were both waiting to hear what one was doing, and one of my pleasures was to write to them and to think how I would tell them all about it when I got back. I miss all that part of the interest of travel very much now. Sometimes it is hard to realize that they are not still there, and that I am not to write to them. At this distance all that has come since I was here before seems like a dream.

He wrote to the Rev. Frederick B. Allen, the assistant minister of Trinity Church, who had kept him supplied with

information in advance, as to the preachers on successive Sundays: —

BERLIN, November 1, 1882.

MY DEAR ALLEN, — I can't tell you how constantly and earnestly I thank you, first for the devotion with which you are looking after that blessed Parish on the Back Bay, and then for the fulness with which you have told me all about it. I put one of your kind letters next my heart and go out on some delightful excursion, with the comfortable sense that everything is right at home, and that the Church would just as lief have me here as there. When I get back I hope you 'll have a host of things saved up that I can do for you in small token of my gratitude. My advices thus far have covered the visits of Bishops Beckwith and Williams. The former I hardly know, but I have pleasant impressions of him. We smoked together in Stephen Tyng's study at the last General Convention in New York. I am glad you liked him. And all the people who have written to me about his preaching are quite enthusiastic. Bishop Williams is a jewel of a man, — the Prince of all our Bishops. I hope that —— is safely over, and will not come again. Did he really ask to be invited? The insolence of the wretch! I shivered all over when I opened a paper one day and saw the paragraph headed "Trinity Church on Fire." Fortunately I did not pack my trunk for home until I had read on and seen that the fire was out and that the bill was only fifty dollars. Then I gave thanks for the escape, and concluded to stay. But I am awfully sorry to hear how much trouble the bad roof is causing. I hope that Mr. Richardson, since his return, has given his mind to it, and made some helpful suggestions. By the way, when the time comes, why can't you see that the vines are properly covered for the winter? I have always seen to that, and I doubt if anybody would look after it if you did n't. How I would like to see you all, and shut the study door and have a good long talk with you and Parks and Percy. But the Unter den Linden is rattling with carriages under my window, and across the street the hosts of unknown German youth are thronging into the University, and just above us there is a crowd of people waiting to see the Kaiser start out for his drive, and Boston is thousands of miles away. Be sure that I think of the dear old place more confidently and happily because you are there running Trinity Church. My best love to your children. I hope the new house is all you wanted it to be.

Ever affectionately yours,

P. B.

On December 1, he sailed from Venice for India, on the steamship Poonah, by the way of the Suez Canal, then a new experience to travellers. To Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes: —

STEAMSHIP POONAH, GETTING PRETTY NEAR ALEXANDRIA
December 6, 1882.

So far the voyage thither has gone very well, but has not been particularly interesting. The first days out of Venice were very rough, and many of the passengers were sick and most of them uncomfortable and cross. We took most of our passengers at Brindisi, and since then the weather has been better and the sea more calm, so that the souls of the Englishmen begin to revive and they are growing a little bit more sociable. They are mostly the sort of Englishman who is full of information and intelligence, totally destitute of imagination or of humor, and absolutely determined to bring all the world to his own standard. He makes you mad and amuses you and wins your respect all at once, all the time. . . .

I have got lots of books about the country, and by the time we get to Bombay I expect to have learned a good deal about it and to be somewhat prepared for what I have to see. It all looks more and more attractive the more I learn about it. Your young friend, Evart Wendell, opened correspondence with me soon after I left Berlin, and proposed to go to India if his father would consent; and the result was that he joined me at Venice the day before the steamer sailed and is with me now. I find him a very bright, pleasant, good-natured boy, and he will make excellent company, I think.

What has become of Bishop Littlejohn since he tried to sit down on the two young giants of the Boston Club and found it such uncomfortable sitting? And have you read Allen's paper in the Princeton? Is it not a genuine contribution to a rational philosophy of that whole movement of which we are a part, and whose meaning in the midst of the ages has been often such a wonder to those who were in the very midst of it? . . . I want to see what Chunder Sen thinks about it all when I see him next month. . . .

It is hard to believe that almost six months of my year is gone. It has been all that I hoped; and while I am in no hurry for the rest to go, I shall be glad to get back into the stream of work again. Your letter makes me feel very much outside of it.

To the Rev. George A. Strong, rector of Grace Church,

New Bedford, he writes after the manner of an old and familiar friendship: —

December 5, 1882.

I am glad the consecration ceremony is safely over, though I can't help feeling as if we consecrated it long ago. But now the Bishop has been there, and he feels better about it if you don't. A large part of our relation to our bishops seems to consist in efforts on our part and theirs to make them feel good. How well I can see the whole scene: Bishop Paddock's arrival with his bag; his breaking up the service into little bits among the clergy like the five loaves and the two fishes, to be set before the people, and his voice beginning the sentences as he went up the aisle, and the sermon and the collation and the Episcopal departure. But, dear me, how far away all that is, and how absurd for me to get mad about it at this distance! It is a lovely forenoon, halfway across from the heel of Italy to the mouth of the Nile. The stewards are setting the table for lunch, and through the open skylight I can hear the brogue of the Englishmen on the deck, who are my fellow passengers for Bombay. The Lascar sailors, who are all Mohammedans and never heard of Bishop Paddock, are going back and forth in their red turbans, and the wind that comes in through the portholes is like June.

Truly the Diocese of Massachusetts need not trouble one here. And not only a few thousand miles, but almost six good months of pleasant wanderings, are between me and it. Many a time in these months I have found myself on ground where you and I have been years ago together. London and Paris and Geneva and Chamouni and Maggiore and Domo d'Ossola, and a lot of other places, all brought back recollections of that first journey when we were young. Dear me, a week from to-morrow I am forty-seven! Tell M—— I have not forgotten about the French novels, but so far my reading has not run that way. All summer I read nothing, and this autumn up in Germany I confined my reading to their crooked text and queer constructions, trying, as much as my time would allow, to get the hang of what they were thinking about, and what books they were writing. It was all very delightful, and I shall always look back on it, especially upon my life in Berlin, with the greatest pleasure. When you get this I shall be in Bombay, and now my only reading is in Indian books, which will prepare me somewhat for that absurd land. In March I shall come back to Europe. April I expect to spend in Spain, May and June in England, and, through it all, I shall wish ever so many times that I could take a train for

New Bedford and have a good long talk by your fireside. Cooper and I have arranged that you are certainly to go to the General Convention in Philadelphia next autumn as a sort of Delegate at Large. Don't fail! My love to M——, and my best regards to the Hathaways and other New Bedford friends.

Good-by, dear fellow. Lunch is ready!

Ever affectionately yours, P. B.

He kept his birthday on December 13, when he was forty-seven, by a letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Steamship Poonah, December 13, 1882.

Dear Bob, — Halfway down the Red Sea and a glorious morning! What can I do better than to have a little bit of a talk with you and answer the letter which I know you have written to me, and which I shall get at Bombay. I am the more moved to it because I have a birthday to-day and am forty-seven years old. It is a sort of comfort to talk with an old fellow who was forty-seven long ago, and who makes one feel young by contrast. Well, I don't believe that many fellows have had a happier forty-seven years than I have had. It seems quite absurd, sometimes, when I think how everything has gone about as I should have wished. How good everybody has been to me, and how the world has kept its troubles out of the sea! Why, here is this Red Sea. Everybody has been talking about how uncomfortable it always is, how you can't breathe for the heat, nor sleep for the closeness of the nights; but here we are, and it is like an exquisite June day at home, and the punkas are swinging from mere habit; and this morning came two splendid showers such as the Captain says he never saw at this season on the Sea before. They are a queer set, the people who are on board, — almost all Anglo-Indians, full of intelligence and as hard as rocks. They hardly talk anything but India, which, of course, is very good for us who want to learn all we can about the country we are sailing to, but very monotonous, I should think, for them. We have been on board now two weeks, and have ten days more of it before we reach Bombay. Everybody has settled down to the life. This morning, as I passed the captain's cabin, he was quietly painting a picture, and the boys and girls are getting up concerts and farces as if they meant to live upon the Poonah all the rest of their lives.

The Church seems to flourish splendidly without its minister or its two front roofs. I hope that Trinity House got all the money that it wanted, and I hear good news from the Chapel.

Every Sunday I think of things that I would like to say, and preach myself little sermons. But I am afraid that I shall kill you all with much preaching when I get home. Good-by, my dear fellow, and my best love to you all. Ever your friend,

P. B.

To Dr. Weir Mitchell he writes, dating his letter from the Red Sea: —

December 15, 1882.

Dear Weir, — I hope that you are well, and your wife, the little lady, and Jack, — all of you well and happy. How I wish that you were here, and that, instead of this poor letter-writing, we could go up on deck and get into the breeze which comes over from the Mocha Hills, and light our cheroots and talk out the last six months. That is quite long enough, I think, for old friends to be out of hail of one another, and so I want to send you at least this Christmas and New Year's greeting, and let you know that I keep thinking of you and of the pleasant old days, one of the pleasantest things about which was that I saw you all the time.

I have had, since June, a summer in France and Italy, and an autumn in Germany, where I studied their ways and what they call their language, and went to lectures in the University, and made some pleasant friends, and, what is most of all, stopped preaching. On the 1st of December I sailed from Venice for Bombay, and ever since that we have been lounging along in a slow old craft, crossing the Mediterranean, running through the Suez Canal, and now, all this week, sailing down the Red Sea. To-night we came to Aden, and to-morrow we shall be out in the Indian Ocean. My fellow passengers are Englishmen, hard, narrow, and intelligent, like all their race. They are of all sorts and classes. Some of them have titles; all of them have brogues. Here is the General who led the cavalry charge at Tel el Kebir, and Lord Charles Beresford, who ran his little boat in under the forts at Alexandria, and the ritualistic head of the Missionary Brotherhood at Delhi, and the Judge of the Hindu court at Hyderabad. Among them all one finds plenty of interesting information about India, — enough to make him very glad that he is going to have a two months' visit there, and thankful, from the bottom of his heart, that he has not got to live there, but can come away when the two months are over. It must be an awful thing to be a conquered race with the Englishman for your master.

Good-by, my dear fellow. May God bless you always.

Your old friend, P. B.

On the 23d of December he reached Bombay, and was in India at last. His first act was to telegraph home his safe arrival, and then the vision of the gorgeous pageantry began. Of his first impressions on the day of his arrival he writes: —

We drove about the town and began our sight of Indian wonders: Hindoo temples, with their squatting ugly idols; Mohammedan mosques; bazaars thronged with every Eastern race; splendid English buildings where the country is ruled; a noble university; Parsee merchants in their shops; great tanks with the devotees bathing in them; officers' bungalows, with the handsome English fellows lounging about; wedding processions, with the bride of six years old riding on the richly decorated horse behind the bridegroom of ten, surrounded by their friends, and with a tumult of horrible music; markets overrunning with strange and delicious fruits; wretched-looking saints chattering gibberish and begging alms, — there is no end to the interest and curiosity of it all! And this is dead winter in the tropics. I have out all my thinnest clothes, and go about with an umbrella to keep off the sun. This morning we started at half past six for a walk through the sacred part of the native town, and now at ten it is too hot to walk any more till sundown. But there are carriages enough, and by and by we go to church. I was invited to preach at the cathedral but declined.

Although his anticipations were great, he writes that he finds the country far more interesting than he expected. He remained in Bombay for a week, where every facility for seeing what was most important to be seen was afforded him under the best guidance and advice. He lunched, by the invitation of the Governor, Sir James Fergusson, at the Government House, where he met very pleasant people. He made excursions to old Buddhist temples in the vicinity, and to the Ellora Caves. But the heat was so excessive that he suffered, and was glad to escape to a cooler climate. From Bombay he went to Ahmadabad, taking letters from Sir James Fergusson to Mr. Phillpotts. Here he struck Mohammedan influences, and visited the great mosques. From thence he came to Jeypore, with letters to the President, Dr. Stratton. The Rajah sent him in a carriage to the entrance to Amber, from whence he made the ascent on elephants to the deserted town, with its splendid palaces and

temples. At Jeypore he preached in the English church. On January 8 he reached Delhi. Here his young travelling companion, Mr. Evart Wendell, was taken ill with the small-pox, so that two weeks were spent there waiting for his recovery. He felt deeply the kindness shown to him under these circumstances by the English residents, Mr. Robert Maconachie, of the English Civil Service, and his wife, who surrendered their house to the invalid. He himself put up at the Cambridge Mission, with Rev. G. A. Lefroy, whose acquaintance he had made on the steamship Poonah, and his companions, Mr. Carlyon and Mr. Allnutt, of whom he writes: —

> Three young fellows, graduates of Cambridge, scholars and gentlemen, live here together, and give themselves to missionary work. They have some first-rate schools, and are just starting a high-class college. They preach in the bazaars, and have their mission stations out in the country, where they constantly go. I have grown to respect them thoroughly. Serious, devoted, self-sacrificing fellows they are, rather high churchmen, but thoughtful and scholarly, and with all the best broad church books upon their shelves. They are jolly, pleasant companions as possible, and yesterday I saw a cricket match between their school and the Government school here, in which one of these parsons played a first-rate bat. Under their guidance I have seen very thoroughly this wonderful old city, the great seat of the Mogul Empire, excessively rich in the best Mohammedan architecture.

To Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Lahore, January 15, 1883.

I wish that I could give you some idea of the enjoyment I have had in the last three weeks. Ever since I landed in Bombay it has been one ever-changing and always delightful picture, but a picture which not only delighted the eye with color, but kept the mind busy with all sorts of interesting thoughts. I cannot begin to tell you about it. That will come in the long evenings when we sit together over your fire or mine, and I tire your patience out and you make believe that you are not bored. But do you know I have seen the Brahmin and Buddhist Rock Temples at Elephanta and Karli and Ellora, in many respects the most remarkable monuments which religion ever wrought? And I have seen the exquisite art of Allmadabad and Jeypore,

and I have been at the great seat of the old Mogul power at Delhi, and I have studied the most perfect mosque that ever was made, with a tower like a dream, at Kittub, and now I am in the land of the Sikhs, and to-morrow I shall see the Golden Temple at Umritsar, and before next Sunday I shall have looked at the Taj at Agra, the gem of all the gems of India. And all the while the most interesting problems of the past, the present, and the future, have been crowding on the mind. The efforts of these conscientious, blundering Englishmen to do their duty by the Hindu, whom they don't like, and who don't like them, are constantly pathetic. I have just been spending some days with a household of five young English clergymen at Delhi, who are doing the best kind of missionary and education work. They are splendid fellows, whom you would immensely like. The hospitality of everybody here in India, and the way they put themselves out to make you comfortable and to let you see everything, is a continual wonder and embarrassment.

Well, when I try to talk about it all, it is so immense that I talk like an incoherent fool, but I have got it all safely put away in my mind, and I hope the poor old mind is the better for it. In the midst of it all you may be sure that I think of you all very often, and would like to see you step out from some old Mufti's tomb some day more than I can tell. I am on my way to Calcutta, which I shall reach early in February, then to the mountains, then to Madras and Ceylon, whence I sail again for Aden some time in March. My best love to you all, and may God keep you all safe and happy.

Your old friend, P. B.

Through the kindness of his parishioner, the late Dr. Samuel Eliot, he carried letters of introduction from Sir Richard Temple to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Charles Atchison, by whom he was invited to a "swell dinner in a gorgeous tent, with about thirty persons, and no end of picturesque servants to wait on us." While he lingered in Delhi he preached in the English church. One who heard him for the first time, with no previous knowledge of him, recalls how he listened in wonder and a sense of awe. As the congregation were leaving the church he heard the comments on every side: "It was a wonderful sermon!" "Who is he?" "He must be some man of high distinction in the world."

From Delhi he made a trip to Amritsir, in the Sikh country, — a people with a religion of their own.

At Amritsir is their great place of worship, the Golden Temple, a superb structure, with the lower half of most beautiful mosaic and the upper half of golden plates, standing in the middle of an enormous artificial lake, called the Lake of Immortality. There is a beautiful white marble bridge connecting the island with the shore. I saw their picturesque worship one morning, just after sunrise.

He was so much associated with the English at Delhi, that he felt as if an American must be a strange sort of creature. The English Civil Service he admired as something which ought to be a pattern to all the world. He found Delhi so "wonderfully interesting," as the old centre of Mohammedan power in India, that he did not regret his enforced detention there. From Delhi he went to Agra, visiting the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in India; then to Cawnpore, where he was interested in the mission work, and saw the Divinity School; from there to Lucknow, where he again met with English missionaries; then to Allahábád, at the meeting of the Jamná and the Ganges. He was now in the region where Buddhism originated, and made a pilgrimage to Asoka's Pillar. And so he came to Benares, the most sacred city in India, with its five thousand temples, one of the most ancient cities of the globe. Here he paused for a moment, and letters were written to Herr von Bunsen and to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Brooks: —

Benares, January 28, 1883.

My dear Herr von Bunsen, — Do you really care to know that this last week I have seen the Taj Mahal? It is one of the few buildings which, like a few people whom one sees in his life, make an epoch. In the midst especially of this Indian architecture which, rich and interesting as it is, is almost always fantastic and profane, what a wonder it is to find, as the culmination of it all, as the perfect flower which has grown out of all this gross and heavy soil, a building whose one absorbing impression is its purity. One almost feels that here that essence of pure religion which is lurking somewhere under all the degradation and superstition of this land has broken forth in an exquisiteness which

surpasses anything that even Christian architecture has attained. Some day you must come and see it, and get a new memory and dream for all your life.

India has interested me intensely. Its past and present and future are all full of suggestion. I long to see Christianity come here, not merely for what it will do for India, but for what India will do for it. Here it must find again the lost oriental side of its brain and heart, and be no longer the occidental European religion which it has so strangely become. It must be again the religion of Man, and so the religion for all men. At present the missionary efforts are burdened with Englishism and Americanism, and the country does not feel them much; but they are getting broader, and the larger religious life which I am sure has begun to come at home, must be felt here.

Thank you truly for your kind letter to Mr. Grant Duff, whom I shall be very glad to see if he is in Madras when I am there. From what I see in the papers I fear that he will be away, for which I shall be very sorry.

And very many thanks for your kindness in sending me your paper on the Liberal Party in Germany. I have read it with the greatest interest, and it has taught me much. I wish I could ask you some of the questions it suggests.

May God bless you and yours always.

Most faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

January 30, 1883.

DEAR LIZZIE, — Since I wrote to you last we have come over from Benares, and to-day have been making a delightful excursion to Buddh-Gaya, where, as Edwin Arnold tells us so prettily, Gautama sat six years under the Bo tree and thought and thought and thought until, at last, "was the Dukha-satya opened him," and Buddhism began. In these days, when a large part of Boston prefers to consider itself Buddhist rather than Christian, I considered this pilgrimage to be the duty of a minister who preaches to Bostonians, and so this morning, before sunrise, we started for Gaya and the red Barabar hills. We had slept in the railway station, which is not an uncommon proceeding in the out-of-the-way parts of India, where there is no pretence of a hotel, and where you don't know anybody to whose bungalow you can drive up as you can to that of almost any man you ever bowed to in the street. They are a most hospitable folk. Only when you go to stay with them you are expected to bring your own bedding and your own servant, which saves them lots of trouble.

Think of my appearing at your door some afternoon with a mattress and Katie. We had to drive ten miles, and as we went the sun rose just as it did on Buddha in the same landscape in the fifth book of the "Light of Asia," which, as you see, I have been reading with the greatest interest. We had to walk the last two miles, because the ponies, who must have been Mohammedans, would n't go any farther. But it was a glorious morning, and by and by we suddenly turned into an indescribable ravine. One tumbled mass of shrines and topes and monuments hundreds on hundreds of them set up by pilgrims for the last two thousand years, and in the midst, two hundred feet high, a queer fantastic temple which has been rebuilt again and again, but which has in it the original Buddha figure of Asoka's time, a superb great altar statue, calm as eternity, and on the outside, covered with gold leaf, the seat on which the Master sat those six long years.

The Bo tree has departed long ago, and the temples were not there when he was squatting and meditating, but the landscape was the same; and though this is one of the places where thousands of pilgrims come from both the Buddhist and the Brahmin worlds, the monuments which they had set up were not as interesting as the red hills on one side, and the open plain on the other, which Sakya must have seen when he forgot for a moment to gaze at the soles of his own feet, and looked upon the outer world. It is a delightful country, this India, and now the climate is delightful. The Indian winter is like the best of our Indian summer, and such mornings and midnights you never saw.

At Calcutta he remained for nearly two weeks. Here as at every other point his highest interest culminated in the missionary work. He was studying the situation with an open mind, ready to see things as they actually were, unbiassed by the conventionalities of missionary enthusiasm. He was deeply interested in Chunder Sen, and immediately on his arrival at Calcutta made the long anticipated call on the Hindu reformer. In a very important letter to Rev. Arthur Brooks he gives the impressions he has formed: —

February 2, 1883.

Dear Arthur, — Calcutta itself has not many sights, and so it is the people whom one wants most to see. This morning I spent two hours with Keshub Baboo Chunder Sen. And I 'll tell

you about him. I told old Mr. Dall, the venerable Unitarian missionary here, that I wanted to see the head of the New Dispensation, and the minister of the Brahma Somaj (which is another name for the same thing) sent back word that he would be at home at nine o'clock to-day. On the Circular Road, one of the chief streets of the city, there is a big house all surrounded on three stories with verandas, standing inside a garden, around which is a high pink-washed wall. On the gate-post is inscribed the name of Lily Cottage, which, I believe, was the title which a previous occupant gave to the place. Driving in under a great *porte cochère*, we were shown up to a very large, high parlor in the second story, where we waited for the prophet. It was furnished comfortably but not tastefully in European style, with rather cheap pictures on the walls. I noticed especially an engraving of the Queen, which had been presented to Keshub by her Majesty; also a very poor little painting of the man himself, sitting on the Himalayas with a woman by his side, he holding a long guitar-like instrument in his hand, and clad in the skin of a tiger. At one end of the room hung a familiar chromo-lithograph of Christ, after Carlo Dolci, holding the sacramental cup, and with the right hand raised in blessing, — a large, cheap Christian picture. While we were looking about, Chunder Sen came in, a rather tall and sturdy man of forty-five, with a bright, kindly, open face, a round head, and black mustache and somewhat short-cut black hair. He wore the Eastern white mantle thrown over his shoulders, and apparently covering a more or less European dress. He gave me a most kindly greeting, and at once began to talk. I asked him questions, and he answered freely and at length. It made me feel very like an interviewer, but it was the best way to get at what I wanted. He said that the central position of Brahma Somaj was pure theism. It stood fairly between Indian Pantheism on one side and Indian idolatry on the other, insisting fully on the Unity and Personality of God, and freely calling Him "Father," believing in this God's perpetual and universal presence. It found his prophets everywhere, and aimed to hold all the good and true of all systems and all teachers "in Christ." He mentioned, especially, Socrates, Mohammed, and Buddha. When you tried to find just what he meant by holding the truth of them "in Christ," he eluded you. He constantly asserted that he held Christ to be in unique sense the "Son of God," but said he could not any further explain his meaning of that phrase. He rejected all idea of Incarnation. Nor would he own that Christ, in his historic teaching, was in any way the test by which other teachers

should be judged. He talked much of "Communion with Christ," but defined it as such profound contemplation of his character as produced entire sympathy with him, not allowing anything like personal intercourse with a Christ now living and communicating with us. Still he clung strongly to that phrase "in Christ." He described very interestingly the "Pilgrimages" of the Brahma Somaj to Socrates or Buddha or Mohammed or *Carlyle*, which consist of gathering in front of the church and singing hymns and reading some of the great teacher's sayings, and then going inside and sitting still and entering into communion with his character. Besides these, and as something more sacred, they have occasionally the Lord's Supper, which is celebrated with Indian sweetmeats and water, and centres in mystic contemplation of the character of Jesus. They have also a baptism, which is quite optional, and strangely keeps association with the Hindu ablutions on the one hand and with Christian baptism on the other. He was very interesting in his account of how he freely uses the terms of the old Hindu mythology, talking of Siva and Vishnu and Parvati as different sides of Deity, and hoping so to win the people to spiritual views of what they have long held materially, and to construct in their minds a unity out of the fragments of Divine Ideal, of which their books are full. Thus he hopes some day to appeal to the common superstitious Hindu mind, though thus far the movement has been mostly confined to the higher classes, who have been reached by English education. He said some fine things about the orientalism of Christ and Christianity, and about the impossibility of India ever becoming Christian after the European sort. At the same time he said unreservedly that the future religion of India would be a Christ religion. The asceticism to which he clings is of a very healthy human sort, rejecting entirely the old ideas of the Fakirs. He pointed to the picture on the wall and said that there he had had himself painted as a Vedic Rishi, but had especially taken care to have his wife painted by his side to show that the true asceticism kept still the family life. As to the peculiar worship of their society, he told of the new "Dance" which has been lately introduced, and which has been much abused. It is, according to him, neither more or less than the Methodist camp-meeting principle of the physical expression of spiritual emotion putting itself into oriental shape. For himself he eats no meat and drinks no wine, but these restrictions are not enforced nor universal, though they are very commonly observed as a protest against the self-indulgence into which modern India is largely running as it departs from its old faiths.

All this and much more was told with a quiet glow and earnestness which was very impressive. The basis and inspiration of it all was intuition. There was no reference to any authority. Indeed he almost boasts that he never reads. Even his Christ seemed to be One of whom he knew not so much by the New Testament as by personal contemplation. He shrinks from dogma and definition, and eludes you at every turn. He is the mystic altogether. As we got up and went out we passed a room where his household and some other disciples were at morning worship. Eight or ten men sat cross-legged on the floor with closed eyes, while one fine-looking fellow in the midst murmured a half-audible prayer. In one corner of the room was a rustic booth devoted to supreme contemplation, in which sat one worshipper, who seemed more absorbed even than the others. At the feet of the men lay drums and other musical instruments, to which they would by and by sing a hymn. We had heard them singing as we sat talking with Keshub Baboo. Behind a thin curtain you could just see the women's fans. Chunder Sen stood and looked in with us at the door and told us all about it, and then bade us a cordial farewell and promised some of his books and a photograph of himself which he has since sent.

This is enough, perhaps, of Chunder Sen! but I thought you might care to hear of what has interested me immensely. It is Indian mysticism fastening on Christ and trying to become the practical saviour of the country by him. They hold in full the idea of special national religions all embraced and included within the great religion of the Divine life made known in Jesus. Surely nothing could be more interesting than this. It is not Christianity, but it is the effort of India to realize Christ in her own way, — so far as I know, the only such attempt now being made in any heathen land. Already the natural divergences have shown themselves. There is the Adi Somaj, or old society, which desires to return purely to Vedic religion and will not hear of Christ because he is not in the Vedas; and there is the Sadharar Somaj, or advanced school of Free Religionists. There is also the Arya Somaj, which still calls itself Brahminic, and hopes to reform Hinduism from within. The first three together have some one hundred and sixty congregations in India, of which some forty are of the Brahma Somaj. I have been much interested in what the people here who care about religion say about Keshub and his new dispensation. Some of the missionaries and other Christian people call him impostor out and out, and do not believe in his sincerity. I have been unable to get from them any grounds of their disbelief in him except that they think him

conceited, and that he went back on some of his precepts about infant marriages in order to marry his daughter of thirteen to the Rajah of Kushpahar. An intelligent Brahmin, with whom I talked, spoke of him with contempt and said his movement was fast dying out, and told of a strange new life in Hinduism, very much as the Orthodox churchman talks of Unitarians. Strangely enough, it is from high English churchmen that I have heard the most thoughtful and interested comments on the work. The Bishop of Bombay, a ritualist of very narrow sort, declared it to be most interesting, and the Bishop of Calcutta told me to-day that while he had no sympathy with mysticism and thought that Brahma Somaj would come to nothing because it had no doctrinal basis, yet he counted Chunder Sen his friend, and praised his spirituality and earnestness. Our friends of the Cambridge Mission at Delhi were full of watchful interest in the new movement. Joseph Cook, when he was here, almost offended some of the missionaries by his interest in and praise of Chunder Sen. And some of the missionaries of the German mission believe in his personal character, and watch his movement with much hope. Old Mr. Dall has never given in adherence to anything but the pure theism of the New Dispensation, but is constantly with them, and naturally enough is claimed by them as more theirs than he will himself allow.

I am almost ashamed of having written so much about him, but it does seem to me to be the very kind of thing for which we are all looking. Brahma Somaj is not the end. It is only the first sign of the real working of the native soul and mind on Christ and his truth, which must sometime find far fuller light than it has found yet. I send you a copy of its paper of January 14, which has (beginning on the first page) an article on Christian Mission Work in India, which I think must stir the heart of every missionary. The whole movement and its leader believe intensely in the Holy Spirit. And I believe that such embodiments of Christianity as India will sometime furnish, and such as this New Dispensation faintly and blunderingly suggests, will not merely be different from European Christianity, but will add something to it, and make the world of Christianity a completer thing, with its eastern and western halves both there, than it has ever been before. These are my views. Sometime soon I will write to you about something else. Now good-night. On Sunday I shall go to the cathedral in the morning and to Brahma Somaj in the afternoon.

While he was at Calcutta he took a long journey for the

purpose of seeing the Himalayas. He writes to Mr. William G. Brooks describing his impressions: —

CALCUTTA, February 11, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM, — This week I have seen the Himalayas. Last Monday we left Calcutta at three o'clock by rail; at seven we crossed the Ganges on a steamboat, just as if it had been the Susquehanna. All night we slept in the train, and the next day were climbing up and up on a sort of steam tramway, which runs to Darjeeling, a summer station at the foot of the highest hills, but itself a thousand feet higher than the top of Mt. Washington. There the swells go in the hot months, but now it is almost deserted. We reached there on Tuesday evening in the midst of rain, found that the great mountains had not been seen for eight days, and everybody laughed at our hope of seeing them. We slept, and early the next morning looked out on nothing but clouds. But about eight o'clock the curtain began to fall, and before nine there was a most splendid view of the whole range. In the midst was the lordly Kinchinjinga, the second highest mountain in the world, over 28,000 feet high. Think of that! Certainly, they made the impression of height, such as no mountains ever gave me before.

By and by we rode about six miles to another hill called Senchul, where the tip of Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet, is visible. That was interesting, but the real glory of the day was Kinchinjinga. We gazed at him till the jealous clouds came again in the afternoon and covered him; then we roamed over the little town and went to a Buddhist village a couple of miles away. The people here are Thibetans by origin, and they keep associations with the tribes upon the other side of the great hills. A company of Thibetans, priests and Lamas, had come over to celebrate the New Year, which with them begins on the 9th of February. They had the strangest music and dances, and queer outdoor plays, and we were welcomed as distinguished strangers, and set in the place of honor, feasted with oranges, and begged for backsheesh.

The next morning there were the giant hills again, and we looked at Kinchinjinga (I want you to learn his name) till eleven o'clock, when we took the train again for Calcutta, and arrived there on Friday afternoon about five. It was a splendid journey, and one to be always remembered. On my return to Calcutta I found two invitations waiting: one was to dine at the Government House with the Viceroy on Thursday evening. Of course, I was too late for that, and was very sorry, for now I shall not

see the great man and the viceregal court at all. The other was to an evening party on Friday, given by the Rajah Rajendra Narayan del Bahadur, "in honor of the late British victory in Egypt." Of course I went to this, and it was the biggest thing seen in India for years. It is said to have cost the old Rajah a lac of rupees, or $100,000. At any rate, it was very splendid and very queer, — acres of palace and palace grounds blazing with lights, a thousand guests, the natives in the most beautiful costumes of silk and gold; a Nautch dance going on all the time in one hall, a full circus, — horses, acrobats, clowns, and all, only after native fashion, — in a great covered courtyard, supper perpetual, and the great drawing-room blazing with family jewels. I stayed till one o'clock, and then came home as if from the Arabian Nights, and went to bed.[1]

Leaving Calcutta, he came to Madras. While there he made a trip to the Seven Pagodas, which only needed the company of his friends to have been complete to his imagination. Of this trip he wrote several weeks later to Rev. W. N. McVickar: —

Dear William, — How often I wished that you and Charles Cooper were with me off in India. There was one time especially when I imagined what it would be if you two fellows were burning tobacco on the same scow's deck. It was on the trip to the Seven Pagodas, as they call themselves. We drove five miles from Madras and came to a canal where there were three boats lying, queerest boats that ever were made. One was for us, me and my small companion, one for our servants and their cooking, and one for a Brahmin gentleman who had offered to go with us and was very wise in Indian Archæology. He might not go in our boat because we had no caste, and he must cook his own victuals and eat by himself. But save at eating time he came and sat with us. And all night long we crept along, drawn not by horses nor by mules after your Pennsylvania fashion, but by a score of naked savages, who shone in the moonlight and every now and then broke out into wild songs as they trotted along the shore. The nights were glorious, with such an atmosphere as we never see even in Boston, and the Brahmin (whose name was Pundit Natesasastri) talked eloquently and looked picturesque and told all about his strange life and wonderful belief. And I smoked and wished you fellows were there. And the next day we saw the most wonderful rock temples and hid ourselves from

[1] Published in *Letters of Travel*, p. 260.

the midday sun at the feet of Siva and Parvati, and then came back to Madras by a second night journey like the first. And all the while Cooper and you were writing sermons when you might just as well have been with me as not.

This letter to the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, gives us a specimen of his humor: —

CHEDAMBARAM, February 22, 1883.

DEAR COOPER, — In case you do not know where Chedambaram is, I will tell you that it is just ten miles from Vaithisvarankoil, and it is hotter than Philadelphia in fly time. I have been celebrating the birthday of Mr. Washington by firing off bottles of soda water all the morning ever since we came in from our early visit to the wonderful pagoda which is the marvel of this beautiful but benighted heathen town. The only way to see things here in Southern India is to start at daybreak, when the country is cool and lovelier than anything you can imagine. The palm-trees are waving in the early breeze. The elephants go crushing along with painted trunks and gilded tusks. The pretty Hindu girls are drawing water at the wells under the banana groves. The naked children are frolicking in the dust of the bazaars. The old men and women are drinking their early cocoanut, and you jolt along on the straw, in your creaking bullock cart, as jolly as a rajah. So we went this morning to do homage to the false gods. Vishnu had gone off on a pilgrimage, and his shrine was empty, but Siva was at home, and the howling devotees were in the middle of the morning service. They must have been about at the second lesson when we arrived, but, owing to the peculiar character of their language, it was not easy to make out just what stage of the morning exercises they had reached. But it did n't much matter, for immediately on our arrival the worship stopped where it was and the officiating clergyman came forward and ridiculously presented us with a lime each, and then tried to put a garland of flowers about our Christian necks. This last attention I refused with indignation, at his making a heathen so summarily out of a respectable presbyter of the P. E. Church from Bishop Paddock's diocese. He gracefully intimated that he did n't mind my being mad but would pocket the insult (or do whatever a fellow does who has no pocket, or indeed anything else except a dirty rag about his loins), provided I gave him the rupee which he expected all the same. While I was doing this there was a noise like seven pandemoniums outside, and soon in through the gate came a wild crowd

of savages yelling like fiends and carrying on their shoulders a great platform on which was a big brass idol all daubed with grease and hung with flowers. This was Vishnu, just returned from his sea bath, and in front of him came the craziest band of music made up of lunatics banging on tom-toms and screeching away on brazen trumpets three feet long. We saw the ugly Divinity safe in his shrine, and left the pagans yelling in their joy at getting their ugly image safely home.

By this time the sun was blazing, as I said, and we came home to the bungalow, which does duty for a tavern, and set a small Hindu to pulling away at a punkah rope at the cost of three cents a day. Then we cut up our sacred limes and poured soda water on the juice of them and made a drink which I advise you to try if ever you have to spend a hot day in Chedambaram. Then we breakfasted on rice and curry and fried bananas, and then I thought I would write to you and send you my blessing out of the depths of this Hindu darkness.

I can't tell you what a delightful thing this Indian trip has been. From the snows of the Himalayas down to these burning and luxuriant tropics, from the wonderful beauty of the exquisite Taj of the Mohammedan Emperor at Agra down to the grotesque splendor of this great Brahmin sanctuary which we have seen to-day, everything has been fascinating. Oh, if you and McVickar and George Strong had been with me all the way! I have had a pleasant young companion, who has behaved beautifully except when he got the smallpox in Delhi, and kept us there two weeks. But Delhi is, after all, the most interesting place in India, and if he was going to do it he could not have chosen a better place. We were guests there of some fine young English missionaries, who behaved splendidly under the affliction which we brought down upon them, and I went about with them and saw the ins and outs of missionary life which, when the right men are at it, is a splendid thing.

The hot season has set in within the last few days and we must be away, but I shall leave these gentle Hindus and their lovely land with great regret. Now we are on our way to Ceylon, and two weeks from to-day we sail from Colombo back to Suez, and then comes Spain. Are you right well, old fellow, and does the dear old study look just the way it used to do, and are you counting as much as I am the time when we shall meet again there at General Convention, and talk it all over and abuse the ——s in the dear old way?

Ever and ever yours,

P. B.

To the Rev. Percy Browne: —

P. & O. Steamship Rohilla, On the Ganges, February 13, 1883.

My dear Percy, — For almost five months I 've carried in my visiting case the letter which you wrote to me away back last September, and I have greeted you in heart a hundred times as I have looked at it. Now, how are things going with you, really? One or two glimpses I have had of you in other letters, — once preaching at the reading desk of Trinity (for which I thank you heartily!), once getting sat down on by a Brooklyn bishop for some first-rate sentiments on missions, once or twice at the Club, and all the rest my imagination has supplied. But now it is time that I should tell you how heartily I wished you all Christmas and New Year's good things. The New Year came in on me in the midst of an all-night ride on the way back from the wonderful Buddhist Caves at Elbera, — a night ride undertaken to escape the blazing January sun. It was all very different from the last old year's night, with its watch-meeting and the walk home in the snow, and Allen coming in just after with John the Baptist in his arms, and the long, peaceful smoke together with which we welcomed 1882. I could only address the heathen Hindu who was driving me, and wish him, in a tongue he could not understand, a Happy New Year, to which he responded with a friendly grin and grunt; but for the moment his grotesque figure, in his dirty turban, represented the human creatures whom I cared for most, and you may be sure that I did not forget you and all that I hope to enjoy with you before the year is out, as we rattled on in the moonlight. The year is more than half over. Germany was very delightful, but it has sunk back now into the distance behind this wonderful India, whose pictures of strange life and suggestions of strange thoughts have been before me for the last six weeks, — a perpetual surprise! Every morning to come out and find the Brahmins and the idols and the palm-trees and the temples and the color and the sunshine still there, and that it was not a mere spectacle of last evening's theatre or a dream of last night's sleep. And all the while Boston is there, and you and the other fellows are getting thick in Lent. What are you lecturing on this year? Last year, I think it was the great Christian heroes, was n't it? When Lent is over you will go to work on your convention sermon, and I know that those who sit and listen every year will hear this year some healthy, human, and divine truth, by which I pray thus early that they all may get the edification and blessing which they ought. And then, as if after the diocesan convention all the world must rest, summer will come,

and the pretty Marion house will take you all in again. Before another winter comes my wanderjahr will be over, and I shall be there again to see how much you all have outgrown me while I have been playing by the Spree and the Ganges. I wonder what changes I shall find. One thing I know I shall find, — and it makes me almost homesick when I think of it, — that you have not forgotten your old friendship, but will come in to my fireside and let me come out to yours, and we will console one another's old age and trot down the further side of the hill of clerical life together hand in hand. God bless and keep you always, — you and the wife and bairns, to all of whom I send love, and am more and more affectionately yours, P. B.

To the Rev. George A. Strong: —

TANJORE, February 23, 1883.

DEAR GEORGE, — It is the loveliest Indian night, and I am sitting on the veranda of a travellers' bungalow, and it is cool, which is more than could have been said of any house to-day since breakfast time. What can I do better over my after-dinner cigar than have a little talk with you? Oh, that you were here, and that it could be real talk and not this miserable pen-and-ink business. But that must wait for six months yet. Then we will do it to our hearts' content.

A travellers' bungalow is a sort of government institution which exists in every considerable town in India which has no hotel, and in some that have. It takes you in, — gives you a bedstead. You must bring your own bedding, your own servant, your own victuals, and here you live as independent as a prince, or pack up and are off when you have seen the sights or done your business. The sight of Tanjore is a glorious pagoda, — a vast pyramidal Hindu temple, two hundred feet high, rich with all sorts of grotesque sculpture from top to bottom, and glowing with all sorts of colors, — red and brown and yellow and green and black, — all mellowed and harmonized with ages. Inside there is a hideous shrine with a hideous idol, but the outside is a marvel, and it stands in a great area dotted with palms and guavas, and with a lot of little temples sprouting as if from the roots of the big thing. This is our latest wonder; but every day for the last two months has had its spectacle, and such a sky has been over all all the time as even New Bedford never sees. . . . It has been a great success. Everybody has been very hospitable, and the only wonder has been to find each morning that it was not all a dream and has not vanished in the night. But it is almost over now. Next week we shall be in Ceylon, and

on the 7th of March we sail from Colombo to Suez, and shall be in commonplace Europe again before we know it. And how has the winter gone with you? While we are dodging the sun and lying low all the midday, you are burning your cheerful fire and trudging through the snow to comfort sick New Bedforders. And just now it is Lent, I think; I am not sure. A day which I believe was Ash Wednesday I spent up at Darjheeling gazing at the Himalayas. I have no daily service and no Confirmation Class. All of these things seem like dim memories, but I am glad that some of you are more faithful than I am, and are doing the Gospel work while I am loafing here among these naked heathen. It is wonderful how little clothes an utter absence of the Christian faith can get along with! I have almost wished I was a heathen for this one privilege of heathenism at any rate. I wonder how the new Church goes, and whether Mr. Hathaway and Colonel Fessenden still drop in of evenings (remember me kindly to them if they do); and whether you still write sermons on old scraps of paper and then copy them (I wish that I could hear one of them day after to-morrow). I do not wonder whether, for I *know* that you and M—— sometimes find time for a thought of your old friend. P. B.

TUTICOVIN, INDIA, March 1, 1883.

DEAR MRS. PAINE, — This place with the strange name is the last place in India. We came here yesterday fully expecting to sail away this morning, but the steamer which is to take us to Colombo has not yet arrived, and so we shall have to spend the whole day waiting. It is terribly hot, but the picture that one sees from the veranda of the little Inn is pretty enough. The shore is lined with native boats, which are loading and unloading, and perpetual lines of black figures are wading back and forth with bales on their heads, bringing cocoanuts on shore and carrying Chilis and other Tuticovin produce out to the vessels. They seem to be enjoying both the water and the sun, and the chatter which they keep up is deafening. The children play in the sand in the foreground, and the women take the bales at the margin of the water and tug them up the beach. In the distance through the trees I can just see a bit of a native temple and of a Roman Catholic church.

And this is the last of India. I look back on two months of as delightful travel as I have ever enjoyed. To be sure, there is about a week of Ceylon yet to come, but that is not really India and will be an experience by itself, a sort of hymn after the sermon before we turn our faces homewards. India itself is over,

and the whole already begins to blend into the sort of dream which one has of a country where he has hurriedly travelled for a little while. But its interest has been very great indeed. To speak of only one thing, the constant suggestions about our own Christian faith which have come from the daily sight of heathen worship and missionary effort have given me much which I shall never lose. Christianity grows very simple when one sees the need of it here. God forbid that it should come to these poor people, burdened with the elaborations and distinctions which it has accumulated among us. I hope that I shall be able to preach with a clearer sense of what the heart and soul of the whole matter really is, because of what I have seen in India.

I have met with the kindest hospitality everywhere, and have made some friends whom I shall always value; but, dear me! the new friends cannot be like the old ones, and many a time I have dreamed of the day when I should come back to you all at home, or, what I hope will take place first, meet you all somewhere in Europe in the summer. I hope there are letters over there in Colombo to tell me of your plans. What you are doing now I can pretty accurately picture. You are happily settled in the new house, I am sure, and every now and then I think I hear a bit of a speech on charity organization wafted on these soft spicy breezes. My best love always to all from the oldest to the youngest. God keep you all safe and well.

Always your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

From Madras he went to Ceylon, where he spent a week, visiting the Buddhist shrines, talking with Buddhist priests, and especially interested in the Buddhist schools and in the contrast between Buddhism and Hindu religion. As he could quickly extract from a book its essence, so from conversation and observation he was quick to see the significance of the actual situation. The whole man was alive to the greatness of the opportunity presented to him. In his spare moments he was reading important books on India, — the writings of Hunter and Wilkins. On the religion of India he supplemented what he saw by the works of students such as Max Müller, Barth, and Rhys Davids. Trevelyan's "Cawnpore," the writings of Meadows Taylor, Macaulay's essays on "Clive" and "Warren Hastings," furnished him with information which he coördinated with his own experience. He mentions "Mr. Isaacs," a novel by Marion Craw-

ford, which has caught the real life of the people as he himself had seen it, "The atmospheric contrast between the Englishman's sharp, clear concreteness and the Indian's subtlety and mystery very well brought out." He found a new interest in reading again Arnold's "Light of Asia." Over Bishop Heber's "Journey" he brooded, admiring its spirit, and gaining great reverence for the man.

Into his note-book there went some of his deeper reflections. First impressions of a country have their value as compared with those which a long sojourn induces. In this case the personality of the observer, his comprehensive outlook, his psychological penetration, his knowledge of man, and his genius for religion, all combine to give interest and worth to the thoughts that follow: —

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIAN RELIGION.

Hinduism, the great stock faith. Its wonderful pliability, philosophical and idolatrous both; subtle and gross at once. In neither aspect morally elevating.

From time to time moral reforms, which afterwards degenerate into either, first, theological differences, like Buddhism, and Jainism, its successor; or second, political and military movements, like Sikhism.

These reform movements always taking place, but always being reabsorbed by the superior strength of the great Hindu system.

The new theism is a stronger movement, because it has affiliations with the two great forces which are moving in the outer world.

The strongest point of present Hinduism is probably transmigration. Its effect on habits, no meat eating. Caste is its great social light and safeguard, keeping its central core solid and compact. The true Brahman cannot travel, must prepare his own food, etc.

Then comes Mohammedanism, sharp, precise, simple, and intolerant, — without philosophy, cutting right through the whole life of the nation, like a wedge. Existing principally in the north.

Sikhism was originally a sort of attempt to reconcile Hinduism and Mohammedanism, but this character has long since gone out of it.

The Brahmanical doctrine of *Identity*, the assurance that sin and misery alike consisted and resulted in the separation of the

personal soul from the *Atman*, the universal self, the absolute existence, and that the struggle of man must be towards, as the reward of man will be in, his reëntrance into the Eternal Identity by the death of his own individual will or desire. The idea also that all the finite world is a delusive dream, a *Maya*, with which the Eternal Being amuses itself, as it were, and which must disappear as the mist disappears above the river which runs on still. All this which we reject entirely as a philosophy, or answer to the problems of existence, has yet in it a wonderful power of appeal to some moods of almost all our natures, which is quite sufficient to make us understand how it could have been, and is still, held by multitudes of souls.

First the worship of Nature and her great objects and forces; then the sense of a creative and governing power behind all; the analysis of this power into a mythology, — this seems to have been the course of Hinduism. The simplicity of the Vedic deities, Indra, Agni, and Surya; the Puranic deities opening from the three, — Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva (probably something to do with aboriginal gods which the Aryans found), through the incarnations of the second and the progeny and the harem of the third into a countless pantheon. Along with this ran the deification process, always manufacturing new deities, and the priestly impulse making more; for superstition, being childish, is always desiring more, and discontented with what it has; and priesthood hardly ever restrains but always stimulates and tries to satisfy this longing. These three together are the causes which produce a mythology: —

(1) The naturalistic, analyzing the natural process. (2) The historic, enlarging real personalities. (3) The priestly, making gods at popular demand.

The three kinds of deities represented in Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva: the mysterious, the familiar, and the awful, found in all religious systems as the conception of God formed by different nations.

With all the tremendous exaggerations of space, time, and size, in these Hindu stories, you can get nothing more than the universal and perpetual human passions. Heroes and gods thirty feet high, living ten thousand years, can, after all, only love and hate and wish and dread.

Buddha called a Vishnu incarnation by the Hindus, and his unorthodox teaching considered to be for the sake of deluding God's enemies, — a most ingenious and theological device.

The Krishnu stories, showing how men will play with their religion.

Siva is pure spirit, although to render himself perceptible and conceivable, he deigns to assume a body composed "not of matter, but of force." The modern sound of this last notion.

The subordinate value of the Trinity idea (Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), in Hinduism portrayed in Barth, p. 186 and preceding pages.

The Vedic religion develops but feebly and hesitatingly the notion of divine personality. *Kâma* (desire) stirring in the self-existent mass is vaguely but profoundly declared to be its origin. Then the personal god *Ka* (who?) is evolved into the absolute *Tat* (that). (See Barth's "Religions of India," p. 30.) This is very sublime, surely, but the definiteness with which it seems to point out a central will soon disappears in the multitude of powers, each of whom has a name which, while it seems personal, really characterizes only an abstract force.

The old Brahman said, "God is everything, and the earth and all things sensible are illusion (Maya)." The modern scientist says, "The sensible things alone are real, and God is all a dream." Somewhere these two, getting entirely around the circle, must meet.

Hunter, p. 212, describes the present relation of the people to the Hindu triad. Brahma, only a handful of worshippers; Vishnu supplies a worship for the middle classes; Siva, a philosophy for the learned, and a superstition, cruel and pale, for the lowest classes. Is there not something like this in the Christian's relation to different conceptions of God and Christ?

Strange lack of creative power in modern Hinduism, their architecture is all old.

The endless hope of Brahmanism, which is transmigration, becomes by and by the dread and despair of Buddhism, which only comes to escape from it in Nirvana. The relapse again into the hopelessness in later Hinduism.

Talk with Brahman gentleman on road from Amber back to Jeypore. His disbelief in Chunder Sen; unwillingness to be himself a priest and make profit out of his religion. Declaration that he would be cast out by his family if he did so. Assertions that Brahmanism was better than Christianity because it taught mercy not only to human creatures but to beasts. Dislike of Christian missionaries because, as he said, they do not live good lives, which seemed to be a judgment not from moral standards, but from a purely sectarian one, with regard to religious observances, etc. Comparison with Roman Catholic missionaries to the advantage of the latter. The way the Roman Catholics adapt

themselves to the people, take their dress and ways of life. He alleged a want of sympathy of Protestant missionaries with the people; says that baptism is a great hindrance, expects vaguely a day when all the religions — Mussulman, Hindu, and Christian — will coalesce. Believes in a present awakening among Brahmans, makes much of Fakirs and the theurgic power of a pure life, which point, however, is largely technical. Believes in cure of diseases and inspired sight of truth. Fully adopts the esoteric view of the gods. Idolatry only for lower classes. Talks much of Mohammedan oppression, but believes that when the Mussulman conquered the Hindu that Hinduism was degenerate, and needed the discipline. Thinks the same of British dominion, which he does not regret.

The way in which the great temples at Madura and elsewhere, with their courts of public resort, and their places for the sale of goods more or less connected with the worship, remind one of and throw light upon what one reads of the Temple at Jerusalem.

In the temple at Madura, above a miserable tank, is the carved image of a Brahman murdering his father; said to signify that even that crime this tank can wash away.

The great pagoda at Chedambaram is the most terrible specimen of pure idolatry. All refinements and subtleties and spiritualizations fade away in the presence of such brutality and darkness. All comparisons with the darker sides of Christian history become mere fallacies.

The awful state of morals at Delhi; unnatural crimes of the most awful sort. Traceable, perhaps, to the practices of early marriages and early exhaustion, and of the isolation of women and consequent constitution of society solely by men. The country regions better than the city. The absolute failure of Hindu religion to restrain passion. Certainly occidental morals must come in; and if in the West those morals rest on Christian faith, it must be that the Christian faith shall be brought here as their basis.

As Mr. Brooks passed from India to Ceylon, he had received more favorable impressions of Buddhism than of Indian religion. A few of his remarks on Buddhism will serve to show that he did not fail to do justice to its truth, while discerning its weakness. But for Buddha himself he had a feeling of reverence.

As one sees the Buddhists in Ceylon, there is certainly a look of intelligence such as one does not easily find in the ordinary

Hindu. There was nothing which we saw (at least in India) like the Buddhist temple at Colombo, or like the instruction scene at Kandy.

The three Buddhist notions of (1) *Skandha*, or the composition of each man out of elemental conditions, which disunite at his death, and even if they unite again to make another being, who is his true successor, they do not make him. (2) *Karma* (act), or the perpetuation of the results of a life in the succeeding being, something quite distinct from transmigration. (3) *Nirvana*, the final falling back of this special phenomena of life into the mass of universal existence; an anticipation of this in present life, indifference and rest. In all of these a constant extinction of personality both human and divine.

It is clear enough that the Buddhist did and does draw a distinction, perhaps too subtle for our minds to follow, but still real to him, between Nirvana and personal annihilation.

Buddha's Bo tree, occupying almost the same place in Buddhism that the cross does in Christianity. It marks the difference. The first religion saves by contemplation, the other by active sacrifice. No such power given to Christ's *temptation*.

The pathetic connection of Buddha's doctrine of the misery of life and the hope of ceasing to be, with the miserable circumstances of the special life which he saw about him; with the German pessimist it is all different; a fancy theory.

The great remonstrance against caste is the noblest part of Buddha's teaching.

The lapse into the worship of Buddha (a false personal religion) shows where the weakness of his system lay. Original Buddhism a *religion of character*.

The analogy of the Vedic religions, of Brahmanism, of Hinduism, and of Buddhism, on the one hand, with primitive Christianity and the early dogmatism and mediævalism and the Reformation on another, and with the patriarchal system and Mosaism and Pharisaism and Christianity on yet another, is illustrative of the whole constantly repeated movement of human nature. The step from Vedism to Brahmanism being associated with the rising authority of the priesthood, and with the loss of the free knowledge of the language of the Vedic hymns, corresponds exactly to the change which took place as the simple substance of the apostolic Christianity passed over into the highly organized ecclesiastical and dogmatic systems of the Latin Church.

There is much both in Brahmanism and Buddhism that throws light upon the varying understandings of the "New" or "Second birth," which have played so large a part in the contentions and

speculations of Christendom. Each of these systems, according to its intrinsic nature, has its own understanding of the idea and phrase which both contain. Brahmanism (see Barth, Religions of India, p. 51) applies it to the boy's formal entrance on a certain period of life, his established manhood. Buddhism, on the other hand, makes it mean the perception of profounder truth which comes with the awakening of the spiritual nature by contemplation. Both of these unite in Christianity with the idea of moral determination (transformation where the nature has been going wrong) to make that complete notion of fulfilled life which is what the phrase is always struggling for, what it means in the supreme use of it by Jesus.

Mr. Brooks could not fail to observe the society into which he was thrown in India; and upon this, as upon Hindu and Buddhist types of religion, he comments in his note-book. The Anglo-Indian, the English officials, and the Civil Service, the missionaries whose acquaintance he cultivated, are alluded to in these extracts: —

England came into India with a conquest of violence and fraud; and, having established herself, she proceeds to govern the country without sympathy but with careful justice, establishing the most perfect Civil Service in the world. That service is something at which we never cease to wonder. Highly paid, well selected, free from political subservience, so that a very large part of them to-day are enemies of the present government, they are the most conscientious, faithful, incorruptible body of servants, I believe, that are administering the government of any country anywhere in the world.

The thoroughly high character of the English lieutenant-governors. Sir Charles Atchison, at Lahore, Sir Alfred Lyall, at Allahabad, Sir Rivers Thompson, at Calcutta, Mr. Grant Duff, at Madras, Sir James Fergusson, at Bombay, and Lord Ripon, as viceroy: all (especially the first four) men long and intimately acquainted with India.

English colonel's statement (at Jeypore), that the more an Englishman sees of other people the more he dislikes them. If this were true, what a great incapacity it would show for the work on inferior races, which in these days seems to be more and more intrusted to the Englishman. There is no love lost between the two races in India.

The naturalness of the great Mutiny here; in some views it is just what Englishmen would most praise if it were not against

themselves. Of course, it was savage; but they were savages, and the English had done very little to make them anything else.

The Anglo-Indian has a sort of mental and moral thin bloodedness which somehow or other the English seem able to bear less than most races. The first-rate Englishman is the best thing in the world.

The very great assumption of the old Anglo-Indian that he knew more about the worth of missions than the missionary; the liking which he often has for R. C. missions, and even for native idolatries.

The society of India is either gross heathenism, with its almost total absence of higher things, or English civil life, full of the littleness of officialism, disliking the country, anxious to be away, and with more or less of spite or mutual jealousy. Among these, apart from its direct religious power, how valuably comes in the sweet, unselfish life of such works as the Cambridge Mission.

His final impressions give the missionaries in India and the English Civil Service an equal place with the great Hindu Temple Taj and the great mountain Kinchinjinga. He had felt some doubts and misgivings about the actual results, as about the methods of missions when he went to India. These had disappeared, and in their place rose enthusiasm and gratitude and hopefulness. Thus, in most of his letters he speaks of missions, and repeats his statement so often, that some repetition here will be excusable. To Rev. C. A. L. Richards he writes: —

These missionaries are really splendid fellows, many, *most* of them. One hears from them far more intelligent talk about religion and the relation of Christianity to other faiths than he would hear from the same number of parsons at home (outside the Club). They and the civil servants of the English government are doing much for India. Oh, for a Civil Service such as this at home! I think, next to the Taj and Kinchinjinga, that is the most impressive sight that I have seen in this strange land.

The missionaries are as noble a set of men and women as the world has to show. Tell your friends who "do not believe in Foreign Missions" (and I am sure there are a good many such) that they do not know what they are talking about, and that three weeks' sight of mission work in India would convert them wholly.

He stood in Henry Martyn's pulpit, and the words inscribed upon it, "He was a burning and a shining light," became luminous with a new meaning. Some of his reflections on missions, which ever afterwards remained prominent in his mind, should here be given: —

Bishop Heber's clear belief in the possibilities of Indian character, along with his clear conception of their present degradation. See his "Journey." The way his character stands out ideally in the history of Indian missions.

The Bishop of Calcutta, (February 3) talking about the foolishness and uselessness of trying to take the Hindu's view, — "Give them the Englishman's and let them find out their own." Poor talk.

Curious article in "Home and Foreign Church Work," asserting the need of asceticism in India. I do not believe it.

Missions in India; their naturalness when one is on the ground. Impossible to think of English people not having them, and so of all Christian people with reference to the whole heathen world. Some 300,000 to 400,000 Protestant Christians now in India.

The question how missions look to one in a heathen land; — intensely practical and absolutely necessary. And, also, as it must be in the case of the missionary himself, it brings itself to a personal question, Can this man be lightened with the Light? The great 250,000,000 are a paralysis. This man is an inspiration, and his conversion or the struggle for it keeps hope alive.

The really unanimous testimony to the Indian's untruthfulness. The awful business of haggling in the bazaars. The Indian's own account of it, — that it is the result of endless conquests and successions of tyrannical dynasties.

The first sense of tameness in the converts, — loss of their first rude and fierce picturesqueness. This to be watched over, but still it must come to some extent. The maniac among the tombs turned into the well-dressed man going home to his friends.

How much there possibly may be in the Anglo-Indian's statement that the Christian convert is less trustworthy than the Hindu. Possibly something. His associations are broken, and he lacks whatever good influence there possibly may be in loyalty to caste. He has a strong restraint in fellow-men's judgment. His neighbors despise him. Fear for such, — the case in all transition times. Think of old Corinth, and what its magistrate must have said of Paul's converts, "Have any of the Pharisees believed in Him?"

I do not know of any country where religious statistics would

mean so little, or, at least, would have to be taken with so much careful reserve as in India. Whole districts have been nominally converted for the sake of food in famine times; and there is something disheartening in the way in which Europeans of all kinds distrust the converted Hindu more than his heathen brother. Still I believe beyond all doubt that the missionaries are doing a great work, and that the time is not far off when it will show; but it must be by some more intimate reading of the thought and genius of the people than has yet been made; not merely plucking brands from the burning, but by putting out the fire.

The Indians have the primary affections very strong, — parental and filial affections, love of kindred, kindness for creatures, craving for immortality, sense of wonder. These are what Christianity starts with, and what it is to build into completeness.

After all, the Hindu mind, haunted by the conception of escape and holiness, has something pathetic and sublime about it. No comfortable settling down to life. Somehow the touch needed, which shall move all this power into the region of moral life; — there is where it seems powerless now. The old paradox of much religion and no morality, which we settle far too easily and offhandedly when we decide that the religion is hypocrisy.

The only advantage in the multitudinousness of denominations in India is the chance that it may leave the question open for the promotion of the national Christianity. Perhaps there was no other possible way for this to come about but by the variety of approach, making the establishment of any one type impossible, — the way this possibly might impress a Hindu.

Certainly the change to the newer forms of appeals for missions involves the confidence in a higher condition, in the working of better and nobler motives in those to whom we appeal. It may be a question whether men are ready for it, but here, as always, I believe very much in the possibility of making them to *be* by assuming that they *are*. Certainly we see the reverse of this constantly. Men are made unfit for high appeals by the assumption that they can only respond to the lower.

One high appeal for missions ought to be the need of Christianity for a broader and completer life, — what these other people will do for our Christianity if they become Christians. I think we often understand missions best if we think of the converting power, and that which it tries to convert, as individuals rather than vague masses. Surely one man may say to another, "I want you to believe my truth, partly in order that by the way in which it influences you and by the form in which your mind apprehends it I may be able to see new sides of it and understand

its richness more." The moon would know more of what light is, if it could study the earth on which the sun's reflected light shines from itself.

The reconstruction and simplification of Christian theology is imperatively demanded by missions. Indeed the missionaries are quietly doing it, almost unconsciously doing it, themselves. Christianity as a book religion, resting on the infallible accuracy of a written word, or as a propitiatory religion, providing a mere escape for hopeless culprits, or as a doctrinal religion, depending on the originality of some statements of truth, all of these aspects of it fade; and Christianity as a personal faith revealing *in* Christ, not simply *by* Him, the present living fatherhood of God, becomes the powerful and precious substance of our faith.

CHAPTER XIV

MAY–JULY, 1883

THE JOURNEY FROM INDIA. THE VISIT TO SPAIN. RECEPTION IN ENGLAND. VISIT TO TENNYSON. LETTERS. EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

THE return from India began on the 7th of March, when he went on board the P. & O. steamer Verona, bound for Gibraltar. During the three weeks on shipboard his mind was occupied in musing over what he had seen. As a corrective for the wild extravagances of Indian religion, he was reading William Robertson Smith on the "Place of the Old Testament in Jewish History," and his "Hebrew Prophets." In his note-book he entered his reflections on leaving India, summing up the total impression of his visit: —

The voyage from India to Spain carries one from the extreme east to the extreme west of the triumphs of Islam. The Moguls of Delhi and the Caliphs of Cordova! what a range of energy, what a history of struggle and suffering, of pride and ruin, is included!

As one withdraws from India it is very much indeed as it used to be when one walked farther and farther away from the old Sivite temples, in the southern districts, Madura or Tanjore. Gradually the grotesque details were lost. The dancing and distorted gods became obscure. The crude, hard colors mingled into harmony, the harsh sounds melted into a confused and pleasing murmur, and a quiet mystery, not unmixed with religious seriousness, enfolded and dignified the whole.

So it is with that mass of legend, allegory, and corrupt tradition, which, taken all together, makes the religion and philosophy of India. It has large masses of color and not ignoble outlines, as one looks back on it fading and mingling into memory.

Steamship Verona, between Colombo and Aden,
March 13, 1883.

Dear Arthur, — I am on the way back from India, and you have no idea what soft and brilliant days these are upon the southern seas. And it is a good time to think the whole thing over, and to get ready for the next scene in the play. The last thing before we sailed was Ceylon, with its Buddhism. Ceylon was beautiful beyond all description. Such tropical luxuriance as one had dreamed of all his life was in its splendor, and made pictures which one never can forget. And Ceylon Buddhism had a look of intelligence and decency after the horrible squalor and coarseness of Hinduism, which was very pleasing. A very different thing it is from the fetish worship of Thibetan Buddhism, of which we got a sight among the Himalayas. But as for making of it a great spiritual religion, with any chance in it for the salvation of the world, it is too hopelessly absurd. Primitive Buddhism was a philosophy with controlling ethical purpose. Modern Buddhism has changed it into elaborate ceremonialism, and invented for it a mythology. But there is no theism in either, and in spite of the charm of "Natural Religion," [1] there is no powerful faith without theistic basis. What a delightful book that is! I cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of word-juggling in it, and that what it needs is a clearer definition. But to bring out as it does the noble and consecrated side of "modern thought," and to show how it gravitates at its best towards spirituality is a great boon. One grows very impatient at the way the selfish trader with a wooden faith is counted a more spiritual being than the self-forgetful student of truth or worshipper of humanity. It is good to have such a strong statement of the other side.

As the Verona was slowly crawling through the Suez Canal, subject to long vexatious detentions, Mr. Brooks spent much of his time in answering letters received from home before leaving India. He had been kept informed of the incidents at Trinity Church, the names of the preachers sent to him in advance enabled him to reproduce every Sunday "the scene in the blessed old church;" he read with special interest the list of those confirmed in his absence. About one item of news he was worried, the sale of the little piece of land in front of the church, and the current rumor that a great building was to go up there. He continued to follow

[1] *Natural Religion*, by the Author of *Ecce Homo*, 1882.

in imagination every meeting of the Clericus Club, the place where it met, the essayist, the subject of the essay. While he had been away new members had been elected.[1]

You seem to be enlarging the Club with youngsters, so that one will hardly know it after a year's absence. Every now and then I feel a touch of intimation that I am growing old, in a bit of wonder whether these young fellows are good for much; but generally I am ready to acknowledge their value, and I am glad that the Church and the Club should get them in. Only in the Club we never have got much out of the youngest men. They have generally seemed to be there more for their own sake than for the Club's. But perhaps your new acquisitions will do better.

Among the items of religious interest was the publication of a volume of sermons by Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York, entitled "Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible." The book had been sent to him, and after reading the sermons he speaks of them as "calm, serious, and conscientious," as saying, " what, in the great mass of it, I have no doubt is true, and once accepted by the Christian world must make the basis of a better Christianity. They are positive as well as negative; and no criticism of small points of style, or discussion of the accuracy of a few details of criticism, can obscure the broad view of inspiration and the relation of the Book both to God and man, which the sermons declare."

I have heard of both the January and the February Clubs, both of which seem to have revolved about the Bible question. I suppose that Heber Newton and his agitation is, after all, only a symptom. The whole theological world seems to be wakening to the need of a new discussion and settlement about its sacred Book.

[1] The members of the Club at this time, in addition to those already mentioned (cf. *ante*, p. 58) were: David H. Greer, Frank L. Norton, Francis Wharton, James Haughton, Theodosius S. Tyng, Reginald H. Howe, Charles H. Ward, Charles H. Babcock, William Lawrence, Darius H. Brewer, George Z. Gray, Samuel R. Fuller, George J. Prescott, Alexander Mackay-Smith, John C. Brooks, Leighton Parks, Leverett Bradley, George A. Strong, F. B. Allen, T. A. Snively, L. C. Stewardson, Frederick Burgess, Augustine H. Amory, George S. Converse, Elisha Mulford, Reuben Kidner, Frederick Courtney, Samuel Snelling, Charles P. Parker, H. S. Nash, C. M. Addison. To these are to be added after 1883, A. H. Vinton, Endicott Peabody, H. Evan Cotton, Roland C. Smith, John S. Lindsay, Frederic Palmer, Arthur C. A. Hall, W. M. Grosvenor, E. Winchester Donald.

I cannot feel anything but confident hope regarding the result, and as to Heber, however it may seem as if his way of going to work were perhaps not the best, that is a very small matter. His face is toward the light. And certainly no mischief he can do can begin to equal the mischief which must come from the obstinate dishonesty of men who refuse to recognize any of the new light which has been thrown upon the Bible, and go on repeating assertions about it which, if there is such a thing as proof, have been thoroughly and repeatedly disproved. These are the men on whom the church in future must look back upon with reproach, and almost with contempt. So the thing looks to me from the Suez Canal.

When he learned that the work was creating a stir in ecclesiastical circles and a heresy trial invoked by those who resented its teachings, he wrote: —

If the man who thinks as soberly and earnestly as he thinks has no place in our church, then alas for the church! I see my old friend —— is first and keenest on the scent. So I was wrong about him, and Mrs. —— and your sister were right about him when they used to insist that he was narrow and sentimental and despotic. I send them my apologies and own my mistake. But what an infinite pity it all is. This wrath of men who ought to be largest and wisest is the kind of which it seems hardest to see how the Lord will make it to praise Him, but no doubt He will.

As he neared Gibraltar he took up the books he found on the ship which would prepare him, to some extent, for entering Spain, — Irving's "Alhambra" and "Conquest of Granada," Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and Lamartine's "Christophe Colomb." While he was on the Verona he had formed a friendship with Major Wing, who was returning from India on sick leave, through whose kindness in giving him a letter to the colonel in command of the fortifications was of great service. "The colonel was immensely civil, took me all over the fortifications, introduced me at the Club, and made me almost live at his house, where were a very pleasant wife and children; so I saw Gibraltar at its best, and have the brightest recollections of it."

When he reached Madrid, on his journey through Spain, he learned of the death of two of his aunts, his mother's

sisters, who resided in the old house at North Andover. For his aunt, Miss Susan Phillips, he felt the affection of a son. She had been a member of the family during all his earlier years; and after his mother's death his heart had gone out to her as if she stood in his mother's place. He wrote to her frequently, doing all in his power to make her life in the old homestead a happy one.

MADRID, April 15, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Ever since I received your letter yesterday I have been trying to realize that it is true that aunt Susan and aunt Caroline are really gone. It seems almost impossible to picture the old house as it must be to-day. . . . I wish so much that I had been at home, and I hope I shall hear from you some time about the last of those two long, faithful lives. . . .

It seems as if this great change swept away from the world the last remnants of the background of our earliest life. Even after father and mother went, as long as aunt Susan lived, there was somebody who had to do with us when we were babies. Now that generation has all passed away. How many old scenes it brings up. This is Sunday morning, right after breakfast, and it seems as if I could see a Sunday morning of the old times in Rowe Street, with the general bustle of mother and aunt Susan getting off to Sunday School, and father settling down to read to the bigger boys in the front parlor; and there are faint memories of much earlier days when the aunts must have been blooming young ladies, though they seemed to us then almost as old as they ever did in later times. I hope the last years of their lives have been happy, in spite of the suffering. They have been spared what was most to be dreaded, long, hopeless illness and helplessness. But I am so sorry to hear that aunt Susan had to suffer. . . . If there were ever lives totally unselfish, and finding all their pleasure in making other people happy, these were they. We know aunt Susan best, of course, but dear little aunt Caroline, with her quiet ways, had something very touching and beautiful about her. She seems to have slipped out of life as unobtrusively and with as little trouble as she lived.

When I left them, of course I knew it was very likely that I should not see them again. But all I had heard since made me feel as if they would be there when I came home. I had a nice letter from aunt Susan in the autumn, which must have been a good deal of an effort for her to write, and I wrote to her, from India, a letter which must have reached Andover after it was all over.

It cannot be long — one cannot ask that it should be long — before aunt S—— follows her sisters. Give her my love and sympathy. As it may be that she will go before I come home, the old house be left empty, and something have to be done about the property, I want to say that I should like to buy it, and I authorize you to buy it for me, if the chance offers. Or, if you and Arthur and John would not like that, I will join with any or all of you to buy and hold it. I do not know whether you liked it well enough last summer to think of making it a summer home, but I should like to hold it as a place where, for the whole or part of any summer, we could gather and have a delightful, easy time, among the most sacred associations which remain for us on earth. A few very simple improvements would make it a most charming place, so do not by any chance let it slip, and hold, by purchase or otherwise, to as much of the furniture as you can. One of these days, when I am a little older and feebler, I should like to retire to it and succeed [Rev.] Augustine Amory at the little church. Is not our window done there yet?

SALAMANCA, April 27, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM, — And so aunt S—— too is gone, and the old house is empty! I only received your letter last evening, and all the night, as I rode here in the train, I was thinking how strange it was. These three who began their lives so near together, long ago, and who have kept so close to one another all the while, now going almost hand in hand into the other world. . . . How pathetic it used to be to see aunt S—— sitting there, full of pain, trying to do some little bit of good in her curious ways, with her queer little tracts, and her vague desire to exhort everybody to be good. I always thought she must have been one of the handsomest of the sisters when they were young. Surely, no end that we could have dreamed of for them could have been more perfect. But how we shall miss them!

To the Rev. James P. Franks: —

MADRID, April 28, 1883.

If you were only here we would begin at once with the Velasquez pictures, which I shall see to-day for the last time and which are famous. They stand away up alongside of Tintoretto's in Venice for every great quality except that high religious exaltation which is in the Crucifixion at St. Rocco and one or two other things which we saw last summer in those golden days. As to the rest of Spain it is delightful, but one would rather go to all the other great countries of Europe first. The

Moorish work, the Alhambra and all that, is wonderful; but as for Gothic and the great cathedrals, you who have seen Chartres and Strassburg and Cologne, need not worry yourself at all about Seville and Granada and Saragossa and Toledo. . . . We were right last summer, and the dear streets of Pisa and Ravenna and Bologna were better than anything we should have seen in sultry Spain. . . .

In the midst of all the brightness of it there has come the sad news from home. I am sure S—— will know that I sympathize with her. The breaking up of families is dreadful. If we could only all go together. If only brothers and sisters who have been together in this life could start together for the next. But this seeing one another off, even although we know that we shall follow in a day or two and find them there, is very sad. That is what makes us feel that there is some sort of beauty in the way aunt Susan and aunt Caroline went together. After all these years in the old house at Andover they have started on the new experience in the same week. But we shall miss them bitterly. I want very much to get the old house and make it a summer bungalow, where all of us, whatever else we may be doing with our summer, may come and go at will.

A few more words must suffice for Spain. He was there for nearly a month, travelling for part of the time with the Brimmers, from Boston, and the Wistars, from Philadelphia. Architecture, Moorish and Christian, and the pictures of Velasquez, which he saw in their fulness for the first time, were the principal objects of interest. In Burgos he found in one of the towers of the Cathedral what he thought must have furnished the suggestion to Richardson for the tower of Trinity Church, Boston. He speaks of Burgos as a wilderness of architectural delight. And altogether he counted himself fortunate in having returned by way of Spain, — the transition from what he had seen of Mohammedanism in India to the works of the Moors, and thence to Christian civilization.

On June 8 Mr. Brooks arrived in England to receive what proved to be a long ovation. He had already many personal friends in England; his books had been widely read there, and through his books he had the power of speaking directly

to the heart, and of making himself known, honored, and loved. Whenever he had preached in England on the occasion of previous visits he had produced the same impression as at home, creating the widespread desire to see and know him personally. What it had been in Boston it was now to be in London. His coming had been awaited with eager expectation. Many were the invitations which he had received in advance, asking him to preach in London, and especially in the Cathedral churches. They were desirous that he should have the fullest opportunity to be heard by the English people, and they placed the great sanctuaries of England at his service. The Bishop of London sent him a courteous permission to preach in his diocese, expressing, at the same time, the desire that he would accept as many invitations as possible. He was also personally invited by the Bishop of London to preach in St. Paul's Cathedral on Hospital Sunday. His appointments were widely advertised in the London papers. Among the other churches at which he preached in London were St. Mark's, St. John'swood, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, St. Mark's, Kennington; St. Michael's, Chester Square; and the Temple Church; outside of London, Lincoln Cathedral, Wells Cathedral, and St. Peter's at Arches in Lincoln. Interesting incidents occurred in connection with his preaching. This is an extract from a letter written by a person unknown to him, but it has a very familiar sound: —

May 20, 1883.

Dear Sir, — Having had the great privilege of hearing you preach at Westminster Abbey three years ago, and having, since then, much enjoyed reading a volume of your sermons, I determined to seize the opportunity of once more hearing you. Accordingly a friend and I went twelve miles yesterday to the Savoy Chapel, where you were advertised to preach, but were bitterly disappointed at being unable to get even standing room, although we were at the church door half an hour before the service began. I hope you will pardon my boldness if I ask whether you would be so kind as to let me know by post-card if you are going to preach anywhere during this week; for, if so, we should so much like to make another attempt to hear you.

An English barrister writes to him a request that he would speak with more deliberation, when he preaches in Temple Church: —

> Having had the pleasure of hearing you at St. Paul's, I venture to ask you to be so good as to adopt for the Temple Church a rather slower delivery, in order that all may hear. Knowing, as I do, that our church is a very difficult one in which to hear, I have ventured to make this request. I should not have done so had it not been that no one would willingly lose any portion of a sentence of your sermon.

Dr. Farrar, Archdeacon of Westminster, also made the suggestion that he should be more deliberate in speaking, but was told that it was not possible. To the English people his rapidity was more trying than to his compatriots. Yet Dean Stanley saw in it one source of his power, comparing him to "an express train going to its appointed terminus with majestic speed, and sweeping every obstacle, one after another, out of his course." In England, as in America, he was the despair of reporters, owing not only to the rapidity of his utterance, but to the bewildering rush of the thought as well.

There came to him a request from the Select Preachers' Syndicate of the University of Cambridge to preach in Great St. Mary's Church upon Ascension Day, and the Sundays immediately before and after, in the next year, 1884. He was obliged to decline it, as it was not probable he should then be in England. But it was a source of regret to him that he could not see something of the English universities during his stay, and he was assured that the invitation would be renewed on some subsequent occasion, when he would be able to accept it.

Apart from the public honors shown to him, Mr. Brooks was the recipient of the most generous hospitality, combined with a thoughtful kindness and constant acts of courtesy, which were wholly unanticipated, and made every day of his two months in England a refreshment and delight. How wide this hospitality was, enabling him to meet people whom he had long desired to know, will best be shown by a list

which he made of his engagements, and including the names of persons whom he met.

Saturday, May 12, Canon Duckworth's, — Mr. and Mrs. Messer; Friday, May 18, J. R. Lowell's, — Mr. Huxley and Mr. Smalley; Tuesday, May 22, Baroness Burdett-Coutts's, — Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson, Dean of Westminster and Mrs. Bradley, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir F. Leighton, Sir Thomas Brassey and Lady Brassey, Marquis of Salisbury, etc.; Thursday, May 24, at the Law Courts in London with Sir Farrar Herschell; Saturday, May 26, Archdeacon Farrar's, — Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Barry, Canon Henning, Mr. Pulester, etc.; Monday, May 28, Lady Frances Baillie's, — Sir George Grove, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Randall Davidson and wife, etc.; Thursday, May 31, Mr. Forbes's, Ashley Place; Saturday, June 2, Mr. Christian's, — Mr. Kittridge, Dr. Garden, etc.; Tuesday, June 5, Mr. Humphrey's (St. Martin's in the Field), — Mr. Galton, etc.; Thursday, June 7, Dr. Vaughan's, — Dean and Mrs. Bradley, Sir Fowell Buxton, etc.; Friday, June 8, Mr. De Bunsen's, — Augustus Hare, Mrs. Buxton (Lord Lawrence's daughter), Dr. Brandis, etc.; Saturday, June 9, Sir G. Grove's, — Miss Stevenson (from Edinburgh), Rev. Mr. Yeaton and Lady Barbara, his wife; Monday, June 11, breakfast with Rev. S. Bickersteth, — his father (author of Yesterday, To-day, and Forever), and his brother; Tuesday, June 12, at Bishop of Rochester's, — Mr. Grundy, etc.; Wednesday, June 13, at Lord Mayor's, — Mr. Holland, Bishop of Winchester, etc.; Thursday, June 14, Lady F. Baillie's, — Bishop of Carlisle, Miss Grant, Mr. Mills. Luncheon at the Duke of Argyll's; Friday, June 15, luncheon at Mrs. Charles's (author of Schonberg Cotta Family), — Mr. and Mrs. Holiday, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Mr. Maurice; Sunday, June 17, at Wells, — Professor Freeman, Colonel Maurice, Canon Church; Tuesday, June 19, Mr. S. Morley's, — Mr. and Mrs. H. Childers, Dean and Mrs. Bradley, etc.; Wednesday, June 20, P. M. Baroness Burdett-Coutts's, at Holly Lodge, — Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir James Fergusson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Browne; Wednesday, June 20, Sir Lyon Playfair's, — Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey, Mrs. Shaw Lefevre, etc.; Evening, Mr. Hugh Childers's, — Duchess of Teck, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Lady Holland, Dean and Mrs. Bradley, etc.; Thursday, June 21, Alfred Tennyson's, Isle of Wight, — Miss Boyle, Mrs. Lushington, etc.; Saturday, June 23, Lincoln, Precentor Venables's — Bishop Wordsworth, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Melville, etc.; Monday, June 25, Mr.

Paget's, — Mr. and Mrs. Trevellyan, etc.; Wednesday, June 27, Mr. Shaw Lefevre's party to the Tower, — Playfairs, Gladstone, Bright, Foster, Morley, Lowell, Hare, Lady Harcourt, Heywood, etc.; Thursday, June 28, at Dulwich, — Bishop of Rochester, Boyd, Browning, Jean Ingelow, etc. Dinner with Bishop of Carlisle, Bonamy Price, Sir James Paget, Macmillan, Murray, etc.; Friday, June 29, lunch with Colonel Maurice, Llewelyn Davies. Evening at Lady Stanley's, of Alderley, — Stopford Brooke, Browning, Lady Harcourt, etc.; Saturday, June 30, P. M., at Newman Hall's, — Dr. Allon, Dr. Farrar, etc.; Sunday, July 1, lunch at Dr. Vaughan's; P. M., at Mr. Holiday's; Monday, July 2, at Mrs. Leaf's, — Dr. Farrar, Mr. Arnold, and Miss Arnold; Tuesday, July 3, at Mr. Mills's, — Sir Bartle Frere, etc. Evening at Mrs. Gladstone's, — Dr. Acland, Mr. Bryce, Mrs. Childers, the Endicotts, Miss Gladstone; Wednesday, July 4, P. M., Mr. Lowell's reception, — Smalley, Collier, Mrs. Putnam, Miss Holley, etc.; Thursday, July 5, A. M. at Harrow, Dr. Butler's luncheon, — Earl of Dufferin, Bishop of Manchester, Bishop of Derry, Sir F. Buxton, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Canon Flemming, Sir Lyon Playfair, Beresford Hope, etc.; Thursday, July 5, Lady Frances Baillie's dinner, — Lord and Lady Selbourne (Lord Chancellor), Sir G. Grove, Browning, Bishop of Litchfield, Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray); Friday, July 6, Mr. Flood Jones, Precentor, Westminster Abbey. Lady Russell, at Richmond; Saturday, July 7, Mrs. John Henry Green. Bishop of London, garden party, — Canon Duckworth, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the Messers, etc.; Mr. Macmillan's, — Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse, Llewelyn Davies, etc.; Tuesday, July 10, dined with Major Wing, — Mrs. and Miss Everest. Evening at Mr. Gladstone's, — Gladstone, Lowe, Lord Dufferin, Lord Spencer, Sir C. Dilke, Duke of Argyll, etc.; Wednesday, July 11, lunch with Llewelyn Davies, — Mrs. Russell Garvey. Dinner with Judge Endicott, — Mr. Saltonstall; Thursday, July 12, breakfast at Mr. Shaw Lefevre's, — Mr. Smalley, Mr. Broderick (warden of Merton College), Mr. Wallace (from Constantinople), etc. Thursday, July 12, lunch with Dr. Allon, of North British Review, — Rev. Mr. Rogers. Dinner at Miss Martin's, — Mr. Wallace, Professor Bayard; Friday, July 13, lunch at Lady Frances Baillie's, — Miss Selbourne; Friday, July 13, dinner with Sunday Evening Choir in Jerusalem Chamber, — Dean, Archdeacon, Canon, Precentors, etc.; Saturday, July 14, lunch with Major and Mrs. Wing; P. M. at Miss Grant's, — Bust of Stanley, Lady Frances Baillie, Miss Selbourne, etc.; Sunday, July 15, lunch at the Rev. Llewelyn Davies's, — Bishop of Man-

chester, Rev. Dr. E. A. Abbott; Monday, July 16, breakfast with Ernest de Bunsen, — George de Bunsen, of Berlin. Dinner at Mr. Francis Buxton's, M. P., No. 42 Grosvenor Gardens, — Lady Lawrence (Mrs. Buxton's mother), Rev. Henry White, etc.; Tuesday, July 17, dined with Colonel Maurice at the Army and Navy Club, and with him to F. D. M. Club, — Ludlow, Llewelyn Davies, Blount, etc.

Into many charming English homes he entered as a privileged guest. American friends, who were living in England, came closer to him. The English people were anxious he should see and know all that they cherished, as the peculiar pride, the beauty and glory of England. He had an invitation to visit one of the most beautiful of English rectories, in Surrey, where he might see English clerical life from its highest ideal side, which would illustrate the best aspect of the union of Church and State, wherein also lay the secret of strength in the development of the Church of England. From Lord Aberdeen there came an invitation, giving him a special opportunity to meet Mr. Gladstone, who had been reading his sermons with great interest. He went down to the Tower with a party of government people, — Gladstone and Foster and Bright. Once at luncheon he was seated between Browning and Jean Ingelow. It was an event to meet Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose poetry he had first read many years before, and with whose singular and unique insight into the conditions of modern religious sentiment he had been greatly impressed. Browning he had met before, and it need not be said that for one to whom Browning's poetry had meant so much, any opportunity to see him was eagerly welcomed.

But the one man of all others whom Phillips Brooks was most anxious to see was Tennyson. He had met his son, Mr. Hallam Tennyson (now Lord Tennyson), in London, who gave him the invitation to visit his father at Farringford, Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. He was able to give only one day to the visit, but in that time he had the poet much to himself; and when the daylight was over, "having come to know me pretty well, he wanted to know if I

smoked, and we went up to the study, — a big, bright, crowded room, where he writes his Idyls, and there we stayed till dinner time. Of Mrs. Tennyson he says, "as sweet and pathetic as a picture." Then once more, —

> After dinner Tennyson and I went up to the study, and I had him to myself for two or three hours. We smoked, and he talked of metaphysics and poetry and religion, his own life, and Hallam, and all the poems. It was very delightful and reverent and tender and hopeful. Then we went down to the drawing-room, where the rest were, and he read his poetry to us till the clock said twelve, — "Locksley Hall," "Sir Galahad," pieces of "Maud," and some of his dialect poems.

Tennyson, as is well known, was sensitive to being talked about in the papers, and the next morning, after breakfast, as he and Mr. Brooks were taking a walk together, he solemnly charged his companion with secrecy as to their conversation the previous evening. He had talked very freely of people, Mr. Brooks writes to a friend, and expressed himself with absolute freedom, we may infer, on every topic which had been broached. But if he had known Phillips Brooks as his friends at home knew him, he need have had no anxious fears that he would talk too freely. Mr. Brooks thought that Tennyson had reason for his almost nervous sensitiveness on the subject: — "Think of sitting talking to your wife upon the lawn, and suddenly discovering that there was a man up in the tree listening to what was being said. At another time a woman was found hidden in the shrubbery."

Phillips Brooks religiously kept his promise to repeat nothing of the conversation. But this first interview with Tennyson cannot be dismissed without a moment's reflection on all it meant. As they sat together in the study after dinner for two or three hours, we may imagine Phillips Brooks face to face with the one man to whom he owed and must have acknowledged a great obligation. It had been Tennyson, more than any other, who had been the means of first opening to him the meaning of poetry, and more than that, of leading him out from the confusion of his early years. All that Tennyson had been to the nineteenth century, he

had been in a more special and emphatic way to Phillips Brooks. If ever there was an occasion in his life when he could sit at the feet of a man, as a pupil revering the master, it was when he was talking with Tennyson, who filled his ideal of what a great man should be. If ever he could have unburdened himself to a mortal man, saying what he could say to no other, it was to the man before him. We may think that there was then some unveiling of souls, and the impartation of sacred confidences, for two great souls were holding communion with each other. To the world at large Mr. Brooks dismissed the incident in words which tell us little, as though it had been only one among the many interesting occasions of his life. Tennyson had asked Mr. Brooks to pay him another visit at his home, Aldworth, Hastlemere, Surrey. When he returned there from a voyage to Copenhagen, it was to learn that Mr. Brooks had gone back to America. He then wrote to him, saying that he was grieved to know that he had recrossed the Atlantic, and that he should not see him again, closing his letter with a sentence which shows that he liked Phillips Brooks: — "The few hours that I spent at Freshwater in your company will always be present with me."

Bishop Brooks seldom spoke [writes the Rev. Percy Browne] of the distinguished people whom he met abroad, but I have heard him, more than once, describe his impressions of Tennyson and Browning. He was impressed with the way in which Browning, whom he met at a dinner in London, threw himself, with gayety and cheerfulness, into the light conversation of the moment, interested in amusing anecdotes current in London society, sharing heartily the pleasure of the hour, but never alluding to any intellectual problems: "One would think from his conversation," Brooks used to say, "that they did not exist for him." On the other hand, he found Tennyson always opening up a large philosophic view of life and its problems, sometimes in tones of sadness, occasionally in a cheerful optimistic spirit, but always philosophizing. Brooks seemed to have been impressed by this contrast of the two great poets in the social hour. Browning, who, in his poetry, dramatized the profoundest problems of life, ignored them completely in conversation, apparently interested in only the superficial topics of the moment; while Tennyson, whose

lucid poetry never taxed the reader's intellect, showed himself in conversation as a philosophic thinker. In this respect he regarded Browning as a more characteristic Englishman than Tennyson.

In speaking of one of his visits to Tennyson, he told how the poet, when reading aloud his own poems, would sometimes praise or criticise them as though they were the work of another. On one occasion he asked: "What shall I read?" "Read 'Locksley Hall,'" Brooks replied, — "The poem that stirred us all when we were young." When Tennyson reached the lines: —

> "Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
> Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands,"

he called attention to it as being the most perfect poetic image in his poems. But when Brooks claimed that the imagery was equally good in the lines: —

> "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight,"

Tennyson insisted that it was inferior to the other, — lacking, as he said, "its Greek simplicity and pictured clearness." "The figure of the Harp of Life," he said, "is too subjective and complicated in its implications; — no, the other is the best."

It was characteristic of Brooks that he should have felt more sympathy with the spiritually suggestive figure of the Harp of Life, than with the "Greek simplicity" of the Glass of Time.

Tennyson owned, adds the Rev. Arthur Brooks, recalling a conversation with his brother, to a natural dislike of the unmusicalness of Browning's poetry, while acknowledging his rich intellect.

The experiences, he said, described in the "In Memoriam," as, for instance, in the stanzas beginning, "I had a dream," were fictitious, but the "Two Voices," as is said in the notes, were "all true." Phillips Brooks often mentioned his surprise at Tennyson's confusion and perplexity in speaking of the mystery of the Trinity as compared with the clearness of his "religious theism," and his faith in immortality. He quoted Tennyson as saying that "matter is more mysterious than mind. His mind one knows well enough, but cannot get hold of the thought of body." Tennyson also remarked to him that it was in his mind to write a sequel to "Locksley Hall."

The London season was over by the middle of July. The year of wandering was drawing to its close, but a month still remained to be disposed of before he sailed for America. He had been joined in London by his friend, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, and together they departed for the Continent. They stopped at Chartres and Bordeaux, and at Pau, near the Pyrenees. He writes, "The curtain has fallen and risen again; the whole scene has changed." After a "splendid Pyrenean week," including a trip to Lourdes, which reminded him of the Ganges at Benares, he came to Geneva, where he seems to have been chiefly interested in getting the impression of Voltaire. One night was spent at the Grand Chartreuse: —

> There are about forty fathers there, Carthusians, in their picturesque white cloaks and cowls. Solitude and silence is their rule. They spend the bulk of the time in their cells, where they are supposed to be meditating. I suspect that the old gentlemen go to sleep. There was a strange, ghostly service, which began at a quarter before eleven o'clock at night and lasted until two in the morning. The chapel was dim and misty, the white figures came gliding in and sat in a long row, and held dark lanterns up before their psalters and chanted away at their psalms like a long row of singing mummies. It made you want to run out in the yard and have a game of ball to break the spell. Instead of that, after watching it for half an hour, we crept back along a vast corridor to the cells which had been allotted us, each with its priedieu and its crucifix, and went to bed in the hardest, shortest, and lumpiest of beds. In the morning a good deal of the romance and awfulness was gone, but it was very fine and interesting, and the drive down into the valley on the other side at Chambéry was as pretty as a whole gallery of pictures.

In his "Letters of Travel" will be found an account of how the journey proceeded; from Geneva to Mürren, thence to Interlaken and Lucerne, and through the St. Gotthard tunnel to Italy. From Italy he came back through the Tyrol, in which his soul delighted, calling up his old associations with the Dolomites. He stopped at Trent and meditated on the famous council. At Brixlegg, a little village near Innsbrück, he was present at the performance of the Passion

Play, which he had once failed to see in its more elaborate form at Ober-Ammergau. Then he felt that he was setting his face homeward, as he travelled rapidly from Munich to Paris, and from Paris to London, whence he sailed for America, on September 12.

Out of the many letters written while in London and on the Continent, a few are given that call for no comment. To the Rev. F. B. Allen he writes: —

LONDON, May 23, 1883.

I saw the new archbishop the other day; his whole way is excessively ecclesiastical. The new Dean of Westminster is a dear little fellow, as gentle and modest and refined as possible, just such a successor as Stanley would have loved. Farrar keeps on preaching, drawing tremendous crowds, working tremendously at his books and in his parish; and Stopford Brooke is declaring in a hearty way that Broad Church is dead and that free thought in the establishment is an impossibility, is talking of giving up preaching and taking to writing a history of English literature, which he would do finely. Meanwhile all the choir boys in England have chanted the Athanasian creed for the last two Sundays, and hundreds of clerical consciences have been torn to pieces. I have engaged passage for home in the Cephalonia, which leaves Liverpool on the 12th of September. Will you be ready for the 23d; but give it to me if I get in in time? Thanks for the story of the Club, at Gray's. It must have been good.

June 8, 1883.

And Harvard has refused its LL. D. to Butler! That, too, is very good. I understand all the reasons which made some of the best men on the Board of Overseers vote the other way, but I am quite convinced that this action is, on the whole, best for the dignity of the University and for the moral standard of the community.

London is very pleasant. I have been trying my hand at preaching again a little, and rather like it. Last Sunday, which was Hospital Sunday, I preached at St. Paul's, which is a horrible great place to preach in. To-morrow I am going down to Wells, the loveliest of cathedral towns, to spend the Sunday with Plumptre, and to preach for him in the cathedral there. The next Sunday, the 24th, I preach in the Lincoln Cathedral, and the first Sunday of July, at the Temple Church in London.

The Clericus Club had proposed to give him a dinner to welcome him when he returned, and the Rev. F. B. Allen had conveyed to him their wish to honor him. To this proposal he replied: —

London, July 3, 1883.

My dear Allen, — I am touched and delighted by the wish of the Club to greet me on my return. There could be no welcome that I should value more. The evening of September 24 shall be sacred to them. I would quite as lief meet the fellows in your study for a talk and smoke as to sit with them at the gorgeous banquetting board at Young's. If they will let me do the former, I should like it quite as well as the latter; but, however I meet them, it will be one of the gladdest and proudest moments of my life. If they are willing, do let it be after the simpler fashion. Paine is with me now, and you may be sure we have no end of talk about home. It was a great delight to see him. He is over head and ears in charities, and I look on and listen. On Saturday I went with him to a two hours' committee meeting of the Marylebone Branch, and it was curious to see how like the "cases" were to those which we know so well at home. He is off now to some disreputable place, and will have a cheerful tale of misery and vice to tell when he gets back. We shall stay here until about the 20th, and then be off for somewhere on the Continent. I have been spending an hour in Convocation, where that very troublesome creature, the Deceased Wife's Sister, was vexing the souls of deans and archdeacons. The debates in the House of Lords about her have been very curious. For the present she is rejected, and we must not marry her. But, in the end, she will get her rights. I thank you for your full accounts about the Club. Here I have been chosen an honorary member of the "F. D. M. Club," which is made up of the old friends and new disciples of Maurice, and on the 17th I shall attend their meeting. It will seem a little like a first Monday evening of the month. . . .

London, June 13, 1883.

Dear Cooper, — Think of my having two letters from you to answer! Something is going to happen. As to the first letter about Heber and his heresies, I do not think we need to worry. It will come out all right. If he is wrong, no doubt the world will find it out; and if he is right, as in large part I think he is, there cannot be any harm in his saying it out loud. Now don't be mad with your old friend, and say that I am just as bad as Heber is, and swear that the lips that say such things shall not

smoke your evangelical pipes next October. That would make me very wretched, for, in the midst of all the pleasant things which I am doing here, I am always counting on those days in Philadelphia, and it is your study more than the halls of the convention that my anxious soul is dwelling on. So, if I cannot come without cursing Heber, I will put my convictions in my pocket and curse him at a venture.

He speaks of the difference between the English and the American clergy in a letter to Rev. James P. Franks: —

London, July 15, 1883.

Dear James, — It has been interesting to compare the English clergymen with the same class of humanity at home. On the whole, I think that they have finer specimens at the top of their profession than we generally have to show; but the rank and file are better with us.

. . . This morning I preached for Llewelyn Davies in the ugliest great barn of a church in London, and after church I went home to his house to luncheon, and met the Bishop of Manchester and the Philochristus man, Dr. E. A. Abbott, and it was very bright and interesting.

Next Tuesday I am going to a meeting of the F. D. M. Club, of which I am an honorary member. It is a Maurice Club, as you see by the initials, and has all his old disciples in it, along with a lot of young men who have got his spirit. It is more like the Club (Clericus) than anything else which I have seen in London. But, on the whole, one does not hear very good things about the present prospects of liberal theology in England. It has not strong young men; no Parks or Percy or A. V. G. Allen, — a sort of timid, hard ecclesiasticism, making much of services.

To the Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes this letter, giving his impressions of the Church of England: —

Bagneres de Luchon, July 29, 1883.

Dear Arthur, — What a delightful, good fellow you have been to write me three such capital letters, full of the very things I wanted most to hear. The last one was about Commencements. I am much interested in what you say about the Philadelphia School. Now is certainly the time to regenerate it. If one could only think of the right men for professors, and had the power to put them there. Certainly, such a man as Peters ought not to be left out on any account, and with all his scholarliness

he seemed to me to be almost oversound. Surely there need be no misgiving about his orthodoxy. I cannot think of the right man for Dr. Butler's successor. But you must find him somewhere among the younger men. There must be no old man put into the place. I should like it, of course, as you suggest, but I am too old. He must not be over forty. I am glad you are a Trustee. I wonder if I am, too. I used to be. If I am, we will put our heads together and get up a conspiracy, — why not? Cambridge is pretty well off. At least it is on the right tack. And it has Allen. I am so glad that he is to be the next Bohlen Lecturer. I wonder how —— ever made up his mind to that. In London the other day, at Llewelyn Davies's, he showed me Allen's essay on The Renaissance of Theology, and said how fine he thought it, and asked me all about the man who wrote it. I was surprised to hear how dolefully he and other men talked about the prospects of liberal theology in the Church of England. Davies and Abbott (E. A.) and the Bishop of Manchester, who were there that day, declared the whole Mauritian and broad church movement a failure; Farrar said the same thing in his cheery, doleful way; Plumptre, also, and ——, of whom, perhaps, it might have been expected, and who is the same absurd, inconsequential creature that he was. The older men of it seemed to be clinging to a remote history back in the days of Frederick Maurice, and the younger men to belong to that school of secularized clergy, which I know you dread as much as I do, and to be clutching at anything, — art, music, ecclesiasticism, sociology, anything to get a power over people which they earnestly wanted, but seemed to see no power in religion to attain. I went to a meeting of the F. D. M. Club, of which I was made an honorary member. It was presided over by Mr. Ludlow, and we had Hughes and Davies and Maurice's son for fellow members, but the whole effect was not inspiring. The debate was about how Maurice would have regarded the modern socialism of Henry George and others, and how they, as Mauritians, ought to stand towards it. Maurice seemed to be a name to conjure with more than an influence upon their thought. Of course, there were many good things said, especially by Davies, whom I thought one of the best and most interesting men that I saw in England.

There are three things, I think, that hamper the mental activity and free thought of the working English clergy. One is the Establishment. No doubt, with the best men, as in Stanley's case, the Establishment seems to be the safeguard of liberality and an inspiration for tolerance, but with ordinary men, I am

convinced that it is simply a weight of responsibility, and makes them fear anything except most loyal adhesion to what they call Church of England views. The second thing is the immense overwork of the clergy in externalities, especially in the care of schools, which is an enormous tax on time and absorption of thought. And the third thing is the Athanasian Creed. That Creed, explain it as they will, has in it the very spirit of a settled, unprogressive, and exclusive theology. It was made in the interest of that spirit, and the need of considering it a "bulwark of orthodoxy" crowds hard on men all the while. Of course there are men, such as those in university or cathedral positions, who are more or less free from the influence of one or more of these causes, and so will always think or write freely; but the character of a church will always be determined by that of its working clergy, and so it is not very strange that a settled trust in ecclesiastical machinery, and sacraments, and sacred duties on the one hand, and a splendidly devoted but unthinking and superficial spirit of "work" upon the other, are becoming more and more the temper of the English Church. At least, this is what the broadest men say is the case, and what one's own little personal observation seems to confirm. You will get more live talk about first principles in either our Boston or your New York club in an hour than from any gathering of London clergy in a year. You could hardly get them to talk about anything but the Deceased Wife's Sister, who was convulsing England during most of my visit. Just think of its being the boast of the Church that all the bishops in the House voted together about her, and that, in Convocation, only two men (Vaughan and Farrar) took any other ground, about their artificial arguments. Could anything show more clearly that there is such a thing as an Episcopal and clerical conscience and judgment, professional and special? and could anything be worse for a nation and a church than that? Of course, you will see that I think our "P. E. Church" has all the good things and none of the bad ones which belong to the Church of England, and so I hope the best and brightest things for the future of liberal theology in *Her!*

But instead of writing you a letter, I have written you an essay, and I have n't told you anything about the pleasant places that I went to and the pleasant people that I saw in England, nor about how Bob Paine joined me, and we came over into the Pyrenees, nor about how beautiful these valleys are, and how curious and suggestive our visit to Lourdes and its grotto was. Nor about how I slipped in getting out of a car and hit my shin, and it 's all swelled up, and I am lying on a sofa with a cataplasm

on, which will account for the awkward chirography. But I 'll tell you about all these things when I come home, as I think I shall do this autumn, now that Ben Butler is not a Harvard Doctor of Laws, and Heber Newton is not to be tried. Give Dr. Tiffany my cordialest congratulations. P.

While he was at Geneva he was invited to preach at the American Church. "I should have done so," he writes, "if it had not been that the surplice was so short that the parson and I both feared that the amusement of the congregation would interfere with their edification." From Trent he writes to Dr. Weir Mitchell one of the letters of friendship, which delighted the hearts of those who received them: —

September 19, 1883.

Dear Weir, — What a good fellow you are! and, dear me, how many years ago it is since you began to be a good fellow, or rather since I began to know what a good fellow you were, when you were a young doctor, and I a young parson, and the world so much less aged than it is to-day! Something well over twenty years ago, certainly it is, since you did me your first kindness; but you never did a kinder thing than when you offered me your house and home, bed, board, and cook, for a three weeks' convention time. Not that I can accept it. I am bound already to Cooper and McVickar, each of whom has claimed me for half of the time that I am to be in Philadelphia. But I thank you just as truly as if I had been able to come and break all your choicest furniture, and drink all your rarest wines. You do not know what you escape by my being unable to do the tempting thing which you propose. Think of what your house would have had to undergo after we left it! You would have found fragments of broken dogmas under the chair cushions, and skeletons of sermons in all your best-worn closets. No, my dear Weir, I must not put your friendship to this test, and, besides, Cooper and McVickar are expecting me. But I do thank you and your wife with all my heart.

And I am so sorry that I shall not see you on my visit. I want to get you by the hand, and it must not be long after my return before you give me the chance.

Ever affectionately yours, P. B.

A few extracts from Mr. Brooks's note-book will close the story of his eventful stay in England. They were written on shipboard as he was returning to America.

TRINITY CHURCH, EAST

The change to the later side of life marked, like the change from the northern to the southern hemisphere by the sight of new constellations, motives, hopes, dreams, and fears.

Sermon on some such text as "I will praise my God while I have my being." The subject of the true *temper* of the religious life. Nature of temper in general, — distinct from principle, belief, or actions. The clear recognizableness of it in people's thoughts. The atmosphere or aroma of a life; the frequent idea of irresponsibility for temper; value of heredity. People talk as if it were just discovered. Moses, "from fathers to children." The beauty of such connection with all its frequent tragicalness.

The religious temperament is a mingled one, yet a true unity: anxiety, yet carelessness; self-care, yet self-forgetfulness, — all resulting in a sort of serious joyousness which is unmistakable. Seen in Jesus, Paul, Luther. This filling and not destroying natural dispositions.

It is strange to think how prominent the *national* thought of religion has been in other times, and how foreign it is to most of us now. The Jews, and all the tribes around them; Greeks, Romans, and, indeed, all the peoples of the Old World; and, in Christian times, almost every mediæval nation identified its religion with its patriotism. The same appears constantly now, and never in nobler form than in the Church of Englandism of such men as Dr. Arnold. It is a true element in a complete faith, no doubt, but I doubt not also that Christianity, as it is now most commonly conceived, as a primarily personal faith, is an advance upon it. Not the nation, but the race; not England, but humanity, is the consecrated circle of the Christian's sympathy. The race, the humanity, can be comprehended only from the starting point of the individual.

The nation is antagonistic, the individual is sympathetic. I think it possible that even Rome, in her arrogance and clumsy selfishness, did yet some good in saving the very idea of catholicity and in keeping Christendom from lapsing into a multitude of churches as far from one another as the East and West.

Behind the clouds of dubious strife
  One truth is always bright;
The glorious mystery of life
  Which floods the world with light.

Killing many kinds of heresy in the persecution way is like cutting worms in two. Each part retains vitality and you have two instead of one.

Canon Duckworth's story about the verger in Westminster Abbey, who, indignant at some Catholics praying at the shrine of Edward the Confessor, bade them up and begone: "If this goes on we shall have people praying all over the Abbey."

General despondency of English towns; absorption in parish work and consequent separation of clergy from theological thought, — most honorable but dangerous.

At Mr. Bunsen's breakfast (July 16), a gentleman who remarked that some lawyers said they did not like the broad church, — it was a compromise; if they were anything they would be thorough high church. Yet they were nothing, never went to church at all. Same sort of talk in Berlin by Grimm and others about being Catholics. The consciousness and superficialness of it!

You do not know a language when you know its words, or even its inflections and constructions. Merely to take the French or German words, and substitute them for your English words, that is not to talk French or German, however you may make Germans or Frenchmen understand you. The genius of the people, and that whole character which is as truly in the speech as in the thought, that is the thing that you must master before you can be truly said to speak the people's language.

And so it is with the reflection and reproduction of some great man's life. You may repeat his actions perfectly, and yet he is not here. The subtle shades and changes of his character, the way in which he not merely thinks and acts and speaks, but *is*, this you must have before you can indeed make him anew to be a reality and a power. All this, applied to men renewing the power of Christ in the world, confirming His testimony.

Schleiermacher tells in his letters how, when Eleanore G—— had cast him off, he stood two hours that night, with his hands resting on the table, — lost; and also, as he approached the end of the argument of his Critical Inquiry in Ethics, he absolutely forgot the conclusion.

CHAPTER XV

SEPTEMBER–DECEMBER, 1883

THE RETURN TO BOSTON. EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS. ADDRESS ON LUTHER. CORRESPONDENCE. EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

Mr. Brooks arrived in Boston on Saturday, the 22d of September; on the following Sunday he stood in his place in Trinity Church.

A large number of men and women [said the Boston Advertiser] met him at the Cunard Wharf in East Boston as the Cephalonia arrived. Some of them had chartered a tug and boarded the steamer off Boston Light. She reached the pier about half past four in the afternoon; Mr. Brooks held an impromptu reception on board, and landed about five. He preached yesterday forenoon to a congregation which filled Trinity Church to overflowing. He stands vigorous, hale and portly as ever, but his head has become plentifully sprinkled with gray, so that the change strikes one the instant of beholding him. The text of his sermon was 1 Cor. i. 6: "Even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you."

The text had been in his mind while in India. On the long voyage homeward, as he passed through the Indian Ocean or the Mediterranean Sea, he was writing notes of what he would say. It would be in keeping when telling the story of a great poet to insert some unpublished poem, if it were of equal merit with what he had given to the world. In the case of a great preacher, at an epoch in his life when a new and greater phase of his career was opening, will it be inappropriate if for once we give the larger part of his sermon, spoken out of the fulness of his heart, as he stood in the pulpit of Trinity Church, after more than a year of silence?

My dear friends, my dear people, I cannot tell you with what happy thankfulness to God for all His mercies I stand again in this familiar place. After a year of various delightful experiences, — I hope not without much that in the coming years may be in some way for your benefit as well as mine, — I see again these dear and well-known walls; I look into the welcome of your dear and well-known faces; I greet you in our Master's name, I greet you in the memory of all the past, which comes rising up like a great flood about me, the memory of all the years of happy work together, of difficulties met and solved, of the common study of God's word, of the common experience of God's love, of sorrows and of joys, in the midst of which the affection of minister and people for each other has ripened and grown strong. I greet you also in the name of the future, which I hope looks as bright and full of hope to you this morning as it looks to me. To-day let all misgivings rest, and let the golden prospect of years and years of life together, and of ever richening work for God and fellow man, stretch out before us and lavish its temptation on our eager hearts. Let our whole worship of this morning seem but an utterance of one common thankfulness and common consecration; and solemnly, gladly, with hand once more joined in hand, let us go forward in the thoughts of God.

And now, in this first sermon to which I have so long looked forward, what shall I say? Where shall I try to lead your hearts in this first of the many half hours which we are to spend together as preacher and hearers? I do not know where I can better turn than to the Epistle for this eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, which will always hereafter be remarkable to us as the day which brought us together again after our long separation. The whole passage from which these words are taken rings with St. Paul's delight in his disciples, and thankfulness for all that God has done for them. "I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ: that in everything ye are enriched by Him, in all utterance and in all knowledge." How like a psalm the great minister sings his exultation over his beloved church! And then there come these other words, which seem to gather up into the most deliberate and thoughtful statements the real ground and substance of his delightful interest in them: "Even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you." Just think what those words mean! Behind all other joy in his Corinthians, behind his personal affection for their special lives and characters, behind his satisfaction in their best prosperity, behind his grateful recollection of their kindness to himself, behind his honor for the intelligence and

faithfulness and sacrifice with which they had accepted the truth which he had taught them, and had tried to live the Christian life, — behind all this there lay one great supreme delight. In them he saw confirmed and illustrated the testimony of his Master, Christ. All that he knew his Lord to be became at once more sure and more clear to him as he read the lives of these disciples, as they lay before him flooded with the bright light of their mutual love. . . .

The words at once suggest an illustration of their meaning, which is familiar to every devout and thoughtful man who has travelled much back and forth upon the wonderful, beautiful earth where God has set our lives. I praise the world for many things: kingdom beyond kingdom, city beyond city, race beyond race, there opens everywhere the fascinating mystery of human life. Man, with his endless appeal to man, piercing through foreign dress and language, strange traditions, uncouth social habits, uncongenial forms of government, unapprehended forms of faith, finds out our hearts and claims them, and makes our paths from land to land a constant interest and joy. And the great physical earth in which this human life is set is worthy of its jewel. The ocean rolls in its majesty; the great plains open their richness from horizon to horizon; the snow peaks lift their silver mystery of light against the sky; the great woods sing with the songs of streams. How beautiful it is! And yet, without losing one element of all this beauty, without robbing eye or ear or mind of one of these spontaneous delights, how instantly poorer this earth of ours would be to the devout and thoughtful man if it meant nothing more, if everywhere it did not bring him even additional testimony and revelation of that supreme intelligence and love which had first made itself known to him in the experiences of his own soul! . . .

The words of Paul and the illustration of his words, which I have just been giving, may furnish two natural divisions of what I want to say to you to-day. He was talking to Christian disciples, and it was peculiarly and specially over the exhibition of the power of Christ in those who were declaredly his disciples that the apostle was grateful and exultant. But, besides this Paul shows us more than once that he conceived of Christ as a universal power, so present everywhere and always in the world, that no part of the world, not even that which was most ignorant or most contemptuous about Him, could help feeling His influence and becoming a witness of His power. To Paul, then, any savage barbarism or any heathen civilization, as well as his Christian church in Corinth, would have found its meaning, its explanation,

its key and clue in Christ. He would have stood among the palaces of Rome or among the wigwams of America and learned from them something of his Master. To them as well as to the streets of Corinth, though with different sense and tone, but with no less sincerity and interest, he would have said, "The testimony of Christ is confirmed for me in you." . . .

The "testimony of Christ." Must we not ask ourselves, first, however, whether we understand exactly the meaning of these words? Do they refer to the doctrine which Christ taught, the truths which He left burning in His Gospels for the world's undying light? No doubt they do! But we should little understand the richness of the Divine Revelation in the Son of Man if we let ourselves think for a moment that any word which He ever spoke, or could have spoken, exhausted, or could exhaust, that revelation of Himself, which the loving Father of mankind intended to give the world through Him. Christ *spoke* the words of God, and that was much. Christ *was* the word of God, and that was vastly more; I beg you always to remember that. It is no doctrine, — not even the doctrine of the Incarnation, — it is the Incarnate One Himself that is the real light of the world. Let us get hold of that idea (as there does indeed seem reason, thank God, to believe that men are getting hold of it). Let us get hold of this idea, and then we are really ready for the great truth of St. Paul, that the world and the church get their true clearness and beauty as confirmation of the testimony of Christ. *The testimony of Christ is Christ.* A hundred golden *words* of His leap to our memory, but not one of them can unlock all our problems and scatter all our darkness. Not one of them — simply because it is only a word — can marshal and harmonize at once around itself all this discordant world. But He, the Incarnate God and the perfect Man, setting in living presence the holiness and love of God and the capacity of man as a true, visible fact here in the world, He, if He be really this, may well become the centre of all history and life, and all the world and all the Church may find their highest glory and beauty, their key and clue, in being confirmations of the testimony of Him.

With all this clear in our mind, let us turn, first to the world, — the great world as a whole, Christians and non-Christians all together, and see how in the Incarnation of Christ it finds its true interpretation and illumination. I must speak hurriedly, but I will try to speak as clearly as I can.

1. It is hard to speak of the world at large and not speak first of all of that which is, I think, upon the whole, the most impressive thing to one who travels much from land to land, and

takes in on the spot the record of humanity in every age. I mean the fact that, through all lands and in all ages, there have stood forth men who showed the spiritual possibilities of men in some supreme and beautiful exhibition. Where is the country whose history is so dead that it has not some such men to show? Where is the tyranny of a false creed so mighty that it has been able to hold these star lives in its chains and forbid their soaring up into the dark sky? In mediæval Christianity, in gross, material, commercial, modern life, in brutal Hindu superstition, in the conceit of narrow learning, where has there ever been such all-powerful, earthward gravitation that the mountains have not risen through it here and there into the heavens? The saint, the soul unselfish with perception of the higher purposes of its own life and aspiration after God, is everywhere. Can I see this, can I recognize this as one of the great facts of the world, and yet see no connection between it and the great apparition once upon the earth of the supremest Son of God, of one who by His *very being* made it absolutely certain that God, however far away He seemed, was always very near to man; that man, however gross and bad he seemed, was always capable of receiving and containing God? The truth we learn from every highest study of humanity is that the highest and divinest men are the most truly men; not the mean and the base, but the noble and the pure; they are the men whom we have a right to take as the true revelation of what man, in his essential nature, really is. And that same truth applied to the old question as to what is the relation between the highest human lives and the life of the incarnate Christ gives us the right to think that they are to be interpreted by Him; that in them we have simply the sunlight before the sunrise, the mountain tops of humanity, on which has struck first of all that truth which is the essential truth of human nature, — the truth that man belongs to God and is divine. By and by comes the Incarnation, and that *is* just the rising of the sun, whose light has been already glorious upon the hills, even while it, itself, was yet unseen. When from the hilltops downward to the lower regions creeps the sunlight, it finds out ever deeper zones of human nature and enlightens them. It brings out the godlike in the nooks and corners of humanity. All this comes afterwards; but the first testimony of that which Christ afterwards made certain was in the fact which fascinated men while it bewildered them, that everywhere and always there have been men who could not be satisfied except in finding out and claiming God, men whose souls told them they belonged to Him. Oh, my dear friends, it is not for us Christians to ignore the

spiritual glories which humanity has reached in regions where our blessed Christ has been least known; rather to rejoice in and proclaim them, for they are confirmations of the testimony of Him, unquenchable, indubitable witnesses of that without which *He could not have been*, the oneness, the essential oneness of man's life with God.

2. And if I talk thus of the *spiritual glory* of mankind, how shall I speak of its sin and misery? Oh, my dear friends, one does not need to travel in order to find it out. Our own streets, our own hearts are full of it; and yet there does come with long-continued travel a reiteration, an accumulation, an overwhelming certainty of the sinfulness of man that is most awfully impressive. The terrible disgrace and wretchedness of human life! City beyond city has its tale to tell. You cross new seas and find the darkness waiting for you on the other side. You lift some veil of old-world beauty and there it lurks behind, the hideous spectre of the lust, the cruelty, the brutishness, the selfishness, the awful wickedness of man. Sometimes one finds himself simply standing in dismay before it. All faith in man seems for a moment to be perished; all hope for man withers as if it were the silliest and wildest dream. And what then? Is there any sort of confirmation of the testimony of Christ here? Oh, is there not? If the splendid possibilities of man in every exhibition of them showed the chance of a redeeming incarnation, does not the pervading wickedness of man, with no less mighty emphasis, declare its *need?* We are so built (thanks to the grace of Him who built us) that our greatest and deepest needs take voices and prophesy their own supplies. Not merely the partial lightness of the twilight, but the very blackness of the midnight darkness tells beforehand of the coming light. The cry of realized want is always undersounded and made pathetic by an almost unconscious tone of hope. And so, in the very dismay of which I spoke, when it comes over one as he stands in the presence of some record of how bad man has been, or some sight of how bad man is, there opens at the very heart of it all, the brighter for the darkness at whose heart it burns, a strange, divine assurance that this badness is not man, but is an awful slavery which has fallen upon man, and that somewhere, some time, somehow, the *true man* must come and bring a rescue, and that when He comes He will come with a supreme witness, that He, the *true man*, belongs to God, that it is not merely man, but God, who comes and brings His strength. It is to a blind conviction such as this that the missionary of the Incarnation everywhere appeals, and he does not appeal in vain. Whatever men have written, it *is not* hard for

man, conscious, really conscious of sin, to believe in the promise of redemption. His sin, in subtle ways, has told him of the redemption which was coming. When it comes he says, "It *must* have come. God could not have left me to perish." So it is that the world's sin becomes its "Confirmation of the testimony of Christ."

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The believer in the Incarnation goes everywhere, and his belief in the immediate presence of God and the vast capacity of man (and to believe in the Incarnation is to believe in both of these) fills everything with light. The glory and the tragedy of human life are both intelligible. The tumult of history becomes something more than the aimless biting and clawing of captive wild beasts caged together in a net. *Behind* everything is the God whose children we are, and who could not let us live without telling us He was our Father. *Over* all, making life pathetic and full at once of penitence and hope, — the Christ,

> "Whose pale face on the cross sees only this,
> After the watching of these thousand years."

Before all, as the one great promise, the one only hope, the coming of that same Christ in the clouds with power and great glory; humanity redeemed and fulfilled by the occupation of Divinity, made at last completely Master of a world entirely obedient to its best life. Pitiable enough the man who travels through the world and sees no such vision, hears no such voice of a creation groaning and travailing for the manifestation of the Sons of God and is not moved continually to lift up his prayer: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

But it is time to take our second point, to turn from the great world and think of the Christian disciple, to whom St. Paul's words were first of all addressed. His is the life which is trying to be, what, in the great view of it which we have just been taking, the whole world must finally become. And so in him, in the Christian disciple, we ought to see some livelier struggle toward the expression of the Incarnation, toward the confirmation of the Testimony of Christ. As I say this, I cannot but remember how the whole story of Jesus, even in its details, has often seemed to be only the parable of the life of every struggling servant of Jesus who has walked in His steps. The servant like the Master has seemed to pass out of the childhood of Bethlehem into the profession of the Baptism, the wrestling of the desert, and the glory of transfiguration, and the harsh contacts with a misconceiving world, full always of a growing peace of deeper

understanding of the Father, until at last through the agony of some Gethsemane and the complete sacrifice of its appointed Calvary, it has come out fully into the brightness and the peace of the Resurrection life. When, a few weeks ago, I sat through a long, bright summer's day and saw the peasants of a village in the Tyrol represent in their devout and simple way the old, ever new story of the sufferings and crucifixion and triumph of the Lord, one of the strongest impressions on my own mind all the time was this: that not alone in old Jerusalem had those scenes taken place; that it was the story not merely of the Master, but also of every faithful and suffering servant of the Master, which was being played; that that patient figure, passing on deeper and deeper, as hour followed hour, His passion unveiling with every act some greater greatness of His nature, full of exhaustless pity and unfailing courage, now shaming His contemptuous judge with His calm dignity, now falling under the burden of His cross, now forgetting Himself as He turned to bless His fellow sufferers, and at last standing triumphant, with His foot upon the conquered tomb, was not merely Jesus of Nazareth, but was *at the same time* every follower of the Nazarene who anywhere had caught His spirit and repeated the essential words of His life.

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But it is not only when we thus make the story of Christ's life the parable of our own life that we discover the confirmation of His testimony in ourselves. When in all the deeper experiences of our souls we find that there is no solution of our problems and no escape from our distress except in what the Incarnation meant and means forever, *then* it is that our poor pathetic histories get their great dignity as confirmations of all He said and did. When overcome by your own sin, nothing but Christ can make you know that you are so thoroughly God's, and God is so completely yours that *no sin* can separate you from Him or forbid you the privilege of coming on your knees to Him, to repent and confess, and ask Him to forgive and be forgiven; when full of self-distress and self-contempt, nothing but the Incarnate Christ can keep you from despairing of humanity and show you how grand and pure it is in its essential nature, how capable of being filled with God and shining with His glory; when thus, in the strength of the Incarnation, you gather up your helplessness and come full of trust and hope up to the door where He who made you stands tirelessly inviting you to enter in and become what He *made you to be*, *then*, *then* it is that the transcendent wonder of God manifest in Christ has translated itself into our human speech, and men may read in you, the poor saved sinner, what

your Saviour is. Is there a glory for a human life like that? Can you conceive a humble splendor so complete as the great light which clothes the soul that has thus in pure submission made itself transparent, so that through it Christ has shone? Among the new experiences, the deepest of them unknown in their fulness save to you and God, which must have come to you, my friends, in these months of our year of separation, may I not hope, may I not rejoice to *know*, that to some of you has come this crown of all experiences, this glad and complete submission of your converted life to Christ, in which you have become a new confirmation of the Testimony of His Grace and Power. I thank God with you for this, which is indeed the salvation of your soul.

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I must not seem to be pouring out on you on this first morning the flood of preaching which has been accumulating through a whole year of silence. But I have wanted to ask you to think with me of how the key of the world's life, and of every Christian's experience, lies deep in that Incarnation which it is the privilege of the Christian pulpit to proclaim and preach. If what I have been saying to you is true, then that great manifestation of God must be *preaching itself* forever. All history, all life, must be struggling to confirm the Testimony of Christ. I have known well how faithfully the Gospel of the Incarnation has been preached to you from this pulpit since I have been away. With ever deeper satisfaction I have known that God was preaching it to each of you in silent sermons, out of all that He has sent or has allowed to come into your lives. You have had troubles and anxieties, sickness, pains; some of you sorrows which have torn your hearts and homes asunder, and changed your lives forever. Have they not shown you something? Has not God, through them, shown you something of how near He is to you and how He loves you, and how capable your human natures are of containing ever more and more of Him? You have had delights, joys; happiness has burst on some of you with a great gush of sunshine, and opened upon others with that calm and gradual glow which is even richer and more blessed. Have you not learned something in most personal and private consciousness of what the world meant when the tidings ran abroad from Bethlehem: "Behold, your King is come. The Tabernacle of God is with His children men"? The children have turned another page in the delightful book of opening life. The active men and women have seen what seemed the full-blown flower open some deeper heart of richness. The thinker has learned some new

lessons of the infiniteness of truth. The old have found age, grown ever more familiar, declare itself in unexpected ways their friend, and seen its hard face brighten with the mysterious promises of things beyond, which it cannot explain, but whose reality and richness it will not let them doubt. We are all growing older. Oh, how dreary and wretched it would be if those words did not mean that through Christ, in Christ, we are always gaining more knowledge of what God *is* and what *we may be*.

As I look around upon your faces, I cannot help asking myself in hope whether it *must* not be that some of you are ready for the Gospel now, for whom, in the years heretofore, it has seemed to have no voice. Has not some new need opened your eyes? Has not some new mercy touched your hearts? Has not the very steady flow and pressure of life brought you to some new ground, where you are ready to know that life is not life without the faith of Him who is the Revelation of God and of ourselves? I will believe it, and believing it, I will take up again, enthusiastically, the preaching of that Christ who is always *preaching Himself* in wonderful, and powerful, and tender ways even to hearts that seem to hear Him least.

To those who do hear Him and receive Him there comes a peace and strength, a patience to bear, an energy to work, which is to the soul itself a perpetual surprise and joy, a hope unquenchable, a love for and a belief in fellow man that nothing can disturb, and, around all, as the great element of all, a certainty of God's encircling love to us which conquers sin and welcomes sorrow, and laughs at Death and already lives in Immortality. What shall we say of it that is not in the words of Christ's beloved Disciple, who knows it all so well: "To as many as receive Him, to them gives He power to become the son of God."

Let us say then to one another, "*Sursum corda!* Lift up your hearts!" Let us answer back to one another, "We *do* lift them up unto the Lord;" and so let us go forward together into whatever new life He has set before us.

There was a change, it has been said, in the appearance of Phillips Brooks, when he was seen again in the pulpit, after his long absence. It required an effort to be reconciled to the altered aspect. He was thinner in form, also, having lost weight while in India, it may have been in consequence of the excessive heat. He had said as he was contemplating the possibilities which his year abroad presented, "Every now and then it comes over me that the gap is to be so great that

the future, if there is any, will certainly be something different in some way from the past." His manner showed the difference, and was not quite the same, as if he had been subdued into deeper humility by the honors which had been heaped upon him. The perspective of life had been modified by the increase of knowledge and of wisdom.

But the greatest change was in his preaching. He was now entering upon the third and last phase in his development. In the first, which included his ministry in Philadelphia, he had written, perhaps, his most beautiful sermons, full of the poetry of life, disclosing the hidden significance of the divine allegory of human history, — a great artist, himself unmoved as he unrolled the panorama of man. In the second period, he had been at war with the forces which were undermining faith, and not without suffering, his own soul being torn with the conflict; yet in those dark days, always appearing like a tower of strength. That period was over now. He had felt while abroad that another subtle imponderable change in the atmosphere of human existence was modifying the situation. The tendency was toward theism, not yet, perhaps, distinctly toward Christianity, but there was improvement visible from the highest outlook. The mechanical theory of the world was yielding to the evidences of faith. He had still the same message for those who were feeling the action of the storm as it subsided. He met with his old force those belated travellers who had not noted the new signs in the spiritual horizon. But to speak to the new age was now his distinctive mission. His preaching changed to correspond to the change within. He addressed himself in his totality as a man to the common humanity, doing greatly whatever he did, and assuming the greatness of those to whom he spoke. He fell back upon the simplest issues of life; the simplest truths were the main themes of his teaching. But in all this he illustrated the truth of Goethe's remark, "Whatever a man doth greatly, he does with his whole nature." In his earlier years, as in his "Lectures on Preaching," he had said that "the thought of rescue has monopolized our religion and often crowded out the thought

of culture." Now the idea of rescue became more prominent, but it was the rescue of men from the danger of losing the great opportunity of life, — the chance which was given of making the most of the divine privilege of the children of God.

From this time he was wont to remark that he had but one sermon. He said to one of his friends that he had given up writing essays and was going to preach sermons. The remark is recalled by Rev. C. H. Learoyd, who was impressed by it, as having some deeper bearing than the words conveyed. It had seemed to others the characteristic of his Boston ministry that he had been preaching sermons; but he saw deeper depths in sermons, which he proposed to fathom. He had by no means grown indifferent to the intellectual problems involved in theological reconstruction. He followed them with interest, and took his part in their discussion. He retained his allegiance to the old formulas of belief, and yet with a difference, for at least he had learned that they had not the quality of finality. The full truth was something larger always than the intellect could adequately formulate. But meantime the highest duty of man was to live, in the full sense of that great word, as apostles and evangelists, as Christ himself had used it. To help men to live in this sense now became his ruling passion in every sermon. His gifts of imagination he occasionally invoked, and there were occasional sermons when his creative genius seemed to flash living pictures upon the canvas, as of old, before his hearers. But these were not so common as before. His method of preaching became more frequently extemporaneous, when a great soul was set free to pour itself forth without regard to form of utterance. He allowed more range to the impassioned intensity of feeling, and he himself showed signs of being visibly moved by his own emotion, instead of standing, as in his early years, cool and unimpassioned, even nonchalant, while all his hearers were thrilled with excitement. Yet in this new phase of his life he was listened to more intently than ever; there was an added element of awe, as the man in himself, in the lofty reaches

of his character, stood revealed in every sermon. He came closer to his world and dearer to the hearts of all the people. There was no longer any question about his greatness. He had made the final conquest of the human heart. It was understood tacitly, if not explicitly, that when he declined the call to Harvard it had been that he might give himself unreservedly to all who wanted him. It now slowly dawned upon him that what the people wanted was himself, not his eloquence, or his gifts of any kind. All this was beginning to be understood when he came back to Boston to resume his work. But it was a beginning destined to increase its force with each successive year. There were still before him greater depths of sacrifice and of self-abnegation, to be met by an ever larger demand on the part of the people. This was the way in which saints had been recognized in the olden time, before the process had developed into the machine methods of later mediævalism. The canonization of Phillips Brooks by the voice of a people's sovereignty had now begun, to be made manifest with growing emphasis in the years that follow.

In a sermon preached on September 30, the second Sunday after his return, we have Phillips Brooks communing with himself as he takes up the burden of life anew. This chapter from his own experience, for such in reality it is, he has entitled "Visions and Tasks;" his text, "While Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said, Behold, three men seek thee." He was thinking of the possibility that the vision might fade as the emotions grow less eager and excited with the passing of the years. The remedy lies in action. The picture is that of Peter, after the vision has ended, plodding over the dusty hills to meet the men who were seeking him. The practical life is needed in order to complete the meditative life. When a man has had his vision of some great truth which satisfies his soul, the coming of his fellow men, and their knocking at the doors of his heart, seems at first like an intrusion. "Why can they not leave him alone with his great idea?" So ideas would hover like a great vague cloud over a world all hard and gross and

meaningless, if it were not for the man who brings the fire down and makes the whole of nature significant and vocal. These passages which follow have the essence of autobiography: —

It is in the power of man to stand between the abstract truth upon one side and the concrete facts of life upon the other. To this end he must cultivate the two capacities within him, — the gift of knowing and the gift of loving. In some way he must still cultivate the capacity of knowing, "whether by patient study or quick-leaping intuition, including imagination and all the poetic power, faith, trust in authority, the faculty of getting wisdom by experience, everything by which the human nature comes into direct relationship to truth." On the other hand, he must cultivate Love, the power of sympathetic intercourse with things and people, the power to be touched by the personal nature of those with whom we have to do, — love, therefore, including hate, for hate is only the reverse utterance of love. These two together, the powers of knowing and of loving, must make up the man, and must work together also in all men in order to a genuine manhood. It is not a question of greatness, but of genuineness and completeness. The chemical elements are in a raindrop as truly as in the cataract of Niagara. The power of knowing and loving must be in every man as truly as in Shakespeare or Socrates. The more perfectly the knowing faculty and the loving faculty meet in any man, the more that man's life will become a transmitter and interpreter of truth to other men. This is the characteristic of all the greatest teachers. This is where the power of a mother lies, that she stands between the vision of the highest truths and a human soul on the other, and the knowing power and the loving power are moulded together into perfect oneness, and intelligence and love are perfectly blended. This was the characteristic of Christ, that He was full of grace and truth; no rapt self-centred student of the abstract truth, nor the sentimental pitier of other men's woes. He comes down from the mountain where He had been glorified with the light of God to meet the men who were seeking Him.

It is the result of some great experience, also, in the life of a man that it makes him a purer medium through which the highest truth shines on other men. Henceforth he is altered; he becomes tenderer, warmer, richer; he seems to be full of truths and revelations which he easily pours out. Now you not merely see him, you see through him to things behind. It is not that he has learned some new facts, but the very substance of the man is

altered, so that he stands no longer as a screen, but as an atmosphere through which eternal truths come to you all radiant.

This principle must be applied to every doctrine, to the truth of immortality, or of the Trinity, or of the idea of God. It may have been a vision of the sinfulness of sin. Overwhelmed with that knowledge, a man may sit and brood upon his sad estate. But all history bears witness that so to receive the vision brings despair. If there is any soul weary with its consciousness of sin and danger, the way to help such a soul is to make it to see in its own sinfulness the revelation of the sinfulness of all the world. Then let it forget its own sinfulness and go forth, full of that impulse of the horror of sin, and try to save the world.

There is a danger of selfishness in religion, which makes a man to say, "I am content, for I have seen the Lord." It is a terrible thing to have seen the vision, and to be so wrapped up in its contemplation as not to hear the knock of needy hands upon our doors.

As Phillips Brooks entered upon this new stage of his history he casts a backward glance at the possibilities he has left behind him. He is determined to cultivate the faculty of knowing by every means in his power, but some of the methods of knowing may be closed to him as he follows after the men who are seeking him. In a sermon, also written soon after his return from abroad, he took for his text the words "I know how to be abased." There is something very personal in this extract: —

I must pass on and speak about the way in which a man may know how to be poor in learning. That was our second point. There are many of us who need that knowledge, — many of us who before we have got well into life see what a great world learning is, and also see for a certainty how hopeless it is that we shall ever do more than set our feet upon its very outermost borders. Some life of practical duty claims us; some career of business, all made up of hard details, sharp, clear, inexorable, each one requiring to be dealt with on the instant, takes possession of us and holds us fast, and the great stream of learning, into which we long to plunge and swim, sweeps by our chained feet, and we can only look down into its tempting waters and sigh over our fate. How many practical men, men who seem to be totally absorbed and perfectly satisfied in their busy life, really live in this discontent at being shut out from the richness of learning. Is there a right way and a wrong way, a wise way

and a foolish way, of living in that discontent? Indeed there is. The foolish ways are evident enough. The unlearned man who by and by is heard sneering at learning, and glorifying machineries, boasting that he sees and wants to see no visions, and that he never theorizes, — he has not known how to be ignorant. He has let his ignorance master and overcome him. It has made him its slave. The man who, the more he becomes conscious of his hoplessness of great scholarship, has grown more and more sensible of what a great thing it is to be a scholar; and at the same time, by the same process, has grown more and more respectful toward his own side of life, more and more conscious of the value of practical living as a true contribution to the great final whole; the man, therefore, who has gone on his way, as most of us have to do, with little learning, but has also gone on his way doing duty faithfully, developing all the practical skill that is in him, and sometimes, just because their details are so dark to him, getting rich visions of the general light and glory of the great science, seen afar off, seen as great wholes, which often seem to be denied to the plodders who spend their lives in the close study of those sciences, — he is the man who knows how to be unlearned. It is a blessed thing that there is such a knowledge possible for overworked, practical men. The man who has that knowledge may be self-respectful in the face of all the colleges. He may stand before the kings of learning and not be ashamed; for his lot is as true a part of life as theirs, and he is bravely holding up his side of that great earth over which the plans of God are moving on to their completeness.

There is one other sermon to be mentioned here, for it is the companion of the sermon on "How to be abased," written at the same time, with only a week's interval, and from words in the same text, "How to abound." There are passages here to be remembered, as if they were spoken for a warning to himself, prophetic words of those later years, in which, having learned to be abased, he reaped the fruit of abasement in the larger abundance of life: —

Many of the popular men have been tyrannized over and ruined by their popularity. Their principles have crumbled; their selfhood has melted away; they have become mere stocks and stones for foolish men to hang garlands on, not real men, real utterances of the divine life, leading their fellow men, rebuking sins, inspiring struggles, saving souls.

Ah, yes! Not merely to make men love you and honor you,

but how to be loved and honored without losing yourself and growing weak, — that is the problem of many of the sweetest, richest, most attractive lives; and there is only one solution for it, which blessed indeed is he who has discovered! . . . If the much loved man can look up and demand the love of God, if he can crave it and covet it infinitely above all other love, if laying hold of its great freedom, he can make it his, . . . then let him come back and take into a glowing heart the warmest admiration and affection of his brethren, the heaven that he carries in his heart preserves him. They cannot make him conceited, for he who lives with God must be humble. . . . He who knows that God loves and honors him may freely take all other love and honor, however abundant they may be, and he will get no harm.

The recognition given to Phillips Brooks in England had had no counterpart hitherto in America. It had been taken for granted that he knew in what honor his name was held. But the return to his work was an occasion for extending some formal welcome. A dinner was given him by the Clericus Club at Young's Hotel, on the evening of September 24. The feeling was very deep and tender when once more he stood among them, the same, and yet changed in some imperceptible way within. He was silent, and the usual hilarity of his manner was wanting. Rev. Charles H. Learoyd presided, with the guest of honor on his right, and the Bishop of Rhode Island on his left. Bishop Clark remarked that we had a lion present, but a lion who would not roar. In the very few words spoken by Mr. Brooks, one sentence is recalled: after alluding to his journey he said that he felt more than ever what a good thing it was to be an Episcopal minister, in the diocese of Massachusetts, and in the city of Boston. There were speeches made, telling him the estimate in which he was held, and he listened with head bowed, his characteristic attitude. No record has been kept of the evening, beyond the poem by the Rev. William R. Huntington: —

NATURA NATURANS

Natura, Mistress of the Earth,
A study hath, they say,

Where century by century,
She sitteth moulding clay.

Fast as the images are wrought,
Her lattice wide she throws,
And on the ample window-sill
Arranges them in rows.

A sprightly critic happening by,
One idle summer's morn,
Made bold to chaff this lady fair,
In half good-natured scorn.

"Natura, Bona Dea," said he,
"I 'm bored to death to find
What everlasting sameness marks
These products of your mind.

"The men you sculpture into form
Might just as well be rolled;
Peas in a pod are not more like,
Nor bullets from one mould.

"Dear lady, quit the ancient ruts,
Retake the point of view;
Do differentiate a bit,
Evolve us something new."

Piqued was the goddess at that word,
Resentful flashed her eye,
While all the artist in her rose
To give his taunt the lie.

"I 'll show you something fresh," she cried,
"I 'll teach you how it looks;" —
Then plunged her finger in the clay,
And modelled PHILLIPS BROOKS!

Another reception followed, given him by his "brethren of the clergy" in the diocese, which took the form of a breakfast at the Hotel Brunswick, on the morning of Thursday, September 27, and the bishop of the diocese presided. This was the letter of invitation expressing to him the feeling of the clergy, through a committee appointed for the purpose: —

MEDFORD, MASS., July 2, 1883.

DEAR MR. BROOKS, — Some of your brethren of the clergy in this diocese, having learned of your expected return home in September, beg to ask you to meet them at a breakfast at Hotel Brunswick, September 27, or at such other date as will suit your convenience.

In conveying this invitation, we venture to assure you not only of the pleasure with which we have heard of the distinguished marks of respect and honor you have received in other lands, but of the greater pleasure with which we have felt that all those honors were so worthily bestowed on one who already possesses the admiration and affection of his brethren at home. You are sure of a warm welcome from all who may have the privilege of meeting you on the occasion proposed.

Believe us to be

Very sincerely yours,

CHAS. L. HUTCHINS,
CHARLES C. GRAFTON,
PERCY BROWNE.

The General Convention of the Episcopal Church, to which he was a delegate from the diocese of Massachusetts, was held in October, and, fortunately for Mr. Brooks, in the city of Philadelphia, for it enabled him to fulfil his ecclesiastical obligations, and, at the same time, to satisfy his longings to be with his friends in the place he had not ceased to love. In a letter to Mr. Cooper he indulges, as he often did, in his expression of devotion to the city which was so much to him, — "Why did I ever leave Philadelphia!" But these words, so easily understood by his friends, must not be construed as meaning that he regretted the change. It was rather a sigh from a man who was bearing the burden and the heat of the day, as he thought of the moment when, in his earlier years, with all the freshness of the morning of life, Philadelphia had given him his great opportunity, and revealed to him the joy of pure living, as he had not dreamed of it before. Nothing could quite compensate to him for the loss of that glory of his youth. As honors and renown increased, he was trying to disown the conviction that there had passed away a joy and beauty from the earth. It was his pleasure to talk of Philadelphia as if the glory and beauty would have remained if he had never left there.

When the General Convention was over he was ready at last to resume his work as a parish minister. He had formed a great resolution to give himself henceforth more exclusively

to the duties of his parish, and as far as possible deny himself to outside calls on his time and strength. How the resolution was kept will appear. There were some things quite beyond his control. He took up, of course, his new position as one of the chaplains at Harvard, going to Cambridge in November to conduct morning prayers. There came to him, while in Philadelphia, a call from the Evangelical Alliance to make an address on the 13th of November, when it was proposed in New York to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. He struggled hard between his new resolution on the one hand, and on the other his desire to speak his mind regarding the great reformer: —

PHILADELPHIA, October 13, 1883.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I have your telegram and shall look for your letter in Boston, whither I go to-night. The Evangelical Alliance are very good, but I fear it is impossible, for

1. I am no man for such occasions.
2. I think there is something of the kind in Boston.
3. I *must*, MUST, MUST begin to stay at home and do my work!

Convention is flat, stale, and unprofitable. People are jolly.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15, 1883.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I have just got back from Boston, and find your note about the Luther occasion waiting for me here. I have been thinking about it ever since I received your telegram on Saturday, and have wanted exceedingly to do it, but this morning I have felt compelled to telegraph you that I must not think of it. If there were six months in which to get ready for what would be to me a most unfamiliar duty, I would try with trembling. But in a month all crowded full as this next month is to be, I do not dare to do it, in justice to those who have asked me, or to Dr. Luther. I agree with you that it is a most splendid opportunity to say things that we want said. It cannot be made a small or party celebration. It must open the whole relation of Christianity to human kind. But all that makes it the more necessary that the Oration of the occasion should be no crude and hurried thing, but something well matured and thorough. I am very much afraid that I could not do it in any length of time. I am sure I could not do it in three busy weeks.

I hope somebody may be found who will be able, by having more leisure or by having preparation already made, to undertake it, for I should think, as you do, that one great Oration would be far better than a number of addresses. I hope the new arrangement will not have to be adopted. So I must not accept what I hope will not be proposed. But all I can say is I am so much interested in the subject, and so sensible of the honor which the Alliance has done me in asking me to come, that I will do anything I possibly can. I am sure you will let the committee know that I do not slight their invitation, nor decline it without careful consideration.

But the call was one which he found he could not refuse. His soul was full of the significance of all that Luther meant to the modern world. The days he had spent in Germany wandering in the Luther land were still living in his memory and were charged with inspiration.

I made a delightful journey [so he had written to one of his friends] down through the Luther land, stopping at every place I could find which had anything to do with him, — a new great big German "Life of Luther" in my trunk, which I spelled out of evenings.

He had watched the proceedings among the Germans preparatory to an adequate celebration of the greatest German man. To no address did he ever give himself with more glowing enthusiasm, for with it was combined a true historic insight into Luther's work. The glory of his eloquence was at the highest as he spoke; he was uttering his strongest convictions: —

It is the personality of Luther which holds the secret of his power. . . . We are to think of one of the greatest men of history. . . . Indeed, the name and fame of Luther coming down through history under God's safe-conduct has been full of almost the same vitality, and has been attended by almost the same admiration and abuse as was the figure of Luther in that famous journey which took him in his rude Saxon wagon from Wittenberg to Worms when he went up to the Diet; and at Leipzig, Nürnberg, Weimar, Erfurt, Gotha, Frankfürt, the shouts of his friends and the curses of his enemies showed that no man in Germany was loved or hated as he was.

The force of Luther was distinctively a religious force. These words of Phillips Brooks about the man whom he was praising describe his own experience and remind us of his own career: —

There are two sentences out of two parables of Jesus which describe indeed the two components of the strongest strength of all religious men. One is this, from the parable of the vineyard: "When the time of fruit grew near, the lord of the vineyard sent his servants to the husbandmen that they might receive the fruit of the vineyard;" and the other is the cry of the returning prodigal: "I will arise and go to my father." Put these two together into any deep and lofty soul (you cannot put them into any other) and what a strength you have! The consciousness of being sent from God with a mission for which the time is ripe, and the consciousness of eager return to God, of the great human struggle after Him, possessing a nature which cannot live without Him, — the imperious commission from above and the tumultuous experience within, — these two, not inconsistent with each other, have met in all the great Christian workers and reformers who have moved and changed the world. These two lived together in the whole life of Luther. The one spoke out in the presence of the emperor at Worms. The other wrestled unseen in the agonies of the cloister cell at Erfurt.

To Phillips Brooks, Luther appeared as the exponent of religion, pure and simple, rather than the theologian. He boldly declared Luther a mystic and the highest representative of mysticism for all time. In view of this aspect of the man, he placed him above Calvin the theologian, or Zwingle the politician, or the English ecclesiastics. But conjoined with the mysticism was morality: "He was the moralist *and* the mystic." And again, as he expounds these two characteristics of Luther, we are thinking of Phillips Brooks.

These are the universal human elements of religious strength and character. The theologian may be far separated from humanity, the mere arranger of abstract ideas. The ecclesiastic may be quite unhuman, too, the manager of intricate machineries. But the man who is truly moralist and mystic must be full of a genuine humanity. He is the prophet and the priest at once. He brings the eternal Word of God to man, and he utters the universal cry of man to God. Nothing that is human can be strange to

him, and so nothing that is human can count him really strange to it. David, Isaiah, John the Baptist, Paul — nay, let us speak the highest name, Jesus, the Christ Himself — these elements were in them all. Grace and truth, faith and conscience, met in them and made their power. These elements united in our Luther, and so it was, as the result of them, that he inspired humanity and moved the souls of men and nations as the tide moves the waves.

The following passage shows that Phillips Brooks understood the meaning of Luther's principle of Justification by Faith. He saw beneath the letter its correlated truths: —

The mystic took a still deeper tone. To him the whole picture of man bargaining with God was an abomination. God and the soul are infinitely near to each other. God is in the soul. The soul also is in God. In a great free confidence, in perfect trust, in the realization of how it belongs to Him, in unquestioning acceptance of His love, the soul takes God's mercy and God's goodness into itself in virtue of its very belonging to Him. Not by a bargain, as when you buy your goods across the counter, but by an openness and willingness which realizes the oneness of your life with God's, as when the bay opens its bosom to the inflow of the sea, so does your soul receive the grace of God. However he may have stated it in the old familiar forms of bargain, this was Luther's real doctrine of justification by faith. It was mystic, not dogmatic. It was of the soul and the experience, not of the reason. Faith was not an act, but a being, — not what you did, but what you were. The whole truth of the immanence of God and of the essential belonging of the human life to the divine: the whole truth that God is a power *in* man and not simply a power over man, building him as a man builds a house, guiding him as a man steers a ship, — this whole truth, in which lies the seed of all humanity, all progress, all great human hope, lay in the truth that justification was by faith and not by works. No wonder that Luther loved it. No wonder that he thought it critical. No wonder that he wrote to Melanchthon, hesitating at Augsburg, "Take care that you give not up justification by faith. That is the heel of the seed of the woman which is to crush the serpent's head."

He takes up the question whether Protestantism has been a failure. If it is to be thought of as a power aspiring to take the place of Rome, and to govern mankind after the

same fashion, or if we think of it as a system of fixed doctrines, claiming infallibility, and refusing all prospect of development, seeking to hold men together by loyalty to Confessions of Faith, or in submission to some central ecclesiastical authority, then it has failed as it ought to have failed.

But there is more to say than that. These centuries of Anglo-Saxon life made by the ideas of Luther answer the question. The Protestantism of Milton and of Goethe, of Howard and of Francke, of Newton and of Leibnitz, of Bunyan and of Butler, of Wordsworth and of Tennyson, of Wesley and of Channing, of Schleiermacher and of Maurice, of Washington and of Lincoln, is no failure. We may well dismiss the foolish question, and with new pride and resolve brighten afresh the great name of Protestant upon our foreheads.

Have we not seen to-day something of what Protestantism really is, — the Protestantism which cannot fail? Full of the sense of duty and the spirit of holiness there stands Luther, — moralist and mystic. Conscience and faith are not in conflict, but in lofty unison in him. Through him, because he was that, God's waiting light and power stream into the world, and the old lies wither and humanity springs upon its feet. Ah, there is no failure there! There cannot be. The time will come — perhaps the time has come — when a new Luther will be needed for the next great step that humanity must take, but that next step is possible mainly because of what the Monk of Wittenberg was and did four hundred years ago. There is no failure there. Only one strain in the music of the eternal success, — fading away but to give space for a new and higher strain.

The address on Luther must take rank with his best productions, such as his tribute to Lincoln. He could not have spoken with such wisdom, devotion, and insight if he had not freely absorbed what was great in Luther. But what is now most striking, as one reads this beautiful, glowing oration, is that men were even then speaking of Phillips Brooks in terms similar to those he was applying to Martin Luther: —

Some men are events. It is not what they say or what they do, but what they are, that moves the world. Luther declared great truths; he did great deeds; and yet there is a certain sense

in which his words and deeds are valuable only as they showed him, as they made manifest a son of God living a strong, brave, clear-sighted human life. It is thus that I have spoken of him so far, feeling his presence still through the deep atmosphere of these four hundred years. It is not certainly as the founder of any sect; more, but not most, it is as the preacher of certain truths; but most of all it is as uttering in his very being a reassertion of the divine idea of humanity, that he comes with this wonderfully fresh vitality into our modern days.

The address as written or as published is not quite what it was in the delivery. He dwelt at length on the drama of Luther's life, and portrayed vividly its striking scenes.

I heard his Luther speech in New York [writes Bishop Lawrence], and then he did what I never knew him to do at any other time. He had a great audience in the Academy of Music, and it was a great occasion. He felt it. He read from his manuscript, but when it came to the burning of the Pope's Bull he left his manuscript, stepped to the side of the desk, then to the front of the platform, and launched forth on a most eloquent and impassioned description of the scene. He then returned to the desk and continued to read from the manuscript. My impression was that on the impulse of the moment he depicted it in extemporized language, or expanded what the manuscript contained.

In the fall of 1883 appeared the third volume of his sermons, published simultaneously in England and America, with the title, "Sermons preached in English Churches." As he put the sermons in order for printing, he had in view the reception given him by the English people, dedicating the volume "To many friends in England in remembrance of their cordial welcome." The circumstance of the sermons having been preached in England is the bond of unity in the volume rather than their careful selection out of a large number with reference to some special purpose of his own. While in India he had written to his brother in Boston: —

There is something which I wish you would do some time, when it is not much bother. When I left I took some sermons with me in a great hurry. I did not make a very good selection, and do not like what I have brought; when I get to England I may preach some more. Would it be much trouble for you to go some afternoon into my study, and look in the back of my

writing-table and find six or eight sermons, among the later ones, which you think would do, and send them to me at Baring's, only marking them not to be forwarded, but kept for me there? You will know about the ones to send. There is one about Gamaliel, which I remember.

But the character of the sermons is of the same purport as in his other volumes. He never wrote a sermon vaguely, for the mere sake of writing one. Indeed, he could not write one unless he were moved by some motive. Very often a special controversial aim is buried beneath a form which seems adapted to general circumstances, and we can still feel the force of his moral indignation as we recall the moment in which the sermon had its birth. Such, for example, are at least two of those included in the "Sermons preached in English Churches." One of them is called the "Mind's Love for God," from the words of Christ where He enjoins the love of God not only with the heart but with the intellect. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all . . . thy mind." In this sermon we have vigorous protest against the tendency he had so often encountered, in the church and outside of it, to depreciate the intellect in matters of religion. Nothing more excited his intellectual contempt than the attitude of those who, as it seemed to him, after the fashion of a spurious intellectualism, held up the intellectual formulas of other ages as final and authoritative, yet refused to allow to the present age the right to examine those formulas, or even to attempt to restate them in the language of the modern world, as though the mere action of the modern intellect were, in the nature of the case, either ineffective or else destructive and dangerous. In this sermon he passes in review the different religious attitudes, — those who cling to the Bible with the affection of the heart, but refuse to it the love of the intellect, declining to consider any questions as to where it came from, or from what parts it is made up, how its parts belong together, and the nature of its authority. He alludes to those who repel all questions about the nature of God, crying out, "You must not try to understand, you must only listen, worship, and obey;" or those who,

when the incarnation of Christ is mentioned, and the question is raised among other questions, of the way the sonship of Christ is related to the sonship of all other men in God say in rebuke, "You must not ask; Christ is above all questions." Or again, when one would learn of the saint at Christ's sacrament, what that dear and lofty rite means to him, must he be told, "You must not rationalize. It is a mystery; the reason has no function here."

He goes on to remark that he is not disparaging "in the least degree the noble power of unreasoning love." But what he pleads for is the possibility of a deeper, fuller love, the love of the reason and the understanding as well; for the deeper the knowledge the greater the possibility of love. What most arouses his indignation is

> not the devout Christians who take this ground of refusing a place to the mind in religion, but a curious way of talking which seems to me to have grown strangely common of late among the men who disbelieve in Christianity. It is patronizing and quietly insulting; it takes for granted that the Christian's faith has no real reason at its heart, nor any trustworthy grounds for thinking itself true. At the same time, it grants that there is a certain weak side of human nature where the reason does not work, where everything depends on sentiment and feeling, where not what is true, but what is beautiful and comforting and reassuring is the soul's demand; and that side of the nature it gives over to religion. Because that side of the nature is the most prominent part, and indeed sometimes seems to be the whole of weaker kinds of men and women, it accepts the necessity of religion for these weak people, and does not desire its immediate extinction; only it must not pretend to be a reasonable thing. Theology must not call itself a science, and Faith must know it is a dream.

Against this one of the many forms of the exaggerated, provoking sentimentalism of the nineteenth century he protests in the name of religion and of historical Christianity: —

> Think of David and his cry, "Thy testimonies are wonderful. I have more understanding than my teachers, for thy testimonies are my study." Think of Paul, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." Think of Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Milton, Edwards, and a hundred

more, the men whose minds have found their loftiest inspiration in religion, how they would have received this quiet and contemptuous relegation of the most stupendous subject of human thought to the region of silly sentiment. They were men who loved the Lord their God with all their minds. The noble relation of their intellects to Him was the supreme satisfaction of their lives.

Another sermon in this volume which deserves mention is called "Gamaliel," from the text, "Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people" (Acts v. 34). To this sermon we have seen that Mr. Brooks attached importance, for it was the only one he specified when asking for sermons to be sent to him. It is a plea for absolute freedom in the search for truth, resting on faith in God as the final safeguard of the truth, — "If this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

> Every great teacher, every great scholar, ought to be aware of the mystery and of the mightiness of truth, and therefore he ought to be prepared to see truth linger and hesitate and seem to be retarded, and even seem to be turned back, and yet to keep a clear assurance that Truth must come right in the end and that the only way to help her is to keep her free, so that she shall be at liberty to help herself. . . . The scholar of truth must trust truth. . . . The student must claim for himself and for all men, liberty. . . . If you limit the search for truth and forbid men anywhere, in any way, to seek knowledge, you paralyze the vital force of truth itself. That is what makes bigotry so disastrous to the bigot.

The sermon on Gamaliel is personal, as when it describes the ideal of a great teacher such as Phillips Brooks would fain have been. He took Gamaliel to be the type of such a teacher, broad-minded, inculcating earnestly his own views of truth, knowing at the same time that truth is larger than his view, — one of those men who give others the chance to make history, while they relegate themselves to obscurity. "There are few things finer than to see the reverence and gratitude with which the best men of active life look back to the quiet teachers who furnished them with the materials of living." With such an ideal of teaching, he contrasts the

men who are set upon making all the world live in their own way, who have no real faith in God, and therefore no real faith in men. Human force and goodness seem to them to be not vital growths with real life in them, but skilfully arranged devices all artificially planned and pinned together, when, if you altered the place of any single pin, the whole must fall. Such men must blight the possibilities of any community they live in. . . . With God are the final issues and destinies of things. Work as man will, he cannot make a plan succeed which God disowns; work as man will, he cannot make a plan fail which God approves. . . . These words of Gamaliel are the words of all really progressive spirits. They were the words of Martin Luther, who opened Europe and made the best of modern history a possibility. . . .

Luther worked; Gamaliel worked. To hold your truth, to believe it with all your heart, to work with all your might, first to make it real to yourself and then to show its preciousness to other men, and then — not till then, but then — to leave the questions of when and how and by whom it shall prevail to God; that is the true life of the believer. There is no feeble unconcern and indiscriminateness there, and neither is there any excited hatred of the creed, the doctrine, or the Church, which you feel wholly wrong. You have not fled out of the furnace of bigotry to freeze on the open and desolate plains of indifference. You believe and yet you have no wish to persecute.

All this came straight from the heart and head of the preacher. He had spoken the word "persecute," which seemed almost out of place in "this enlightened tolerant age." But there were ominous signs in the body ecclesiastical. The preacher was forecasting the future. It is somewhat remarkable that the nineteenth century, with its boasted freedom, has seen more attempts at religious ostracism, and caused more suffering for the sake of religious beliefs, than has been known for two hundred years. We must go back to the seventeenth century for an analogous moment in human history since the great Reformation. In the middle of the nineteenth century Mr. Mill foresaw the danger and made his plea for Liberty. Phillips Brooks, in this sermon, is occupied with the thought which he will later elaborate in his book on Tolerance. Now he closed his sermon with a great appeal, invoking the time when every

"form of terrorism shall have passed away, when we shall frankly own that there is nothing for which God in any world will punish any of his children except sin."

This sermon on Gamaliel was in every sense a sermon for the times. He preached it in the Temple Church in London, rich with historical associations, its audience mostly made up of men, lawyers in large numbers among them, and the most cultivated people of England. He was standing in Hooker's place, and his utterance was worthy of Hooker, and such as he would have welcomed. The sermon left a profound impression, and is still recalled as great. One who listened to him wrote him such a letter as he was wont to receive, but he was touched and pleased. The letter conveyed also a request that a sermon which had produced such an extraordinary impression should be printed.

If I had obeyed my impulse last Sunday I should have written you after the service to tell you how deeply your words sank into my heart, and, may I say it, with what pride I saw you in the old Temple, and knew that more noble words of truth had never resounded through its historic walls.

The appearance of this new volume of sermons was followed, as previous volumes had been, by letters expressive of admiration and gratitude. But no letters more beautiful or genuine ever came to him than those from his English friends.

Your visit to us this summer [writes a high dignitary of the Church of England] has left a mark, spiritual and intellectual, which, by God's help, will not soon be effaced from the Church which welcomed you and delighted to listen to you. And we, who have to preach and teach, feel that a prophet has been among us, and a new stimulus given to us, for which we are heartily grateful and solemnly responsible. My gratitude [another writer says] has grown and deepened, and now cannot find the proper and suitable words in which to express itself. I can assure you [writes a member of the legal profession who heard him in the Temple Church] I will never forget the lessons of charity you urged upon us. The older I get, and the more of the world I see, the more I am convinced that if Christianity is to lay hold on the higher order of intellects, it must be by such noble, broad, elevating preaching as yours.

The notices of the book in the papers showed that the English people still had their prejudices against transatlantic eloquence to overcome. But Mr. Brooks was declared to be an exception. "The quality which will first strike the reader of these sermons," says one of these book reviews, "is their thoroughly English and Anglican tone." It was remarked by other critics that the sermons in reading did not suffer from the absence of the impressive manner of the preacher.

> On every page we come across sentences which lend themselves readily to detached quotation, and they are of a quality which will stand examination and provoke thought; indeed, passages of this kind are so frequent that it is next to impossible to select quotations in illustration.

Among the sermons noted as most remarkable "for freshness and originality," or "as masterpieces of profound thought conjoined with eloquence of expression," are the one preached at Westminster Abbey, headed "Man's Wonder and God's Knowledge," and another at St. Paul's Cathedral, on the "Christian City." Almost every one of the sermons receives some special mention as finer than any other. One of these notices is here given: —

> We are disposed to assign to Mr. Brooks the rank of the first preacher of the day. Or, if that be too strong a statement, we shall mend it by saying that his printed sermons are the best we have read. They are, without exception, great sermons. Of the fourteen sermons in this volume, it may be said that they are great in all respects. Great in the gravity of their solemn eloquence, great in the felicity with which word is fitted to thought, and perfect simple expression is given to deep and profound thought, great also in the insight into character, motive, and action, and specially great in the act which poses thought, speech, emotion, into one organic whole. Each sermon stands out clear and vivid before us, perfect in the one simple impression it makes on our mind. It is only as we proceed to analysis that we discover how much complexity and variety have gone to make the unity which is perfect as the unity of a true or of a living organism. There is boundless variety, manifoldness of many sorts, but all held together by a principle of life from within, and not of outward constraint, as staves are held together by means of

hoops in order to make a barrel. Let our readers get these sermons.

Some of the letters of Phillips Brooks are here given, which cover these three months after his return.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, September 24, 1883.

Dear old Cooper, — I 've got home! A thousand thanks for your greeting! I 'm coming to your house! Tuesday afternoon! October 2d! We had a quiet, happy, sunny voyage in the steadiest and most comfortable ship I ever sailed in, which, however, does not trouble herself much about speed. But she landed us safe on Saturday afternoon, and the Custom House people chalked my old shirts and trousers, and I was safe in my big bed by eleven o'clock.

Yesterday I preached the gospel again, and the people, I am afraid, wondered whether I had not forgotten how. Lemuel Coffin and his wife graced the occasion with their presence. . . .

Thank you for telling me about the Ledyards. They were most pleasant and interesting, and added a very great deal to the interest of my voyage.

Well, well, next week I shall see you. Look for me on Tuesday afternoon, and you don't know how glad I shall be to set eyes on your dear old face again.

Yours ever and ever, P. B.

In the following letter Mr. Cooper acknowledges a present from his friend: —

2026 Spruce Street, Philadelphia,
St. Guy Fawkes Day, 1883.

Dear good Phillips, — Thanks, heaps upon heaps of thanks, for remembering such an old fogy upon his birthday! Surely you have given such evidences of your love and affection that this beautiful etching was unnecessary; but as you have sent it I have given it the most conspicuous place in my study, and whenever I shall look at it, I shall be reminded of your generous heart, and of the many years we have known each other, the happiness we have experienced, and never a ripple of discord between us. May God bless you, dear old fellow, and make your remaining years the best and happiest of your whole life.

As for me, why, when the seventieth milestone is passed, there can't be many more on the road. Well, it does n't matter much. I *know* in whom I have believed, and I am sure He will keep that which I have committed to Him against that day. . . .

Yours very affectionately, Cooper.

In this letter to Rev. W. W. Newton of Pittsfield is a reference to the Inter-ecclesiastical Church Congress, which Mr. Newton had been interested in organizing: —

DEAR WILLIE, — I cannot bear to be thought guilty of "the blank silence of unconcern," and so I must write and tell you that I have your Berkshire Circular, and I wish nothing but good to the Inter-ecclesiastical Church Congress. But I am of no use in such organized movements, nor have I any great faith in them. I think that the more freely the spirit of union works the better, and any attempts to put it into organic shape, or even to give it definition and expression, only do harm.

I may be wrong. I probably am. I am not writing in any foolish idea of dissuading you, nor of throwing even a dipperful of cold water on the scheme; only to say why I myself cannot take part in it; and you will understand me, and if you don't we 'll talk it out the next time you get down your feet before my fire. Meanwhile I wish all good to everything you do, and I am sure of the fine purpose with which you do it.

Your old friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, November 19, 1883.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I am truly sorry that there is a hitch about Peters's acceptance of the professorship. I should be glad enough to do anything I can to make it possible. As to the money trouble I will gladly subscribe $100 a year with others to make up $500 additional salary. He certainly ought not to have to depend upon the precarious chances of supply, although I have no doubt that he could have considerable income from that source. Is anything of the nature of a guarantee fund possible? I see no harm in sending the article to Bishop Stevens. They might as well know beforehand what the general drift ("trend" as —— would say) of his instruction is to be. But surely Bishop Stevens has not the choice or rejection in his own hands. My only objection to sending the Article would be that it might seem to recognize a right on his part to a larger share in the selection than belongs to each of the other overseers. You will know best about this. I do sincerely hope that such a man may not slip through our fingers. They had better have lived in huts forever and had money enough to pay first-class professors.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, November 27, 1883.

DEAR ARTHUR, — Thank you for your note. You must let me contribute this check to the Washburn Book fund, in which I

am very much interested, but of which I never happen to think just at the right moment to send money. I rather like to give the Luther money in memory of Washburn, and for the sending of liberal books to Episcopal parsons. There seems to be a sort of fitness in it all round. If you will send me some of the Circulars, I'll try to put them where they 'll do the most good. I have heard from the Evangelical Alliance wanting the Luther Manuscript, which I shall send, but I suppose it will do to let what I had written about Luther's life stand instead of the epitome of it, which I tried to extemporize on that tumultuous evening.

I am glad you liked [Rev. Endicott] Peabody and his plan of a school at Groton. I have hopes that he will make a school quite as good as St. Paul's, without its drawbacks.

To the Rev. G. A. Strong: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 6, 1883.

Dear George, — What a wretch I have been to get home here and go to work and think a thousand times of you, wandering about in those delightful places and never once send a word to tell you how glad I am that you are having such a splendid time. Almost three months now since I had to make up my mind that we were not to meet in England, and turned my face homeward. I should not like to have the people here know how restless I am, and how hard it is to get to work again. But indeed it is only a few weeks since I have really been able to count myself thoroughly settled in the old life. Just after I got home there came the General Convention, which was weary beyond all description so far as its public business was concerned, though there were many pleasant social things connected with it. I saw much of Richards, which, of course, I enjoyed immensely. You would have liked to be at the breakfast of the Alexandria seminary men, where Potter and Charles Richards and Paddock and I represented pretty much all there was of our time. Dr. Packard was there. Then we all went up to Henry Potter's consecration, which was very long and gorgeous, and by and by the Prayer Book got revised and the dreary convention adjourned, and we all came home. Sometimes I shut my eyes, and it seems ridiculously impossible that there is really a sermon to write for next Sunday, or that Wednesday evening lectures have begun again. London and Berlin and Delhi seem so much more real than Boston. Oh, I envy your being abroad, and I pity your coming home!

Mention has been made of the project to translate the "Lectures on Preaching" into French. In the correspondence between Mr. Brooks and M. Nyegaard, we find the translator occasionally puzzled with an English idiom. Here is one which Mr. Brooks explains: —

To "*shoot without a rest*" means, in our American vernacular, to fire a gun without leaning it on any support, with only the steadiness of the hand to hold it. In this sense it was used by the backwoodsman to describe the Bishop's preaching without a manuscript. "To *shoot*" is to *fire a gun*. "A *rest*" is a *support*, or something for the gun to *rest* upon. I remember wondering, when you first told me of your intention to translate the Book, whether this particular anecdote might not give you trouble. If you desire to consult me on this or any other point, I shall be very glad to hear from you.

I am much interested in the account of your "Café de tempérance." I shall be glad to hear of its success and usefulness. That you are wholly right in opening it on Sundays, and in allowing the use of cards, I do not doubt in the least.

On receiving a copy of the translation, Mr. Brooks wrote this letter: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 7, 1883.

My dear M. Nyegaard, — I have just received the two copies of the "Conférences sur la Prédication" which you have kindly sent me, for which I thank you very heartily. I am sure I need not tell you that I value very highly the care and thought and labor which you have so generously bestowed upon my book. I wish the book to which you have given so much time were worthier of the pains which you have lavished on it. I fear there may be people who will say, "Materiam superabat opus." But, none the less, I thank you, and if any help or encouragement should come to any preacher in your country through this book, I shall feel that it is to you more than to me that the credit will belong.

It is very strange to read one's own words in a foreign tongue. It is almost as if one's image in a mirror took a voice and spoke to one. The words are familiar and yet strange, and thoughts seem sometimes to put on new shades of meaning along with their new forms of expression. I have found myself reading my own book quite through with the attraction of the new interest which it gained from the new form. I have no right to speak about the merit of your work. I am too poor a French scholar to make

my opinion of any value. I can only say that I have found it very smooth and easy reading. I do not doubt that critics who are competent to judge will find abundant reason to approve and praise the way in which the work of the translator has been done. I ought, perhaps, to mention two slight inaccuracies in your Preface. Although I believe I was the first, I have not been the *only* American preacher who has occupied the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. Several have preached there since my first sermon. And I did preach at Windsor Castle a few years ago, on the only occasion on which I have been invited.

When will you come to America and be my guest, and let me thank you personally for what you have done? I beg you to believe you will be always welcome. With the assurance of my kind regard, believe me always,

Yours most sincerely,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Should you see any notices, favorable or unfavorable, of my book, pray send them to me.

In a letter to Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar, he speaks of the forty-eighth birthday: —

December 17, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM, — It was delightfully kind of you and your sister to remember that I was forty-eight last Thursday, and to send me this delicious little token of your good wishes, which I received to-day. Your kindness and the beauty of your little lamp almost reconciled me to the sadness of the event. The day passed calmly. There was no salute upon the Common nor any special form of prayer put forth by the Bishop; but Jim and Sallie came up from Salem and dined with me at my brother's, and we made believe it was good fun to be forty-eight years old. Wait till you try it, my good fellow, and see how you like it, to have your golden bowl and pitcher in this dilapidated condition.

But how lovely this lamp is. I long to have the 20th of January come, that you may see how it has taken its place at once as the central glory of my house. I shall smoke myself to death for the mere pleasure of lighting my cigars. But lovelier than all its loveliness it is that you should have thought how old I was, and should have cared that I should enter on a new stage of my pilgrimage with your blessing.

The 20th! Already we are getting the city ready for you, and you don't know how eagerly we shall welcome you. You know that I expect you both to preach for me on the following

Sunday, and shall not take No! You must ask Cooper whether he would rather take the afternoon or morning, and you will take the other certainly. A Merry Christmas to you all!

P. B.

To Rev. Mr. Lefroy of Delhi: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 19, 1883.

Dear Mr. Lefroy, — Your kind note has lain too long unanswered. If you knew how glad I was to get it, and how many times I have meant to tell you so, you would forgive me. I am at work again, however, and quite well, and every day I see your picture, which is on my study table, and think of your work, and it makes me stronger for my own. Boston is not as bad as Delhi, but, indeed, it is heathen enough; and though I am immensely fond of it, I never realized till I got home this time how much there was to be done in it to make it a true Christian town. But the work is delightful in Delhi or in Boston, and we do not work alone.

You cannot tell how constantly I go over all the days of last winter, and especially the happy days in your mission. Only last week my box arrived from Calcutta, and I saw again the queer things which I bought in those hot January days on your veranda. It was great fun to look them over and think how different the snowstorm in our streets was from the sunlight on your field, where you tried to drown out the ants. Tell me, are the Maconachies in Delhi still, and have they forgiven the wandering Yankees who came and turned them out into the yard? Do give them my best love. How I should like to get all the old company together to-night in my small Rectory. I will send you a picture of it, so that you may all know where to come when you come to Boston. I will send you my church, too; of myself I have no picture. If you really want one I will send one, if I ever submit to the photographer again.

You are just now welcoming your friends who will reinforce your strength. I congratulate you on the new life which will fill your house. If you want another, send for me and I will come! Meanwhile I ventured the other day to give a note to you to an old friend and college classmate of mine, Professor Agassiz, one of our first naturalists.

I shall always rejoice to hear from you. Remember me most kindly to Mr. Allnut and Mr. Carlyon. May all best blessings be with you and your work.

Your friend,

Phillips Brooks.

December 23, 1883.

Dear John and Hattie, — Just as I came home from Sunday evening service here arrives a Sabbath-breaking express boy with my lovely owl. I must sit down at once and thank you for him, and tell you how delightfully he looks in his new home, and how he seems not to miss Wiesbaden the least bit in the world. As to his not being anything but a reproduction, I don't believe a word of it. He is an original, I know! If he could speak, he would tell how Caius Julius Cæsar drank Rhine wine out of him in the Bello Gallico; and he surely has a wisdom in his stocky form and out to the tips of his two head-wings which nothing but eighteen hundred years of meditation under ground could give.

Here follow a few extracts from the note-book kept on board ship, as he was returning to America: —

One feels there is great danger in the present attitude of multitudes of English people towards Christianity, accepting it without facing its problems, as the religion of their people, dwelling on its beautiful or comfortable features, and almost ready to resent as simply disturbing and unnecessary any effort to make its statements more reasonable. Not so common among us. It is closely mixed up with the loyalty and practicalness and institutionalism of the Englishman. The other temper also there.

You ride along in a railroad train racing with another which runs parallel to yours, — the other train is going faster; if you look at it you seem not merely to be going slower, but to be going the other way, backwards. But turn and look at the fixed landscape, and you see that you are making no mean speed. So of the rates of progress in thought.

As on shipboard particular care is taken against fire, not because it is most likely, but because its consequences would be most terrible, so of unbelief in religious things.

Let us never disparage the value of certain and sure belief about truth. Whatever compensations may come in its absence and delay, it is nevertheless, and we can never forget that it is, the ultimate purpose and ambition of the human soul, until it reaches which, it never can be satisfied.

Sermon on the great revelation of the Immanence of God in these days.

The fallacy of thinking there ever was a time of fixed, unchanging religious ideas. All ages, ages of change; ours not peculiar; fears in all.

As Columbus sailed to find the Old World and found the New, so possibly a reaction (like the Puseyite) may help the progress of truth.

Putting wood on fire and having it become dry and hot all through, then burst into a flame, so of missions or conversions.

The ocean, ever defeated by man, and never conquered.

The perpetual presence behind our life, with its temporary impulses, of God and His life.

How old things may pass away without all things becoming new.

As useless and provoking as it is to have one of those matches which won't light without the box, and you have n't got the box.

No sooner *done than said.*

French talk of a man having the danger of his qualities.

Like the long zigzags up the hills, always coming back into sight of the same points, but viewing them from higher points, — so of theological progress.

All the attractions of the world are of two kinds, — those made by true cohesion, and those made by outside motives, whether of pressure or of vacancy.

"Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and Adder; the young Lion and Dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet;" "The sun shall not be Thy light by day," etc., — the universal Eastern prayers.

Text: He was wandering in the field, and the man asked him saying, "What seekest thou?" And he said, "I seek my brethren; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks." The lonely soul wandering in doubt and personal experience, and craving the familiar ways of other souls which may be the very thing that will be his death.

The time for confirmation, I think, is not childhood, when others think for us; not middle age, when life grows weary, but just at the time when obedience to authority changes into personal responsibility, — in the period of youth when life is fresh

and untried, but the way has to be trodden and the traveller just setting out needs a guide and a helper.

Sermon on the old man's poetry, — the way in which the romance and picturesqueness of life ought to increase for him as he grows older. The way in which it often is not so. Pity if the joy of life were mere animal spirits. The hope of the Eternal.

Sermon on "Like as a dream when one awaketh, so shalt thou make their image to vanish out of the city."

Describe (1) the hopeless clutching after the dream when you wake up. It was so real an instant ago, and now you cannot even tell what it was about. The moment's struggle to remember, then the rising and going about one's work. The image vanishing out of the city is first, in the simple Jewish sense, *dying*. The moment's remembrance of such a man; sometimes the thought of him flashes vaguely across people's work, but they go their way without him. Apply (2) to the remembrance of people, and the many expedients of people to maintain it. Apply (3) to the preservation of influence. The unvanished image of forgotten men. It is in our city now. The three kinds of immortality, Personal, Memorial, Influential.

When I see how the real difficulty of multitudes of bewildered men is not this or that unsolved problem, but the whole incapacity of comprehending God; when I see this, I understand how the best boon that God can give to any group of men must often be to take one of them and, bearing witness of Himself to him, set him to bearing that witness of the Lord to his brethren, which only a man surrounded and filled with God can bear.

The following passage is significant for the development of Phillips Brooks and might be taken as a motto for his later years: —

"The Beauty of Holiness." It seems as if the Good Taste of Goodness, the ugliness of sin, while it cannot be used as the first creative motive for a new life, must certainly come in by and by to certify and assure the work which conscience and obedience to the Law of God have done. Brought in at first it must create a feeble moral æstheticism and be fruitful in false and conventional standards. But it may apparently be recognized and enforced sooner with reference to the conditions of the world and society at large than with reference to the individual.

CHAPTER XVI

1869–1892

THEOLOGY. TENDENCIES OF THE AGE. FREEDOM OF INQUIRY. AUTHORITY AND CONSCIENCE. ORTHODOXY. FREEDOM THROUGH DOGMA. PROGRESS. TOLERANCE. THE NEW THEOLOGY. DANGERS OF FREEDOM. THE BIBLE. THE PRAYER BOOK. CREEDS. ANGLICANISM. THE INCARNATION. THE TRINITY. THE NEW THEISM. PANTHEISM. MIRACLES. SIN. ENDLESS PUNISHMENT. THE ATONEMENT. EMPHASIS ON THE WILL. SUPERNATURAL EXISTENCES. MYSTICISM. MORALITY

I

THE decade of the eighties was marked by efforts at theological reconstruction. Of course, no exact limits can be put for movements in the world of religious thought. Such movements have a fashion of beginning before they began and of going on after they are over. But if we may here repeat, for the sake of emphasis, what has already been said, it is true, speaking in a general way, that the age of religious doubt and of disaffection within the churches toward dogmas and creeds dates from about the middle of the nineteenth century. Those who were then young men and afterwards rose to prominence had, for the most part, felt this mood. To escape into a larger freedom from the limitations of an inadequate theology was their aim. The question of subscription to religious formulas was then a subject of anxious interest, which each man must determine for himself. Of this experience the story is told in the biographies of Maurice and Robertson, Erskine, Ewing, Stanley, Kingsley, Tait, Jowett, and many others. Maurice was then the strongest force in the English-speaking world, but Robertson

was the man who brought the greatest relief. Both Maurice and Robertson were reinforced by Tennyson, of whose "In Memoriam" it has been often said that it was the most influential theological work of the age.

But Tennyson carried the appeal to the feelings. There was a work still to be done by the intellect, and by criticism, in collating the results of science and of Biblical research, in comparing and estimating the products of thought which had been working over the old dogmas, especially in the department of historical theology. A new impetus had been given to historical research, in the application of the principle of development. In the book "Essays and Reviews," which appeared in England in 1860, the effort was made to bring these issues together and acquaint the English mind with results which had been accomplished. The principle of development, the antiquity of man and the popular chronology, science and the miracle, the verbal inspiration of Scripture, the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the true nature of prophecy, in a word, the results of German investigation; the doctrines also of atonement and of endless punishment, — these all came up for discussion in "Essays and Reviews." Its authors had determined, each for himself, to speak freely, with the result that consternation followed in those circles where free inquiry had not penetrated. Two of the writers were brought to trial before the English courts, — Mr. Williams for denying the doctrine of verbal inspiration, and Mr. Wilson for denying the doctrine of endless punishment, — and both were acquitted. It was then affirmed (1864) by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council that the Church of England, while maintaining the inspiration of Scripture, gave no theory of inspiration, and that to indulge the hope of the final restoration of all the wicked did not contravene her formularies. The manifest object of the decision was to secure for the Church of England the largest freedom to theological inquiry, and as such it must be regarded as most significant. The formula of subscription to the Articles was also modified, relaxed, as it seemed to many, and a general statement of acquiescence in the doctrines of the Church took the place of

the more stringent form calling for agreement with each and every article.

Hardly had the freedom been gained for which many had striven and longed, when it seemed to lose its value and become of no avail in the severer crisis that followed, — in the seventies, when Darwin's name became supreme in the scientific world, when Tyndall, as in 1874, gave his famous Belfast address, where he deified matter as the promise and potency of life, and when, for a moment, it seemed as if science had the church at its mercy. The physical or mechanical theory of the universe, as then presented by Spencer, the discrediting of miracles, the disbelief in the efficacy of prayer, the doubt or the denial of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, — these were the subjects then agitating the mind of the church, casting theological formulas, for the time, into the background. But with the eighties there came another change. Philosophers and theologians, despite the difficulties they encountered in the conflict with science, and despite their many weak and apparently futile efforts, whether at resistance or at reconciliation, had not struggled in vain. The spiritual interpretation of the universe began slowly to show its superiority over the material. The remarkable controversy in 1884, between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison, revealed at least that the situation had changed. The tide of religious doubt, which had threatened to remove the foundations of religious belief, was at last retreating. The worst of the danger was over.

Years so recent as the eighties cannot yet be regarded as affording material for history, but they may be chronicled. Recent as they are, they have been quickly forgotten by many under the agitations which have marked the close of the nineteenth century. The foremost characteristic of these years was the widespread realization, within the churches, of freedom to revert again to creeds and dogmas, and attempt the reconstruction of theology. In the many books that appeared, the questions, whose discussion had only been postponed, came up for a rehearing, — inspiration and revela-

tion, the right use of the Bible, the doctrines of atonement and incarnation, the dogma of endless punishment. A few of these books may be mentioned: Mulford's "Republic of God," Munger's "Freedom of Faith," Newman Smith's "Old Faiths in a New Light," Newton's "Use of the Bible," and "Progressive Orthodoxy," by Professor Smyth and others. Mr. John Fiske contributed a valuable essay, which, coming from a distinguished exponent of Spencer's philosophy, was significant, — the "Idea of God," where the effort was made to reconcile with science the doctrine of the Divine Immanence. In England, from the younger school of the followers of Dr. Pusey, there came "Lux Mundi," with restatements of the doctrines of the incarnation, the atonement, and inspiration. It was characteristic of these many efforts to recommend the church and Christianity to the modern mind, that they accepted the principle of development in theology. But, on the other hand, those now began to speak, who advocated the retention of the old dogmas unchanged in their statement, uninfluenced by any touch of the modern life.

What position did Phillips Brooks take in this era of creative theological activity, of confusion also, and of controversy? As we study his work, it will be apparent that what he stood for was most characteristic of the man, most important also, when these years shall come up for more deliberate valuation. In his book "The Influence of Jesus," he had already made a contribution to theology of the highest importance; indeed no more important or influential utterance in theology either preceded or followed it. He did not now write any treatise which can be construed as a direct consideration of the question, — in what way religious reconstruction must proceed, what were to be its methods or its limits, or what its results. But he read the books of importance as they appeared; always an interested spectator of what went on around him. In his own way he took frequent occasion to speak his mind. When he spoke, it was with force and directness, with the tone of mastery and authority. He felt a sense of responsibility to the church and to the world.

In considering subjects which come before us, we may allow a multitude of complicated circumstances to distract our mind, but as soon as anything seems to be of great importance it lays hold of the sense of responsibility within us and becomes absolutely simple.

These words of Phillips Brooks, in one of his occasional addresses, give us the man and his method. In everything he said during these eventful years there is the air of solemnity, the sense of responsibility, as of one who carried the burden of his contemporaries, and was accountable for every utterance to the supreme tribunal of humanity. One thing he fastened upon as absolutely simple and of the highest significance amid all complications, — the grandeur of the moment which had brought liberty and freedom of inquiry to the modern world.

With regard to all advances in theology, whether by the race at large or by the single thinker, there are one or two observations which may be made, and which, it seems to me, ought constantly to be kept in mind in times like these, when the world of theological thought is so full of free activity. For the first time in many centuries the hand of external restraint is absolutely taken off from theological thinking. Neither painful penalties nor social disesteem — hardly, except in the extremest cases, even ecclesiastical reproof — will attach themselves to free speculation in theology. To many people this state of things seems full of danger. To many others it seems full of hope. But those who hope the most from it must be supremely anxious that those who feel the spirit of the age should feel it worthily, and move from conviction to conviction, not lightly and frivolously, but seriously and calmly, always valuing each special movement only as a stage in the long, never-forgotten search of the soul after the perfect truth and God.[1] 1883.

We have seen during all these years a deepening of the religious thought of our people. We have seen God lead us into those broad fields of speculation where we once thought it was unwise or unsafe to go. We have seen the books of criticism opened and examined freely. We have seen those things which seemed essential to Christianity again and again shown to be

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 227.

incidental to Christianity. We have seen how absolutely simple Christianity is.[1] 1885.

If I were to group together all the things that I have tried to picture to you, — and remember that religion is nothing in the world but the highest conception of life, — the word that is to express this all, the word that is to carry forward men as they come to believe in it, what shall it be? In every department of life, whether I look at politics, at government, at social life, and the relation of ethics thereto, whether I look at religion, there is only one word that expresses the cord that binds the human race: that word is sympathy. Present and past religion seems to have been developing conditions under which sympathy might work. The characteristic word of the past hundred years has been Liberty. Liberty is a negative term, — the removal of obstacles, the setting free of conditions under which the essential and absolute and positive power of sympathy, of the relation of man to man under the recognition of their brotherhood, should find its place and expression.[2] 1889.

There are three things which constitute the characteristics of the religion of our time: its greater humanness extends what it believes to every man; its larger conception of sanctity finds its operation in fields that used to be counted secular; and its conception of work, of labor to be carried on and of effect produced, finds expression in its practical activities.[3] 1889.

In the largest survey we can take of Mr. Brooks's theological position, he appears as solicitous that the freedom of inquiry, which has been gained, shall not be imperilled by the dangers that wait on liberty. Against the dogmatist, on the one hand, who denied individual freedom and asserted the claims of an external authority, and against the individualist, on the other, who rejected the past as having no claim on the reverence of the present age, he waged equal war. It is hard to say which position was most obnoxious to him. He would fain mediate between them. His first impulse was controversial, but the sober second thought prevailed, to keep him out of controversy. It has been already remarked, and more than once, for the point is an

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 148.
[2] Cf. *Ibid.* p. 176. [3] Cf. *Ibid.* p. 174.

important one, that in his preaching his constitutional reserve disappeared, and he gave his whole heart to the people. But, in doing so, he still obeyed the laws of the preacher's art, and kept out of sight the reminders of controversial theology. While they were in his consciousness and affected him in the preparation of every utterance, yet in the completed product his treatment is so impersonal that one might imagine he had never heard of their existence.

There were occasions, however, when he yielded to the first impulse, and let himself go with the full force of his nature, against what he believed to be false in theology. Then he was like the cyclone in his destructive power. He gave vent to his gift of saying things in perfect form, — epigrammatic sentences which linger in the memory as axioms. These occasions were rare, — meetings of the Church Congress, essays at the Clericus Club, and one memorable occasion, to be mentioned in a later chapter. Thus, in 1884, in a paper on Authority and Conscience, read before the Church Congress, which met at Detroit, he denounced the principle that external authority was the ground of religious faith, or that it afforded any basis for certitude, or carried any moral or spiritual value. Such a principle would kill faith and the Christian church altogether, for the mere *assent* which it demanded had in it nothing of the nature of faith. He passed in review the career of Newman, the grounds of High Anglicanism, the Vincentian canon, the claims of what some had called the "œcumenical mind." The theory that the councils of the fourth and fifth centuries were infallible, and had given final limits to the human mind in theological inquiry, he dismissed with the remark that any dangers which the Church might have to encounter by making conscience and free inquiry her guides, even with the possibility of error, — these "dangers are alive and hopeful in comparison with the dead and hopeless dangers of a church which, under the strong power of authority, commits itself to a half-developed, a half-recorded, and a half-understood past."[1]

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 118.

But, in the midst of this invective, he could not be one-sided or allow the comprehensiveness of his intellectual and spiritual outlook to disappear. He advocated individualism and private judgment as the final court of appeal, but in so doing sought to reconcile them with authority. There was this truth "in the current laudations of authority and deprecations of individualism:" —

> The individual does not stand alone. Backed by the past, surrounded by the present, with the world beside him, nay, with the world, in the great old Bible phrase, "set in his heart," it is his right, his duty, his necessity, to feed himself out of all, while yet to his own personal conscience must come the final test. The true individualism is not the individualism of Robinson Crusoe, but the individualism of St. Paul. . . . To use authority *for evidence;* to feel the power of reverend beauty which belongs to ancient goodness; to distrust ourselves long when we differ from the wisest and the best; to know that the whole truth can and must come, not to the one man, but to the whole of humanity; and to listen to that whole as it groans and travails with its yet unmastered truth — to do all this, and yet to let ourselves call no conviction ours till our own mind and conscience has accepted it as true — that which is really the great human truth after which the theories of Church authority are searching, — that is the genuine relation, I take it, of the conscience to authority. And that has nothing in it of the spirit of slavishness or death.

There is another essay entitled "Orthodoxy," resembling in its tone the essay on Authority and Conscience, but even more severe in its arraignment of the principle of authority, when applied in an exclusive way, without the corrective of individual responsibility or of the freedom of private judgment. The essay on Orthodoxy was read before the Clericus Club in 1890. It differs from the earlier essay, in that it was not written with a view to publication. There is humor here, and satire. He notes that the word "Kakodoxy," which the old Fathers coined as the opposite of "Orthodoxy," a "delightful word" he calls it, has not maintained its place, but has yielded to "heresy," which indicates the more personal element. His comments on the "spirit of orthodoxy" are these: (1) It makes much use and wrong

use of the principle of authority; (2) it is haunted and hindered by the sense of the need of immediate *utility* of truths; (3) it associates itself with the idea of unity, and regards the spirit of freedom, the personal search for truth as disturbing the unity of the church; (4) it is inspired by the notion of *safety;* (5) it satisfies the disposition which is very strong in many natures, the desire for fixity. On all these points he comments at some length. He satirizes the desire for *safety* as "singing the timid psalm of the man who is thankful for the refuge of orthodoxy, — 'Thou hast set my feet in a small room.'"

In regard to the disturbance of the church, which was the complaint made of those who were engaged in the personal search for truth, he felt strongly and expressed himself with vigor. He had denounced publicly and privately the silencing of a clergyman, who had been giving a course of lectures on the Bible, because it created disturbance. He criticised much of the speculation of religious writers at the time as beset by this consideration, — fear of disturbing the peace of the church: —

> Here is the essential limitation, both of the interest and the importance of two much-read and much-talked-of books of our own day. The authors of "Lux Mundi" and the writers of "Progressive Orthodoxy" alike are asking not simply what is absolutely true, but what can be reconciled to certain preëstablished standards of unity, outside of which they must not go. This makes the unsatisfactoriness of both the books. They have no primary or intrinsic value. They are uninteresting except as considered in relation to the positions of their authors. They are rather psychological studies than investigations of truth. All such secondary questions besetting an argument or exposition destroy its reality, and make even the unity which it tries to preserve an artificial thing, a mere *modus vivendi* of parties, conscious of but trying to conceal discordance rather than a true harmony of frankly differing but sympathetic minds.

In his criticism of orthodoxy, Phillips Brooks was not combating formulas or articles of faith which go under that designation. There is no evidence that he rejected any of the decisions of councils to which his Church had lent her

sanction. He is not known by the denial of any article of the creeds, or as giving his approval to any attitude in historical theology which the church of the past had condemned as false. In this sense of the word he was orthodox. What he was resisting was a tendency in the use of the word "orthodoxy" to condemn free inquiry, or the duty of private judgment. But even while opposing what he felt was at war with the interests of truth, he yet strove to be fair, to recognize the good there was or might be in an attitude with which he had no sympathy. It is important to let him speak here for himself: —

> Orthodoxy is, in the Church, very much what prejudice is in the single mind. It is the premature conceit of certainty. It is the treatment of the imperfect as if it were the perfect. And yet prejudice is not to be ruthlessly denounced. It is not only to be accepted as inevitable; it, or that for which it stands, is to be acknowledged as indispensable. If prejudice can only be kept open for revision and enlargement, if it can be always aware of its partialness and imperfection, then it becomes simply a point of departure for newer worlds of thought and action, or, we may say, a *working hypothesis*, which is one stage of the progress toward truth.
>
> It is possible to think of orthodoxy in that way, and then it clearly manifests its uses. It does beyond all doubt put into forms of immediate effectiveness great truths which in their large conception seem to stand so far away, and so to wait for their full revelation, that they are hard to apply to present life. It does no doubt seem to make capable of transportation and transmission truths which in their deeper spirituality it is not easy to think of except as the sacred and secret possession of the individual soul. It has no doubt served to carry the Church over, as it were, some of those periods of depressed and weakened vitality which come between the exalted and spontaneous conditions which are its true life. The same service, perhaps, it renders also to the personal experience, bridging the sad chasms between the rock of belief on this side and the rock of belief on that side with the wooden structure of conformity.
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> These, briefly stated, are the uses of orthodoxy. Against these meagre uses are to be set the vastly predominant evil which the whole principle of orthodoxy brings to personal freedom and reality on one side, and to the purity and extension of truth upon the other. The indictment which can be sustained against it is

tremendous. Orthodoxy begins by setting a false standard of life. It makes men aspire after soundness in the faith rather than after richness in the truth. It exalts possessions over character, makes more of truths than of truthfulness, talks about truths as if they were things which were quite separated from the truth-holder, things which he might take in his hand and pass to his neighbor without their passing into and through his nature. It makes possible an easy transmission of truth, but only by the deadening of truth, as a butcher freezes meat in order to carry it across the sea. Orthodoxy discredits and discourages inquiry, and has made the name of "free-thinker," which ought to be a crown and glory, a stigma of disgrace. It puts men in the base and demoralizing position in which they apologize for seeking new truth. It is responsible for a large part of the defiant liberalism which not merely disbelieves the orthodox dogma, but disbelieves it with a sense of attempted wrong and of triumphant escape. It is orthodoxy, and not truth, which has done the persecuting. The inquisitions and dungeons and social ostracisms for opinion's sake belong to it. And in the truths which it holds it loses discrimination and delicate sense of values, holding them not for their truth so much as for their use or their safety; it gives them a rude and general identity, and misses the subtle difference which makes each truth separate from every other. Orthodoxy deals in coarse averages. It makes of the world of truth a sort of dollar-store, wherein a few things are rated below their real value for the sake of making a host of other things pass for more than they are worth, and in the lives of those who live by it orthodoxy makes no appeal to poetry or imagination. There, too, it delights in the average condition. It would maintain the sea of belief and emotion at one fixed level. It would give no place on one hand to great floods of fulness which uplift the soul, nor on the other to pathetic periods of ebb and emptiness which lay bare its deepest, most unsatisfied desires. It has its own tumults of the lower sort, — tumults of envy and contempt, of suspicion and dislike, which it stirs in human minds, but the loftiest and profoundest passions and struggles it catches sight of only to shudder at and denounce. These are the evil things which the spirit of orthodoxy does and is, all of which sum themselves up in this, — that it is born of fear, and has no natural heritage either from hope or love.[1]

At the opposite extreme from the ecclesiastical temper, with its devotion to dogma, stood the so-called Liberal

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 193–195.

school, and the Free Religionists, who regarded freedom as attainable only by the rejection of dogma. But from this attitude Phillips Brooks diverged as widely and deeply as from the ecclesiastical attitude. He, too, was free, — and this was what puzzled and confused many of his contemporaries, — he could stand in a pulpit of the Episcopal Church, speaking forth with all boldness, no man hindering him, the living truths which their own souls hungered after and eagerly welcomed, unhampered by dogmas and traditions, apparently more free than they were. They could draw only one inference, — like themselves, he must have attained his freedom by the abandonment of ecclesiastical dogmas and traditions. But then came the question, How could he remain in the Episcopal Church, with its Creeds and Articles of Religion? They could not impugn his honor or sincerity, for these were the most transparent qualities in his nature, and his sincerity and simplicity were manifestly sources of his power. The only alternative was to discredit his intellectual capacity. It was also said that he was so absorbed with the supreme motive of love for humanity, that he gave no thought to these things with which other men were concerned. Some of these expressions of opinion regarding him are here given: —

> He was not, in the ordinary sense of that word, a thinker, a logician. He never argues, he never attempts to establish a certain position, to controvert the position of another. He is not a logician; he is not, in that sense, a teacher. He seems to have had no sort of interest in theological debates, theological distinctions or questions of any kind. He seems to have been entirely unaffected, consciously at any rate, by modern criticism, for example, the authenticity and authorship of Biblical books, the question of miracle, the natural and the supernatural. All these questions he put on one side. He did not care for them. His mental make-up did not lead him to become interested in them.

A distinguished Unitarian clergyman, who held Phillips Brooks in high esteem, says of him: —

> He was not a theologian, as Jesus was not. . . . Had he been a man of an intellectual cast, he might have wavered in his faith.

. . . I am not sure that, through his love of man, this preacher was always strictly consistent in all his words and acts. Few who maintain the orthodox view nowadays are consistent. They are apt to be larger than their creeds. . . . His intellectual limitations defended and favored him in his peculiar office. Had he been more profound and philosophic as a thinker, he might have lost something of clearness in his vision. . . . Some of his fellow churchmen dreaded him for his breadth of view and feeling; and some of us, for these, would have claimed him as a Unitarian. Well, he was Unitarian in his assertion of mental freedom.

In these extracts there is contained the implication that religious and intellectual freedom is only to be gained by the rejection of tradition and dogma. That was one of the commonplaces of "liberal religion." But it was the characteristic of Phillips Brooks that he stood above the sphere of the commonplace, whether in ecclesiasticism or in liberalism. He was cast in a very different mould. He had attained his freedom *through* dogma, not by its rejection, and dogma continued to minister to his freedom. This is one of the secrets of his power, of his superiority, of his universality. He had a larger freedom than those who rejected tradition, for they were free to move only in one direction, and he was free to move in every direction. Such freedom, so rare, so unparalleled, had come to him by the secret he had learned when he was preparing his soul for his work, — the power of appropriating dogma by translating it into terms of life. Only a man of the highest intellectual capacity was capable of such a process. Let Phillips Brooks speak on this point for himself. In a preface which he wrote for a little book compiled from the writings of Maurice called "Truth and Action," he says: —

The days in which we live are a good deal given to contempt for theology. In this great teacher of our day there was a noble rebuke and protest against that feeble and enfeebling scorn. He was altogether a theologian. For him all knowledge which deserved the name of knowledge was theology. Our weak way of talking about dogma as an excrescence and encumbrance found no tolerance with him. He was no dogmatist, but he got rid of dead dogmas, not by burying them or burning them, but by filling them with life.

In his note-book for 1882 are to be found these hints: —

A serious sermon on Dogma. What difference it really does make whether men believe these things; whether they should teach them to others; whether character has relations to belief; what it all has to do with destiny. The justification of the belief that all men have always had of the Importance of believing.

This same principle is stated often in his earlier writings, in his "Lectures on Preaching" and in "The Influence of Jesus." In 1884, in his address on Authority and Conscience, he repeats it: —

Authority is the ship in which the dogma sails. I get my dogma from authority, as I get my package from the ship. But it is the soul, the conscience, which turns the dogma back again to truth. No soul can feed on dogma, as no man can eat the package which is landed on the wharf. Authority may bring what dogma has been given it to bring. Only the dogma which can be opened into truth can live. Only the truth which the soul appropriates gives life. Authority is responsible for safe packing and safe transportation, but the real living part of the process is when, after the unpacking has taken place, the conscience tries to turn the dogma which it has received back again into truth.[1]

And again, so late as 1890, there is evidence that on this point his conviction had not changed: —

And what is another question that is before us perpetually? It is the question of the separation of dogma and life. Men are driven foolishly to say on one side that dogma is everything, and on the other that life is everything. As if there could be any life that did not spring out of truth! As if there could be any truth that was really felt that did not manifest itself in life! It is not by doctrine becoming less earnest in filling itself with all the purity of God; it is only by both dogma and life, doctrine and life, becoming vitalized through and through, that they shall reach after and find another. Only when things are alive do they reach out for the fulness of their life and claim that which belongs to them.[2]

The explanation of Phillips Brooks's development, which gave him this method of attaining the highest and largest freedom possible to man, has been already shown, as we

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 114.
[2] Cf. *Ibid.* p. 181.

have traced the process of his growth from boyhood. His love for humanity included the past as well as the present. He assumed as an axiom, borne out by his knowledge of life and history, that freedom was the end of human existence, for which it was seen toiling in every age. He built upon this presumption as the corner-stone of his religious philosophy, that dogmas had not been fastened upon the church for the purpose of limiting the freedom of man, but rather for enlarging and securing it. History became unintelligible upon any other basis, and in the history of humanity his soul delighted, as bringing him at every point the confirmation of the Divine revelation. In one sense he was not a dogmatic preacher, defending in the pulpit ecclesiastical doctrines. Yet, on the other hand, the hidden motive and inspiration of many, if not most, of his sermons was some recondite aspect of dogma, into whose meaning he had penetrated, and in so doing, caught fresh confirmation of the higher possibilities in humanity. But it was his method to conceal the process in his own mind, and to make such a doctrine glow with life and beauty as to charm his hearers, till it seemed like a new truth. And there was this further peculiarity about him, that he would not discuss doctrines, as mere opinions. When that kind of talk went on he was silent. But let him gain a new glimpse of some relation between the doctrine and life, and then his whole nature would be stirred to its very depths. And it must still further be said, that he was constantly revolving these doctrines of the church in his mind. They were never absent from his consciousness at home or abroad. They constituted his mental furniture, the conditions of all his thinking. They had been drilled into him from his childhood, as had the hymns which he had learned to repeat on Sunday evenings, as a boy at home. For three years he had devoted himself to studying their deeper meaning in the theological school. For the first ten years of his ministry it had been his highest enjoyment to review the whole field of doctrines, interpreting them in terms of life, and in so doing had laid the foundation of his fame and power as a preacher.

Enough has been said to show that Phillips Brooks was not quite the man that he was assumed to be by those whose motive it was that liberty was to be attained by the negation of the historic faith. His view of progress and the method of progress, also differed from the popular conception. Progress was a great word with him, constantly on his lips, and the idea for which it stood inspired him with hope and enthusiasm. He could not separate his conviction of progress from his faith in humanity. But he felt that true progress was endangered by a tendency to regard it as an emancipation from the past. Thus, in a sermon preached before the graduating class of the Institute of Technology, in 1892, he took Progress for his theme. His text was the words of St. Paul (Phil. iii. 12), "I press on, if so be that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus:" —

There are two kinds of progress in St. Paul's life, — the one where he is represented as migrating from one situation to another, the other where, as in the text, he makes deeper entrance into the condition in which he already stands.

Now these two kinds of progress which Paul sets before us are seen in every individual life that truly completes itself, and in all the development of mankind. There is a progress of migration in which one leaves the country in which he has been living and goes forward into another; and there is a progress of occupation, where a man enters deeper and deeper into the things in which he is already involved.

It is the last of these two forms of progress that is the greatest and richest to the soul, by which a man takes deeper possession of the thing already possessing him. Our fathers migrated to this country and occupied it, but their occupation has been greater than was their migration.

It is the same in regard to truth. Sometimes a man goes on to new truth, but he never loses his hold on the great truths he has acquired. I always hold my truth, but I am forever progressing in it. It is always given more and more as I am able to receive more and more.

The real truth in the troublesome theology of these days is that God is leading the people, not away from the old truths, but down deeper into them.

It is not primarily a time of belief or unbelief, of the acceptance or rejection of the things which our fathers believed; but

it is a great time of definition, in which God is letting us see more deeply into the real meaning of those things which our fathers believed, which have held the world in ages past, and which the world will come to hold more and more strongly in the future, until it comes to see how in the heart of them — contradictory as many of the statements and applications of them have been — lie the eternal verities, the rich and blessed certainties, of how man is forever God's, and how God has striven for the possession of the children to whom He longs to give Himself.

Although he was in sympathy with what was called the "new theology," yet his motive in advocating its claims was distinctively his own, and not wholly to be identified with the position of many of his contemporaries. His reason for rejoicing in the movements of thought and the expressions of religious conviction was the implication of the larger freedom which had come to the Christian church. It had been, as we have seen in his early years, the fear that his freedom would be reduced by becoming a Christian minister, which had deterred him from committing himself to the ministry as a profession. Then had come the discovery that in reality he had enlarged his freedom as he could have done in no other way. He was free in the pulpit and in the parish and in the world to manifest himself in the rich variety of his endowment, to give expression to the whole content of his soul. More than he valued the "new theology" did he value the freedom of which it was the evidence. In this respect his own age seemed to him one of the few greatest in the world's history; and he looked forward to the future as still more glorious, because it would have the opportunity of realizing what was wrapped up in this treasure of human freedom. Because he loved and cherished freedom, he resisted the ecclesiastical moods which were urging authority as a means of repressing freedom.

But there was another side to the question, there was a danger to be encountered and to be feared. Intimations abounded that the new freedom might degenerate into laxity or indifference. Against this danger he protested with even more earnestness, if that were possible, than against the orthodoxy which assailed freedom in the opposite direction.

It is difficult to do full justice to his position, but at least the attempt must be made. He had been called a Unitarian, "in his assertion of mental freedom, in his superiority to narrow lines of sect, his wide sympathies, his more than tolerance for all sincere and earnest thought." All this was true of him. He did believe in tolerance. But he also believed that the tolerance which was grounded in indifference to dogma or rose from the ruins of its rejection was a dangerous thing. He saw that a new word needed to be spoken on the subject of tolerance. He had gone through the books on the subject, the various pleas that had been put forth in the different generations in behalf of tolerance, and none of them satisfied him, — Milton's "Areopagitica," Roger Williams's "Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience," Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," Locke's "Letter of Toleration," Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," and John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty." He determined, therefore, to bring to his age a contribution of his own, showing on what principle his own tolerance rested. In 1885 he accepted the invitation from the "Select Preachers' Syndicate," to preach before the University of Cambridge. He took for his subject "Tolerance," as that of all others upon which he most wished to speak on a representative occasion. In 1886 he enlarged his sermon into two lectures, which he delivered before the General Theological Seminary in New York, and afterwards before the Philadelphia Divinity School and the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, and then he gave his further sanction to his utterance by their publication. In its artistic form, its learning, its intellectual penetration, this small book deserves a place by the side of his Lectures on Preaching. But there came to him no chorus of plaudits on its appearance. In ecclesiastical circles the subject was unwelcome, and in the circles of "liberal" thought tolerance upon the grounds he urged seemed unmeaning and vain. Yet one may believe his conclusion is that to which the world must ultimately come.

The book on tolerance is a very personal one, for he was

vindicating his own position, his mental freedom, his superiority to narrow sectarian lines, his wide sympathies, his own tolerance for all sincere and earnest thought. He was guarding himself against "being travestied and misdescribed either by bigotry, on the one hand, or by what is called 'free thought' on the other." His tone is at times tender and pathetic. He was gentle and kind, for he had adversaries to conciliate if possible. He knew that his position was a difficult one to maintain, but he was determined to make it clear, and to enforce and recommend it by the fascination of his eloquence and his wide observation and experience of life. He took for his text, if we may call it so, a passage from the writings of Maurice, which he admits sounds like a paradox, but will come to be an axiom, — "It is the natural feeling of all, that charity is founded upon the *uncertainty* of truth. I believe that it is founded on the *certainty* of truth."

The Lectures on Tolerance are of importance as giving the latest convictions of Phillips Brooks on the questions relating to his age with which he had been concerned. In some respects there had been a change in his attitude compared with that of his earlier years, and yet of no fundamental character. But the philosophy underlying these expressions of his soul is more clear and emphatic and profound than when he first began to teach. This little treatise so abounds with striking thought and felicitous sentences that it must be read to be appreciated. A few extracts from it may serve the purpose of showing its leading motive.

> There are few subjects so interesting and important which have been so inadequately treated. There is no worthy book on the subject. To write one might well be the satisfaction and honor of any man's life.

> The passion for toleration in our time has much to do with the vagueness and uncertainty of belief. We must realize the intensity with which men believed things in the seventeenth century before we presume to judge their intolerance. In the way we merely try to be harmless we are like steamers in the fog, whistling that they may not run into others nor they into us. It is

safe, but commerce makes no great progress thereby, and it shows no great skill in navigation.

In his argument for tolerance he was required to meet that class of minds which have been in the habit of thinking that strong, positive conviction was incompatible with tolerance.

It would not be strange if we had all felt such a fear. It would be strange if any of us had escaped it, so studiously, so constantly, so earnestly, has the world been assured that positive faith and tolerance have no fellowship with one another. "The only foundation for tolerance," said Charles James Fox, "is a degree of skepticism."

The perfect tolerance could not come about by mere eclecticism.

Some day — this is the dream that haunts some amiable minds — some great peacemaker will pick out from every system of thought its choicest dogma and, setting them together, will build a dogmatic home where every soul will be completely satisfied, because when it looks up it will see its own chief article of faith set in a place of honor in its walls. But the result of such an effort would be a thing of shreds and patches, dropping to pieces as soon as the man who devised it was dead. It is the fatal difficulty of eclecticism, "that each man wants to make his own selection, and no man can choose for others, but only for himself."

He defined true tolerance as "the willing consent that other men should hold and express opinions with which we disagree, until they are convinced by reason that those opinions are untrue."

"Earnest discussion is a part of tolerance." "It might have all the power to put down error by force, and it would never use it. But true tolerance must be utterly impatient toward dishonesty, hypocrisy, self-conceit, or cant. There is a moral intolerance which must go with intellectual tolerance to give it vigor."

The nature of tolerance . . . is composed of two elements, both of which are necessary to its true existence, and on the harmonious and proportionate blending of which the quality of the tolerance which is the result depends. These elements are, first, positive conviction; and second, sympathy with men whose convictions differ from our own.

True tolerance consists in the love of truth and the love of man, each brought to its perfection, and living in harmony with one another, . . . orbed and enfolded in the greater love of God. The love of truth alone grows cruel. It has no pity for man. . . . And the love of man alone grows weak. It trims and moulds and travesties the truth to suit men's whims.

The advice to give to every bigot whom you want to make a tolerant man must be not, "Hold your faith more lightly and make less of it," but, "Hold your faith more profoundly and make more of it." Get down to its first spiritual meaning; grasp its fundamental truth. So you will be glad that your brother starts from that same centre, though he strikes the same circumference at quite another point from yours.

It is true, strange as it sounds at first, that the more deeply and spiritually a man believes in fixed, endless punishment of wicked men, the more and not the less tolerant he will become of his brother who cherishes eternal hope.

Nor is the promise of the future to be found in the idea that some day one of the present forms of faith, one of the present conceptions of God and man and life, shall so overwhelmingly assert its truth that every other form of faith shall come and lay its claims before its feet and ask to be obliterated or absorbed. Truth has not anywhere been so monopolized. And no man who delights in the activity of the human mind, as the first condition of the attainment of final truth by man, can think complacently of any period short of the perfect arrival at the goal of absolute certainty with reference to all knowledge, when man shall cease to wonder and to inquire, and so pass out of the possibility of error and mistake.

The real unity of Christendom is not to be found at last in identity of organization, nor in identity of dogma. Both of those have been dreamed of and have failed. But in the unity of spiritual consecration to a common Lord . . . all souls shall be one with each other in virtue of that simple fact, in virtue of that common reaching after Christ, that common earnestness of loyalty to what they know of Him. There is the only unity that is thoroughly worthy either of God or man.

That seems to many, I know, to be dim and vague. It is a terrible and sad sign of how far our Christianity is from its perfection that now, after these centuries of its sway, the central key and secret of its power should seem dim and vague to men.

The modifications of theological belief, whose coming had been long delayed, and the expansion and development of dogmas, requiring the contributions of many thinkers, were taking shape in the decade of the eighties, as a distinct system of doctrines to which the name was given of the "new theology." For this result Phillips Brooks had been preparing the way. No one in America had done more than he to show that a change was needed, and what the nature of the change must be. From this point of view, if his Lectures on Preaching and his book on the Influence of Jesus, as well as almost every sermon he preached, were studied, it would appear that he was in sympathy with the attempt to reconstruct the foundations of religious belief. It was the one issue imparting unity and consistency to his thinking from the time that he began to preach. On this point he has spoken most plainly. In a sermon preached in 1884, and afterward published with his sanction, he says: —

> We hear much of what is called the "New Theology." Let us not quarrel about a name. In that which is generally and vaguely designated by that name I think we ought thoroughly to believe. It seems to me as if the Christian world to-day were entering upon a movement, nay, had already entered upon and gone far in a movement, which is certainly to be not less profound and full of meaning than the great Protestant Reformation of three centuries ago. The final meaning of that movement really is the nearness of the soul of God to the soul of man, and of the soul of man to God. It is the meaning of the Incarnation.[1]

In his essay on Authority and Conscience (1884), there is a similar statement: —

> We hear much to-day about the "New Theology." It is not a name, it is not a thing to fear. If man is really growing nearer to God, not farther away from God, every advancing age must have a new theology.

And again, in a sermon, preached so early as 1878, he had spoken even more strongly: —

[1] The sermon from which this extract is taken was published in *Unity Church-Door Pulpit,* Chicago, December 15, 1885.

I believe the new is better than the old. The new theology in all its great general characteristics I love with all my heart. I rejoice to preach it, as Moses must have felt his heart fill with joy as he went forth to pray for the calmer sky and the stilled thunder.

In the same sermon he took occasion to speak of some of the more special features of the new theology.[1]

Shall we take, then, at once the most prominent of all instances, the growing freedom of thought about the Bible? It is the tendency over which lecturers shout on their platforms and church councils in their council chambers. The lecturers and the church councils both recognize the fact. A fact no doubt it is. To very many Christian men to-day the Bible stands no longer surrounded by that kind of supernatural authority which establishes the truth of every statement in its pages. It has come to seem to many men what it really is, a gathering of many wonderful books from many times, — the time and authorship of some of them being doubtful, — which have been brought together because of their common character and their common bearing on one great religious process which runs through the history of man, — the revelation of the Eternal Father to mankind in Jesus Christ. Clearly enough, such knowledge of the nature of the Bible must set the mind free for a treatment of it and a study of its contents such as has not always been possible. . . . The world will never go back again to the old ideas of verbal inspiration.

It was an unusual thing for Phillips Brooks to make statements like these in the pulpit. Indeed, he avoided so carefully any allusion to current theological questions, about which opinions were at variance, that it came to be assumed by many that he had none, and some even thought he was incapable of forming theological conclusions. He had them, but he kept them out of the pulpit. In his preaching he looked at things *sub specie eternitatis*. His aversion to abstract discussion, where opinions as such were defended or criticised, his desire to get at the concrete reality of life, from whence opinions grew, and to bring all religious notions to this supreme test, was his ruling motive, which gave him his distinctive quality as a preacher. But there came excep-

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. viii. p. 341.

tional moments, when he felt the necessity of putting himself on record, that men might know where he stood on the special issues of the hour. When he made these statements about the new theology, his object was not merely to take sides in a controversy, or to rank himself in the lists. He had a more serious purpose, — to utter a warning against impending danger which threatened the issues of life. He was jealous for freedom's sake; he was consumed with zeal as he saw the tendency of the time to rest in mere notions, or to suppose that there was any advantage gained simply by changing one's opinions in theology. Thus, in his sermon on the "Mitigation of Theology" (1878), he took for his text a passage in Exodus, where Moses tells the Egyptians that he will pray for the thunder and hail to cease, but yet he knows that the cessation of fear will not bring Pharaoh and his people to the obedience of the divine will. The general character of the change taking place in theology is the subject before him. "It is a desire to escape from the severer, stricter, more formal, more exacting statements of truth and duty, and to lay hold of the gentler, more gracious, more spiritual, more indulgent representations of God, and of what He asks of man."

With this great change in the aspect of faith he confesses his deep sympathy, as the prophecy of a new and richer coming of the kingdom of the Lord of love and of life. But then comes his protest. Men are attributing a power to the mere change of thought on the nature of God which it can never possess. There is a temptation to think that the work of religion will be accomplished for the world when these new and glorious ideas shall have become supreme and universal, when the old severe theology shall have been dethroned and the truth be proclaimed that "God is love." The time has, therefore, come when some one ought to speak the words that Moses spoke to Pharaoh, — "The thunder shall cease and there shall be no more hail. But as for thee and thy servants, I know that ye will not fear the Lord." Men are in danger of attributing to the new theology that same impossible virtue which men attributed to the old the-

ology, — the virtue in itself of making men good and strong and pure.

Against that danger I want to warn you and myself. . . . Constantly in New England, which a generation ago was full of the sternest teachings, I hear the lamentations of men who were brought up under the Puritan theology. I have grown familiar to weariness with the self-excuse of men who say, "Oh, if I had not had the terrors of the Lord so preached to me when I was a boy, if I had not been so confronted with the woes of hell and the awfulness of the judgment day, I should have been religious long ago." My friends, I think I never hear a meaner or a falser speech than that. Men may believe it when they say it, — I suppose they do, — but it is not true. It is unmanly, I think. It is throwing on their teaching and their teachers, or their fathers and their mothers, the fault which belongs to their own neglect, because they have never taken up the earnest fight with sin and sought through every obstacle for truth and God. It has the essential vice of dogmatism about it, for it claims that a different view of God would have done for them that which no view of God can do, that which must be done, under any system, any teaching, by humility and penitence and struggle and self-sacrifice. Without these, no teaching saves the soul. With these, under any teaching, the soul must find its Father.

From such a passage as this one might almost infer that the preacher's sympathy with the new theology was weak or half-hearted. But it was not. He takes up in turn the points at issue, where the arbitrary has passed into the essential, the narrow into the broad, the formal into the spiritual. He was in profoundest accord with the change at every point: —

It is so radical that we cannot fully comprehend or state it, but it fills us with joy. It has made religion a new thing for multitudes of souls. It has swept the heavy cloud away, and let the sunlight into many a life. It has brought fertility to many a desert. And the thanksgivings of men and women who have found that their religion may be just the love of God because He has loved them, and that in that pure love of God lies their salvation, makes the song and the glory of these new years of God.

He considers briefly some of the points at issue between the theologies, and finds in them a deeper gain for the soul.

This outbreak of protest against the dreadful doctrine of endless punishment is really nothing but an utterance of the profound conviction that not by threats of punishment, however awful and however true, but by the promises of love are men to be brought into the best obedience of God.

He touches upon the question of the sacredness of the Day of Rest, the departure from the severer rules under which men lived some twenty years ago. But if these things are welcomed only because they bring freedom from constraint, there has been no gain, but rather injury. The change which has been effected, when rightly viewed, has been "from the easy to the hard, and not, as men are always choosing to think it, from the hard to the easy." The change has, indeed, been to freedom, but it is harder to live in freedom than to live as a slave. The dangers of freedom are far more subtle and far more dangerous than those from which the escape has been made. "As much deeper as this new love lies below that old terror, so much the deeper must the new watchfulness and scrupulousness go below the old."

Unless this is its effect in us, our milder conception of God's present and future dealing with the souls of men, however true it may be in itself, is a curse to us and not a blessing. Unless it does this for us, we are making the truth of God have the power of a lie. We ought to be afraid of any theology which tampers with the sacredness of duty and the awfulness of life. I would far rather be a believer in the most material notions of eternal penalty, and get out of that belief the hard and frightened solemnity and scrupulousness which it has to give, than to hold all the sweet broad truth to which God is now leading us, and have it make life seem a playtime and the world a game.[1]

This sermon, from which these extracts have been made, was a very special sermon, called forth by some special experience, some exceptional urgency of motive. But, in a sermon preached in 1884, and sanctioned for publication by himself, he takes up the same issues, going over the ground in much the same way. Once more he defends the new theology, and proclaims his adherence to it in most emphatic words. His text was the words of St. Peter, — "As free

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. viii. pp. 337 ff.

and not using your freedom for a cloak of maliciousness but as the servants of God." All the earnestness and intensity of his nature was thrown into this sermon as he discussed his theme, — the "dangers of liberty." Because he was the champion and friend of the new truth, he had the best right and the best wisdom to declare its dangers.

> The fact is, the world has now become a place where it must become a great deal worse world, or a great deal better world, than it has been before. It is a familiar truth to us that men come to such places in their lives; why should not the world come to such a place in hers?

The new theology called for better men if it was to hold its own. Unless this followed there was danger of relapse into a state of things worse than had been before. In prophetic vision there could be recalled the situation in the age before the Reformation, where each successive effort at reform only seemed to set the world back, and the bondage was renewed in more bitter form. Even when Luther came, and the reform at last was accomplished, and men were set free to rejoice in their freedom, there had followed an age of decline and moral weakness which put in peril the very existence of the Protestant religion. So, too, in the age when Christ appeared and proclaimed the freedom of the children of God. If the larger liberty and freedom from outward constraint now coming to the modern world were not construed as the greater necessity for an inward self-restraint, it would have come in vain, and the world would fall back into its old leading-strings.

> Freedom is thrust upon us, and we must take it whether we will or not. Happiest is he who takes it most completely and most joyfully, but also most seriously and with the deepest sense of its dangers. . . .
>
> O generous young man rejoicing in your freedom, there is no manly way to use your freedom except this. God grant you the grace to be great enough to live in these days of freedom.

II

Those who only heard Phillips Brooks on Sundays in the pulpit of Trinity Church, especially those who heard him

only occasionally, got but an incomplete expression of the man. There was another side to his life as a parish minister. In his Wednesday evening lectures, and in his Bible class, he presented a different aspect of his teaching. The congregation of Trinity Church, those who were familiar with this part of his work, were inclined to attach to it an equal if not a higher importance than to the Sunday ministrations. The Wednesday evening lectures were not only interesting in the highest degree, but they came closer to many people than did his sermons. Here he attempted, what he seemed to avoid in the pulpit, the impartation of religious knowledge, the discussion of religious theories and theological opinions. Notwithstanding his aversion to dealing with abstractions, or mere head notions about the truth, yet, as people were embarrassed by the variety and conflict of theological opinions, or by intellectual difficulties, he made it part of his duty every year to deal with these things. It was thought and said by some that he was indifferent to the distinctive teaching of his own church, or cared but little for the Book of Common Prayer and its usages and rites. But the criticism came from those who knew only of his work on Sundays, when his sermons were addressed to the whole body of humanity, and rose above the level of religious information to the higher walks of the spiritual life. And yet for Wednesday evening lectures or for Bible class he had made the thorough preparation, whose final outcome was in the sermon, when the limitations of opinions and the empty abstractions had disappeared from his mind.

In these special ministrations he appears as doing a work which of itself alone would have been regarded as sufficient by the ordinary parish minister. His note-books bear witness to the preparation for each lecture, with what care he collated opinions and traced their relation to the realities of human life. In this way he took up the Prayer Book and its offices, giving courses of lectures in successive years on the Church Catechism, on the Ten Commandments, on the Creeds, treated article by article, on the Baptismal Office, and on the Office for Confirmation. One year he lectured upon

the "Versicles" in the Morning and Evening Prayer, and in the other offices. Another year he took up, verse by verse, the Te Deum. Studies in the life of Christ were rich and almost exhaustless in their variety. The fruits of them appeared in his sermons, or in his book on the "Influence of Jesus;" but in their form as given in the Wednesday evening lectures they have a peculiar charm of their own. As all this work was done extemporaneously, the record of it only remains in the written analyses prepared for his use, or in the notes, more or less full, made by those who were present.

For this work the preparation required must needs be thorough, for his audience was intelligent and cultured, and there were always present those who were familiar with the latest literature in Biblical criticism. Thus we find him studying Ewald and Kuenen and Wellhausen, as he treats of Old Testament history, or Keim and Hausrath, Reuss, Shürer, and other modern writers on the New Testament times. Those who heard him preach on Sunday sometimes fancied that he knew nothing of Biblical criticism, or was indifferent to it, because no mention of modern Biblical literature was made, no names referred to or cited as authorities. He did his work by a sort of intuition, it was supposed.

Perhaps he himself was at fault for this impression, in his careful removal of all traces of his work in the finished result, just as the perfect story must be so told, that no evidence of labor on the part of the narrator shall be evident. But another reason for this impression about him was that he made so prominent the positive truth that remained, after criticism had done its work, that the hearer came away impressed with this alone. And, in truth, he did so subordinate modern Biblical studies to the end of making the divine revelation stand forth more clearly, using it for this purpose alone, that he tended to become indifferent to it, as one discards the scaffolding when the structure is done. The "higher criticism" of the Bible is in danger of becoming a subject of such absorbing interest that the student is tempted to linger in it, as if it were an end in itself, and not the

means to a higher end. But what Phillips Brooks valued was the stronger witness it bore to the reality of the truth which God was imparting. He carried his own torch with him wherever he went, the conviction that God was speaking to the soul, and high above all the critical details it shone clearly, the one thing most unmistakably evident.

The question was discussed in these years in the Clericus Club and elsewhere, whether it was the duty of the clergy to give to the people the results of modern Biblical criticism, or how it should be done in order not to weaken, but, if possible, increase the people's confidence in the Bible. He had no difficulty on this point. He kept back nothing that he thought or believed, and yet so presented it as to make the old truth about the Bible seem the clearer and the stronger. We may look in upon him, in one of those Wednesday evening lectures in the chapel of Trinity Church. The date is January 7, 1880, and his subject was the Doctrine of the Bible. It was one of a course on Christian Doctrine, where other topics were the doctrines of God, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Work of Christ, Conversion, the Holy Spirit, the Church, and the Lord's Supper. It may be taken as a fair specimen of hundreds of similar occasions in his week-day ministry, and incidentally as a specimen of his mode of work. From these rough notes in his sermon book, the clear tenor of his way is visible: —

THE DOCTRINE OF THE BIBLE

Reasons why this doctrine comes in here. All the future doctrines are to be gathered out of the Bible, and so we must know where the Bible stands. Its close connection with the doctrine of God was shown in the last lecture. Bear that in mind as we speak. After a short recapitulation, turn to the antecedent probability of a Revelation. Not *likely* that God should leave His children unreached if He could communicate with them. Especially if they and He were moral creatures, and the experiment of their life were, as would appear, a *moral* experiment. The witness to this probability by all the religious systems and their revelations. Growing sense that revelation is *constant*, only coming to climax at certain times.

Now such a Revelation, what shall it be? Primarily to a

Person, because it is of a *Person*. Nothing but a personality can really alter a personality. No description can do it. Let me see a man's son, and know that he and his father are in true accord, and then I understand the father. So to brutes a man may tell of manhood. So to men God may declare Himself through manhood. And so the real exhibition of God must be through human life. Books may record that, but their real value is in *what they record*.

Thus Christ is the true Revelation of God, and the Bible gets its value from being the description of Christ. The *story* of a revelation, more properly than a revelation itself. And so its various parts differ with the quality of what they have to tell of. So the Revelation lies behind the Bible, and the Bible is to the Revelation like the sunshine to the sun.

Trace then the growth of the Bible; a familiar tale. Suppose some person who knew nothing of it; show how you would begin with the Gospels, the free place for critical inquiry. The *historical* Christ. The *character* of Christ. The *Divine* Christ. Then the Disciples and the Future Books from them. Then the Old Testament and its authority. The degree of Christ's sanction; the sufficiency of it. Authenticity, Authority, meaning of these words. There stands our Bible, then! Where did we get it? The saying that the Church gave it to us. The meaning of that. Only that the Church assured us that such and such books were written by such and such men. *There* lies their true value. This is seen in the clear certainty that if a new epistle of St. Paul could be identified, we would accept it, or if one of the accepted ones should be discredited, we would cast it aside.

And now, how did these writers write? The old theories of verbal and plenary inspiration. But without them look at the real state of the case. A solemn and dear person to be written about. A watching world. A deep sense of responsibility. A mind quickened by sympathy with his mind. All these together seem to make a power of accuracy and faithfulness which is all we could desire. Apply this to the Apostles. Apply to the Old Testament prophets. Add there the Jewish love for genealogy, etc. This, too, a divine ordinance. As the result of all we have a noble certainty gathering about the precious story.

Does it involve unerring accuracy? Answer, "No." Still, in the historic record there may be misstatements of detail. And in the Apostolic development there may be wrong anticipations (like the anticipation of the end of the world), but yet the picture is true. Suppose this state of things, and then suppose we had such a record of it, would it not be vastly valuable? *Enough.*

The cases of direct communication, as when the words are used, "The word of the Lord came unto me," etc. The fact certain and credible enough. The manner of conveyance.

The revisions of the Bible: modern learning on it.

Return to the idea of Christ being the true Revelation. The Bible showing Him.

This feature of Mr. Brooks's work in his capacity as a parish minister is important and might be studied at much greater length. But it was richer in its quality, and more vital in its bearings, than any summary of it would reveal. The testimony to its value from those who had the privilege of its enjoyment equals, if it does not surpass, any testimony borne to his preaching. Especially are the courses of lectures on the Catechism, on the Creed, and on the Ten Commandments recalled as glowing with the beauty and truth with which he clothed them from his wide studies and his large observation of life, and especially from his own religious experience. He made his people love and rejoice in the Prayer Book, till the vestiges of prejudice or misunderstanding, if such there were, faded away. He loved the Prayer Book as he loved the Bible. It was an integral element in his life. He believed in it as it stood, and for himself never desired improvement or change, whether by addition or omission. Its literary value was like that of the Bible, disclosing at every turn the rich, deep moods of a humanity larger than that of the individual man. He loved it as a product of the Christian ages. There were those who were annoyed at its phrases, sometimes at what seemed its dark assumptions, who could never quite be reconciled to passages in the marriage, baptismal, or burial offices. It was not that he had become callous to these things by much repetition, or recited them in a perfunctory way, attaching no meaning to them. It fell to him as the minister to large congregations to say these offices frequently, but he never said them without feeling more and more keenly their significance, or asking himself anew as to the meaning of their words. Nothing with which he came in contact could long remain conventional or meaningless. The process of his

inner life consisted in vitalizing his environment, in the church, in the Bible, or in the Book of Common Prayer. As by the methods of Biblical criticism he had entered more fully into the meaning and reality of the revelation recorded in Scripture, so by the process of historical criticism did he seek to penetrate more deeply into the moods of a common humanity as uttered in the Prayer Book. In the interpretation of the Prayer Book, as in the interpretation of the Bible, he advocated freedom. He had found this freedom for himself in the summary given in the Church catechism, where historical Christianity as presented in the creeds is condensed into the statement that we learn from them to believe in "God the Father who made me and all the world; God the Son who redeemed me and all mankind; God the Holy Ghost who sanctifieth me and all the people of God."

Evidently any statement of belief in which two men, or more than two, unite must be of sufficient simplicity and breadth freely to hold within itself these vital differences. This is the beauty and value of our Church's Creed. We all believe it, and no two thinking men hold it alike. It is as various as their various personalities with which it has entered into union.

The Church has no unwritten law, no interpretation of her creed to which her children must conform. That is a truth concerning her on which we must always insist. She has her creed in which all her children believe, and all believe differently. Thus she keeps the union of identity and variety, which all living things must have. Thus she bids each believer be a sharer in the belief of all, while at the same time he holds his own personal conviction clear. Dogmatism loses the liberty and life of personal conviction, skepticism loses the largeness of the universal faith. The Church, if she holds her creed as a creed ought to be held, is neither dogmatic nor skeptical, but keeps both the special and the universal, and makes them minister to each other. This is why she is the home of generous belief. This is why, if one may recognize how, as is the case with most epigrams of comparison, not merely the laureate's famous words but also their reverse is true: —

> "There lives more faith in honest creeds
> Believe me, than in half the doubt." [1]

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 216.

There were times in his experience when he rejoiced to rise above the monotonous plains of life, but quite as often he loved to walk them with the race, as one indistinguishable from the mass of men, sharing in the common fears and the common hopes, and loving the common language wherein they had found expression. If he seemed at times to soar almost beyond the sight of human vision, or to be standing on heights inaccessible to ordinary human aspiration, yet it also pained him to differ from the great human verdicts, the voice of the people, till it bred the suspicion that he might be wrong and must revise his individual judgment. Such was his attitude toward the offices of his own church. The only criticism he made was on the danger of a conservatism which could see nothing outside the Prayer Book. In his services at Appleton Chapel where he frequently made the extemporaneous prayer, for it was not a congregation of the Episcopal Church, he experienced the difficulty, not unfamiliar to the Episcopal clergy, when attempting to say the prayers without the book. He would sometimes begin with repeating a form of prayer, and when his memory failed him, in the nervousness of the situation, would break away into impassioned language of his own. One might gain the impression that he was hampered by the form and abandoned it for a higher liberty.

These things are mentioned here because they have their connection with his theology. It would be a waste of time to conjecture what kind of man, or of preacher, or of theologian, he would have made, if his mother had not migrated in his infancy to the Episcopal Church. He had been brought up to the Prayer Book, and the foundations of his religious life were built upon the teaching of the Church catechism. So deep had the training gone that he could not have escaped from it if he would. More than with most children, had it taken hold of his inmost being. And to it he owed his peculiar character as a theologian. When he came to years of discretion, he ratified his mother's judgment, and in his manhood rejoiced in his lot among the churches. His theology was Anglican theology in its high-

est but in its most typical form. When he went to England he made this impression upon the best judges of preaching. One reason for his popularity in England was his power to address the Anglican mind, more forcibly even than those who had never left the English soil.

One characteristic of Anglicanism was its large human inclusiveness, the importance it attached to nationalism as of more value than ecclesiastical distinctions. The Anglican church had a long national history behind it, and honored all its children who had contributed in whatever way to the greatness and the glory of the nationality. In its national sanctuaries their ashes reposed, — great warriors, great captains on sea or land, scholars and thinkers, and poets in whom England has abounded more than any other country, side by side with saints and ecclesiastics, without distinction or discrimination on the grounds of religious experience. Shakespeare and Bacon and Walter Raleigh were among her honored children no less than Hooker or George Herbert or Jeremy Taylor. In the hour of her rebirth in the Reformation it was the good fortune of the Anglican church to secure the alliance of humanism in its purer form, which Luther distrusted and Calvin rejected. She became a thoroughly Protestant church, but in a different way from that followed by Knox in Scotland or Calvin in Geneva. Through Cranmer, who was a humanist as well as a scholar and theologian, there passed into the Prayer Book a large human influence, a humanizing tendency, which could embrace all truly human efforts, and was only at war with doctrinaire schemes in the interest of some ecclesiastical theory or religious abstraction. It was on this ground that the Anglican church had rejected the papacy and mediæval religion, — they interfered with the growth and expansion of the national life. There were other grounds which might be and were urged, but this was the dominant motive of the Anglican church, which was regarded as the religious side of the one national life. Her conflict with the Puritans is the one blot on her history; but in that fearful struggle, two incompatible forces were struggling for the mastery, neither of which could coexist with the other,

and one or the other must yield. The destiny of Puritanism was a great one, but it could not be revealed in England, which had another ideal, and Puritanism was forced to go out and look for a home elsewhere. While the departure or the ejection of the Puritans was a loss to the church and the nation, yet when the struggle was over, the Anglican church was once more free to pursue her mission in building up the English nationality. There came to England, in consequence, her expansion in the eighteenth century, till she covered the globe with her colonies.

This was the church and this was the tendency to which the mother of Phillips Brooks entrusted her son when she made the change from her ancestral faith to the Episcopal Church. The boy grew up under the influence of the Evangelical party in the church, but when he became a man he entered upon his Anglican heritage. For, amidst all the changes through which the Anglican church has passed, there runs one common principle, which gives consistency and coherency to her life, the unwritten law or constitution it may be called, of genuine Anglicanism, that the pulpit shall be free, and that the Prayer Book as it is, and not as it might be or ought to be, shall be used in its integrity. All that the nation asks of the Church of England is compliance with these requisitions. She allows reasonable liberty in the use of the Prayer Book, only she insists that the Church of England shall not be made over in the interest of any ecclesiastical theory, till it resembles so closely the national churches of Italy or of France that no difference between them can be discerned. And, as to preaching, one cannot easily depart very far from the spirit of the Prayer Book, or if he do, the corrective is furnished by its constant, invariable use.

To these principles Phillips Brooks was true throughout his ministry. The Protestant Episcopal Church in America has difficulties of its own to encounter, in domesticating what seems to many an alien church in a land where Puritanism had first entered in and taken possession. There are various ways of attempting to meet these difficulties, as shown in the

various answers given in tracts with the familiar title, "Why I am a Churchman," or an "Episcopalian." No one in the history of the Episcopal Church in America ever met these difficulties with such triumphant success as did Phillips Brooks. As he impersonated it, it seemed like a native church, with its roots in the native soil, till his career was taken by sanguine souls as a type and pledge of its future.

The influence of his own church must then be recognized as one of the formative elements in the theology of Phillips Brooks. Year after year, during his long ministry, he gave himself to the study of the life of Christ, and the study bred admiration and imitation. In the fall of every year he began his contemplation of the coming of Christ, and its larger aspects for the world. As the ecclesiastical year went on, he came to the renewed study of every incident in the life of Christ, and in every Passion Week for thirty years he took up day by day the events which culminated in the Cross and the Resurrection. Thus the conviction of the Incarnation of God in Christ became his leading motive, and the ground principle of his theology and of his life.

The Incarnation meant to him that God and man had met together in the person of Christ, — the fulness of God and the complete perfection of humanity. But not only his ecclesiastical position, his whole experience, his natural constitution, his ancestral life, prepared the way for this consummation. His interest in the human race, his love for humanity, came to him by direct inheritance on the one side of his family descent. In an age when the trend of thought and fashion was toward the love and the study of nature, he kept his hold on humanity as higher and richer, more important, than the love of nature. He loved life simply as living, and his interest in man surpassed his interest in beautiful scenery. He loved the city more than the country, and did not feel that he was really living to advantage when away from the haunts of men. He loved the outer world as the environment of his race. From that point of view it assumed its significance, not in itself alone. The laws of nature were inferior to the laws of human life. No study of

nature's handiwork, however marvellous and beautiful, could for a moment compete in interest with the study of man. Once, at the Brunswick Hotel in Boston, when he was calling upon friends, some one spoke of the green fields and beauties of nature. He rose and looked out of the window over nothing but roofs and chimney tops and said, "Oh, no! not nature, but this beautiful view. Give me this, for these chimney tops even, stand for life, for humanity, and that is what attracts me, and makes life worth the living." He found his chief repose and solace, when travelling, in the works of man, in all the forms of human art. Literature, as the revelation of man and of human life, friends, little children, society at its best, the communion with great men in biography, where the range of his reading was wide, — these were the sources from whence he drew strength and inspiration. Through all he kept his deep sense of the family life, and the freshness of the great child nature which was in him, so that he was held in perpetual joy and in living wonder and admiration. This was his preparation for the religious conviction that in Christ humanity had come to its perfection.

Humanity, and all that contact with humanity which we call life, becomes our teacher of religion — life as the manifold interpreter of God, as the first awakener of those powers which any specific commandment must direct, as the first suggestion of those questions to which any particular revelation must give answer. Life, personally conceived as the pressure of the universal humanity on the individual human nature, must always have its place as the greatest and broadest approach of God to man. This found its perfection in the Incarnation. Through the divine humanity of Jesus, God was manifest in the flesh, and therefore all that Jesus taught and ever teaches, whether by word or action, is the consummation and fulfillment of that presentation of Himself which God is ever making through humanity to man.[1] . . . And the great teachers of religion who have done the most Christlike work have always been those whose personality has been most complete, and who have been in truest human relation to the souls they taught. Parents, friends, pastors, have been

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 210.

the truest teachers of religion. The work of scientific theologians has come to practical effectiveness through them.[1]

This was one side of his inheritance. On the other there came down to him, what was even deeper and stronger, the God consciousness, with which this love of humanity must be conjoined and reconciled. The concentrated force of the Puritanism of many generations, which made God supreme, till it seemed as though no place were left for man, — that tendency in his being to assert the priority of God was like fire coursing through his veins with an ever-accumulating momentum. He found the solution for what might have been a dualism which would have paralyzed his energies, in the incarnation of God in Christ. In one of his Philadelphia sermons (1864), on the "Eternal Humanity," he gave to this conviction a theological expression: —

> I hold, then, that the Incarnation was God's commentary on that verse in Genesis, "In the image of God made He man." Yes, from the beginning there had been a second person in the Trinity, — a Christ whose nature included the man-type. In due time this man-type was copied and incorporated in the special exhibition of a race. There it degenerated and went off into sin. And then the Christ, who had been forever what He was, came and brought the pattern and set it down beside the degenerate copy, and wrought men's hearts to shame and penitence when they saw the everlasting type of what they had been meant to be walking among the miserable shows of what they were.

Over the mystery of the Incarnation Phillips Brooks was perpetually brooding, till it became to him what the doctrine of the "Divine Sovereignty" had been to his Puritan ancestors. He struggled with all the forms of literary art in order to seize an expression of it in his sermons, adequate to convey the fulness of the reality, as he grasped it, to his hearers. But the words seemed weak and powerless in comparison with what he saw. "Oh, to preach a great sermon on the Incarnation!" is the aspiration recorded in one of his sermon note-books. No one can do for him what, from his

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 209, 210.

own high standard, he felt that he had failed to do for himself. If we turn his living attitudes of faith into the formulas of theology, we only lose by the process. But some remarks must be hazarded on the subject lest a worse injustice be done.

He looked upon Christ's mission to the world as intrinsically different, and different in kind, from the missions of all the other great teachers of the race. He held that the difference consisted in this, that other teachers had manifested the truth of God, but it was the mission of Christ to manifest God Himself. Christ, he believed, was conscious of this difference, and had expressed it most emphatically in the parable of the vineyard, where he compared those who had gone before him to servants sent by God; when servant after servant had been sent, at last God sent His Son.[1] He maintained that the truth of the divinity of Jesus did not hang on a few texts of Scripture, but that it shone through all His thought about Himself and broke forth in every description of the work he had to do.[2] Here is an extract from a manuscript sermon, written in 1882, and delivered for the last time in 1892.

Christ is the Word of God. It is not in certain texts written in the New Testament, valuable as they are; it is not in certain words which Jesus spoke, vast as is their preciousness; it is in the Word which Jesus *is* that the great manifestation of God is made. I read the words and ponder them, but most of all I look at Jesus and try to understand His life, when I want to know the fullest truth regarding God. And when thus I look at Him, what do I learn? First of all, the true divinity of Christ Himself. I cannot doubt what is His own conception of His own personality. Through everything He does, through everything He says, there shines the quiet, intense radiance of conscious Godhood. Again, I say, it is not a word or two which He utters, though He does say things which make known His self-consciousness, but it is a certain sense of originalness, of being, as it were, behind the processes of things, and one with the real source of things, — this is what has impressed mankind in Jesus, and been the real power of their often puzzled but never aban-

[1] Cf. St. Matthew xxi. 32 ff.

[2] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vii. pp. 328, 329.

doned faith in His Divinity. He has appeared to men, in some way, as He appears to us to-day, to be not merely the *channel* but the *fountain* of Love and Wisdom and Power, of Pity and Inspiration and Hope.

There is one aspect of the Incarnation upon which Phillips Brooks often dwelt, — its naturalness, its essential harmony with the ordering of human life in this world. This was the message to his soul as he first stood in the sacred places on the earth's surface where Christ had lived. It was not necessary to deny His divinity in order to give him the human prerogatives, nor to overlook his humanity in order to see and feel the divine. Upon this thought he enlarges in the following extract from the manuscript sermon above referred to.

The wonderful thing about this sense of Divinity as it appears in Jesus is its naturalness, the absence of surprise or of any feeling of violence. We might have said beforehand, if we had been told that God was coming into a man's life, — we might have said, "That must be something very terrible and awful. That certainly must rend and tear the life to which God comes. At least it will separate it and make it unnatural and strange. God fills a bush with His glory, and it burns. God enters into the great mountain, and it rocks with earthquake. When He comes to occupy a man, He must distract the humanity which He occupies into some unhuman shape." Instead of that, this new life, into which God comes, seems to be the most quietly, naturally human life that was ever seen upon the earth. It glides into its place like sunlight. It seems to make it evident that God and man are essentially so near together, that the meeting of their natures in the life of a God-man is not strange. So always does Christ deal with His own nature, accepting His Divinity as you and I accept our humanity, and letting it shine out through the envelope with which it has most subtly and mysteriously mingled, as the soul is mingled with and shines out through the body.

It was said of the late Mr. Gladstone that when he was asked what was the foundation of his faith and hope, he replied, "The doctrine of the Divinity of Christ." That would not have been quite the answer of Phillips Brooks. With him it was not a doctrine concerning Christ, but Christ Himself: —

This is what I see about God when I look at Christ. It is God that I see there. Not a doctrine about Him, but it is He, the light of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Metaphysical speculations as they have gone on in the schools about the person of Christ had no interest for him. They seemed not only unprofitable and vain, but in their detachment from reality they belittled and degraded the great theme. Yet there was one of these questions which became to him a living and fruitful thought: —

I cannot read the story, I cannot know the Person of the Divine Christ without becoming aware of two things. There is a Life behind Him, and a Life before Him, — a life on which He rests, and a life in which He issues. It is no lonely existence which suggests itself as He walks among men. At any moment He turns aside upon a mountain top and communes with a Being which is like Himself. As He draws near the end of His peculiar work, and looks forth into the years which are to come, He sees a divine life, like His life, going on, finishing his work. He feels the Father from whom He came, the Spirit who is to come when He is gone.

In ways like this, undogmatic in form, did Phillips Brooks often express himself in regard to the threefold name of God, — the doctrine of the Trinity. Its prominence in Anglican theology and in the Book of Common Prayer forced him to its deeper consideration. He loved the truth for which it stood with what he himself has called the "love of the mind for God." It differed from other truths, in that it could not be primarily reached by the action of the individual mind, but was rather a heritage from the past, the result of the thought and experience of the ages, of many confluent influences converging at last to a focus. Because it summed up the convictions of what seemed to him humanity acting at its best and highest, he received it and gloried in it. As Trinity Sunday came round, with each revolution of the Christian Year, it found him ready and eager to speak. Trinity Sunday was to him the high intellectual festival of the Christian church, and, as on Thanksgiving Day, he came up to it bringing the richest tribute he could offer. Others complained sometimes that they found

difficulty in writing sermons for Trinity Sunday, but he answered that he did not; there was always some new aspect of the subject, which he had not yet presented. People were constantly coming to him for explanation of what they did not understand, and out of these conversations were the hints often derived, which proved the themes for sermons. These Trinity Sunday sermons, of which there are a large number, would make a most important contribution toward the popular elucidation of the great Christian mystery. He would not condescend, he often said, to "defend the doctrine." He made it clear that his object in treating the subject was to explain it. He gloried in the doctrine because of the richness of the idea of God which it involved. In his own words it "palpitated with life."

> If a man does believe in the doctrine of the Trinity, he ought to rejoice and glory in his faith as the enrichment of his life. It is the entrance to a land where all life lives at its fullest, where Nature opens her most lavish bounty.[1]

In an essay which he wrote on the "new theism" in 1886, and read before the Clericus Club, he criticized two recent books in theology, Mr. John Fiske's "Idea of God as affected by Modern Knowledge;" and Mr. Francis Ellingwood Abbott's "Scientific Theism." This essay has a personal interest of its own, in showing his capacity for subtle theological discrimination. It was rare for him to turn aside from his work to an effort like this, but in doing so he exhibits the hand of a master, while yet it is done with such ease and natural grace as to indicate that he was at home in the field of theological speculation. That he had followed the course of theistic thought in other writers is apparent, but he chose these two books mentioned because they illustrated what he wished to say. He remarks on them both, that while they proclaim the immanence of creative power, "they draw back from an assertion of the personality of God, and steady themselves by vigorous railings against anthropomorphism."

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 228; ii. p. 380; and vii. p. 318, for Trinity Sunday sermons.

The valuable element in these two books, as he points out, is that they come bringing with them the fruits of a long wandering in the wilderness of agnosticism; they have gained the sense of the liveness of the universe. The doctrine of the divine personality needs, from time to time, to be bathed in the truth of universal life, lest it become too hard and dry. This is the significance of the doctrine of the Trinity, which both these writers overlook or reject.

The doctrine of the Trinity is a protest against the hard, tight personalness of the conception of God which thinks of Him as a big individual, with definite limits to His nature, and almost to a visible frame in which He lives. The doctrine of the Trinity is an attempt to give richness, variety, mystery. internal relation, abundance, and freedom to the ideas of God.[1]

Here lies the significance of the Incarnation, in the history of theistic thought, that it brings the divine idea out of its distance into our human life.

The Incarnation brought into union with God's supremacy the sacredness of man. There may be a yet unreached though often anticipated theism which shall bring into union with God's supremacy the liveness of the world.

He fears that this "new theism," in the minds of many who hold it, is nothing but the old pantheism; yet it is significant that those who teach it are eager to assert that it is not pantheism.

Surely we Christians ought to understand how one feels who sees pantheism close at hand and yet draws back from it and will not be a pantheist. For the New Testament is always just on the brink of pantheism, and is only saved from it by the intense personality of Jesus and His overwhelming injunction of responsibility. Surely He gives us reason to believe that there is a real possibility of holding both together, the personality of God and the divine life in the universe.

The representatives of the "new theism" refuse the aid of anthropomorphism, because it has often been false and crude. He feels the force of the protest, but the remedy

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 157.

lies in a truer conception of the nature of man from whence to rise to the nature of God.

The man which is made in the image of God is manhood. Not this man or that man, save as he is an utterance of the universal manhood. Not this man or that man, with his partialness and fixed simplicity, but the universal manhood, with its multitudinousness, its self-related and various internal life, its movement and ever-opening vitality, its oneness yet its multitude, its multitude within its oneness — that is the man which was made in God's image and by whose study the image of God may dimly open again upon the soul. We create first an artificial simplicity for our individual life, and we assert that only in such an individuality as that is there a real personality. The first enlargement of such a narrow conception as that is in the necessity of conceiving of the personality of man. The next is in the even deeper necessity of conceiving of the personality of God. The new theism finds itself face to face with that necessity. It hesitates about the possibility of solving the difficulty and reaching the conception which yet it sees that it cannot do without. The religion of the New Testament stands ready with its clear utterance of that divine personality long known and realized. As it offers to the new theism the definiteness and positiveness of its Christ, may it not hope to receive again from it something of the largeness and breadth which the very definiteness of its Christhood is always in danger of losing? In the search for the "Infinite Personality," may not the old theism give to the new its vividness of personal beliefs, and may not the new theism give to the old its realization of Infinity?[1]

After these words of Phillips Brooks, the charge which has been made against his teaching, that it was pantheistic in its tendency, is hardly worth mentioning. When a man says with all the force he can command that he believes in a personal God, possessing conscious intelligence and will, that such a deity is distinct from his creation, whether of outward nature or of humanity, however He may indwell within them, it would seem to dispose finally of such an objection. It should be remembered that the accusation of pantheism was the ground on which Jesus was condemned by the Jews, — to their minds he was confusing humanity with God, and guilty, therefore, of blasphemy, in calling

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 159.

himself the Son of God. It has been the standing objection against the doctrine of the Incarnation that it was pantheistic in its tendency. The cry of the Arians and the semi-Arians against the doctrine of Athanasius and the Nicene creed was pantheism, the confusion of God with the creation. Pantheism was the sin of the Christian church in the mind of Mohammed, and on this ground the doctrine of the Trinity was rejected. We may dismiss the charge then, as unreal, as indicative of a tendency on the part of those who make it to revert to pre-Christian ideas of Deity, uninfluenced by the doctrine of the Incarnation. These are the striking words with which Phillips Brooks concludes his essay on Theism: —

> The thing which this great inflow of nature, half moralized and half personalized, needs is to attain a complete morality by which alone can come a complete personality. That the religion of the ages has to give. Its continual assertion of God as the source of duty must give substantial clearness to this universe, which thus far seems in the new theism almost to reel and tremble with the intoxication of its immanent Deity. The word of David must be the story of what is to come: "He commanded, and it stood fast." When that has come, may we not look to see the great idea of God made no less clear and yet truly infinite? May we not look to see a Christ in whom the whole need of all the living world shall find its satisfaction? May we not look to see a Church which shall truly express the meeting of the whole of manhood with the whole of God, and the perfect satisfaction of the human and the divine?

In an age when the miracle was far gone in discredit among thoughtful minds which had come under the influence of science, Phillips Brooks kept his faith in it as an integral element in the personality of Jesus. While others were rejoicing in the universal "reign of law" revealed by science, he was rejoicing in the prospect of the higher reign of humanity, of which the miracle was the pledge. It was natural, he thought, and inevitable, that the miracle should be associated with the Incarnation, wherein the highest triumph of humanity was exhibited. Thus, in a sermon for the second Sunday in Advent, he says: —

There are two things about the whole history of the Advent of Christ which will be constantly presented to our thoughts during the next few weeks. One is its *miraculousness*, and the other is its *quietness*. He came girt round with wonders, and He came so gently, so unnoticed save by the few who clustered nearest to His life, that the great surface of the world's existence was hardly rippled by the wonderful touch that had fallen upon it. Of the first of these characteristics of the Advent, — its miraculousness, — we are sure that the credibility will be more clear to us if we have really felt how vast was the importance and how great was the necessity of the event. If ever miracle might be let loose out of the rigid hand of law, when should it be but now, when the King of all the laws is coming in His personality? If there are angels, now certainly is the time for them to appear. If the stars can ever have a message and lead men, now is the time when their ministry can plead its strongest warrant. If ever the thin veil between the natural and the supernatural may break asunder, it must be now, when the supernatural power enters into earthly life and God is present among the sons of men. To any one who believes in the possibility of miracle at all, and who knows what the meaning of the Incarnation is, the wonder would be if it had no miraculous accompaniment. The breakage through the ordinary laws of nature's life seems natural and fitting, as when a king passes through a city we expect to hear trumpets and cannon replace the common sounds of trade and domestic life, which are all that its streets commonly echo. But then along with the miraculousness comes an impressive quietness. Quiet even to homeliness will be the simple scenery on which the supernatural light is thrown. The village inn, the carpenters' household, the groups of peasants, — all is as simple as the story of a peasant's childhood. With wonderful power, but with wonderful stillness, — no noise, no tumult. Surely such a description falls in with the spiritual intention of the event. It is a spiritual miracle, and the miracles of spiritual life are always as still as they are powerful, as powerful as they are still. So the whole nature of the Advent was written in the historical circumstances that were grouped around the great historic fact.[1]

To this view of the miracle he adhered. If anything could have shaken his belief, it would have been that men whom he respected should differ from him. But he saw clearly enough that those who differed came to the subject from the

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vii. p. 24.

point of view of nature and her laws. He came to it from the study and the preference of humanity. He differed from Paley and the whole Paleyan school of evidence-writers, in maintaining that the miracle was not primarily to be regarded as an evidence of divine revelation, but as the resultant of revelation. When thus regarded, it came in the end to be evidence that revelation must have been given. But the revelation as in Christ took the precedence. In his notes for his Bible-class studies in 1887, on the Creed, he writes direction for himself as he comes to the miraculous incidents in the life of Christ: "Now take up the story with the miraculous element in it fully accepted." And again, in his course of lectures to his Bible class in 1889, he went more thoroughly into the subject, analyzing and classifying the miracles with criticism interspersed as to their value. He remarks that "there is a difference between belief in the miraculous and belief in each particular miracle." He protests against the modern tendency in those who accept the miracle to get rid of seeming difficulties by referring to it as the working of unknown law: "But we must not, we do not want to, get rid of personal power and presence which is the soul of the whole."

As we study the writings of Phillips Brooks, in order to fix his position in accordance with conventional theological tests, we are baffled by the universality of his mind. His religious inclusiveness comprehended other ages as well as his own. He valued the dogmatic utterances of synods protesting against errors, and yet also detected the affirmations of truth contained in half utterances by those condemned as heretics. He was in sympathy with the great stream of tendency in the Christian ages. But he saw more clearly than did those engaged in controversy the truth involved on either side. The chief value of his work is in giving expression to the vast range of Christian instincts, those which have, and those which have not found expression in religious formulas. The religious mind and heart of the world lay open before him. If he proclaimed the sacredness of human

nature manifested in its divine possibilities, he did not lose sight of the fact of human sinfulness and its power to frustrate the divine purpose. It would be untrue to say of him that he dwelt on one more than the other. They were so connected in his mind that he could not separate them. At times he so presented the fact of sin that its evil and wrong seemed solely to consist in injury done to the sacredness of the human soul: —

> Only when men have dared to think of themselves sublimely, as possible reflections of the life of God upon earth, only then does sin become essentially and forever horrible.

This mode of appeal was effective in an age when the thought of God and of His will had grown weak in many minds. But on the other hand, and with increasing fervency after the transition had set in which was turning the world again toward God, did he urge obedience to the will of God as the highest ideal of man, and in disobedience point to the source of all the sin, its evil and its degradation.

> The fulfilment of the good involves the destruction of the bad. Make anything in the world complete and perfect after its true nature, and you must, therefore, drive out whatever there is of falsehood and positive corruption in it. That statement does not deny the fact nor change the character of sin. God forbid! I have no patience with the foolish talk which would make sin nothing but imperfection, and would preach that man needs nothing but to have his deficiencies supplied, to have his native goodness educated and brought out, in order to be all that God would have him be. The horrible incompetency of that doctrine must be manifest enough to any man who knows his own heart, or who listens to the tumult of wickedness which rises up from all the dark places of the earth.
>
> Sin is a dreadful, positive, malignant thing. What the world in its worst part needs is not to be developed, but to be destroyed. Any other talk about it is shallow and mischievous folly. The only question is about the best method and means of destruction. Let the sharp surgeon's knife do its terrible work, let it cut deep and separate as well and thoroughly as it can, the false from the true, the corrupt from the uncorrupt; it can never dissect away the very principle of corruption which is in the substance of the blood itself. Nothing but a new rein-

forcement of health can accomplish that. There is the whole story. Tear your sins away. Starve your tumultuous passions. Resist temptations. Aye, if you will, punish yourself with stripes for your iniquities. Cry out to yourself and to your brethren, with every voice that you can raise, "Cease to do evil;" but all the time, down below, as the deepest cry of your life, let there be this other, "Learn to do well." If you can indeed grow vigorously brave and true and pure, then cowardice and falsehood and licentiousness must perish in you. O wondrous silent slaughter of our enemies! O wondrous casting out of fear as love grows perfect! O death to sin, which comes by the new birth to righteousness! O destruction, which is but the utterance of fulfilment on the other side! O everlasting assurance, that evil has of right no place in the world; and that if good would only lift itself up to its completeness, it might claim the whole world and all of manhood for itself![1]

To the theological question of endless punishment, Phillips Brooks had given earnest thought since the time when he read Maurice's "Theological Essays," in the Virginia Seminary. He followed the revolution of opinion as it went on before his eyes, and the argument which accompanied it. He felt that the neglect of the doctrine of God's fatherhood underlay the issue involved in punishment for sin. But on the whole it must be said that he refused to dogmatize on the subject. He was chiefly concerned with implanting "the conviction of the essentialness of punishment, as distinct from the arbitrariness of punishment; that is, the misery which follows and accompanies sin is bound up in the very nature of the sin itself." If one had gained that conviction there was no further difficulty with the question. He wrote an essay in 1884, after his return from India, begun while he was in India, where he takes up this subject in order to illustrate his theme, "The healthy conditions for a change of faith:"[2] —

Many people find fault with changes of opinion because they go too far. Is it not quite as often the trouble with them that they do not go far enough? They stop in the criticism or denial

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 217.
[2] *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 218 ff.

of some special doctrine. They do not go on to some height where they can see more of God, where they can see God anew. To take again the same illustration which we have been using, the thinker who has come to believe that no man shall necessarily suffer everlasting punishment has altered one view of one doctrine. But he who has come to the sight of the essentialness of all God's working, so that thereafter, like a new sunlight, it saturates all his thoughts, has come to a new and fuller faith. And it is only in seeking and reaching a new and fuller faith that the alteration of one view of one doctrine is healthily made.

It became him to speak much and often on the subject of the forgiveness of sin. He eschewed the whole business of priestly intervention and penitential systems. Nor did he speak the Evangelical shibboleths. Here are two of his most characteristic utterances: —

> The true sign of forgiveness is not some mysterious signal waved from the sky. . . . The soul full of responsive love to Christ, and ready, longing, hungry to serve Him, is its own sign of forgiveness.
>
> In all the places that are before us we shall either be delivered by Christ or be conquerors in Christ. . . . What does it matter which? Nay, is not the last way the best way?

His tendency was to dwell on the active side of the Christian life, the positive overcoming of sin and evil, rather than on the attainment of an assurance of forgiveness, which might end in the assurance and yield no fruit and inspire no future. But he never did despite to the Evangelical mood or to its deeper utterance. He believed that the death of Christ upon the cross was in some mysterious organic way connected with the forgiveness of sin.

> The death of Christ has saved the world. The death of Christ! Not merely His character and teaching; for historically, from the very first, the violent death of Jesus has had a prominence in religious influence which will not allow us, even as faithful students of history, to leave it out of view when we speak of the great formative power of modern human life. Always and everywhere the Christ whom Christianity has followed has been a Christ who died. The picture it has always held up has been the picture of a cross. The creed it has always held, however it might vary as to the precise effect of His death, has always

made the fact of His death vital and cardinal. The Jesus who has drawn all men unto Him has been one who based His power upon this condition, "I, if I be lifted up." [1]

In referring to that theory of the Atonement which makes its efficacy consist in appeasing the wrath of God, he is cautious lest he should go beyond what is written: —

You say that it appeased God's wrath. I am not sure but that there may be some meaning of those words which does include the truth which they try to express; but in the natural sense which men gather from out of their ordinary human uses, I do not believe that they are true. Nay, I believe that they are dreadfully untrue. I think all such words try to tell what no man knows.[2]

Elsewhere, speaking on this same subject he remarks: "There is no principle involved in the Atonement that is not included in its essence in the most sacred relations between man and man." [3] Here is one out of many illustrations of his power so to penetrate the heart of a dogma as to make it seem like living truth to which assent is instinctive: —

Wherein lay the power of the life and death of Jesus? What was the atonement He accomplished? Did the change which He wrought come in God or man? But we have seen how man's disobedience inevitably made a change in God, — not to destroy His love, but to set His loving nature into hostility to the soul that would not do His will. And if the life and death of Jesus breaks down in penitence, as we know it does, the self-will of man, and makes him once more gratefully, loyally obedient, what then? The change in God must follow. Not the restoration of a love that was withheld, but the free utterance for help and culture of a love that has never been held back, but which has, by the man's false position, been compelled to work against him. The wind is blowing all the time. The man is walking against it, and it buffets him and is his enemy. You turn the man round and set him walking with the wind. The wind blows on just as before. But now it is the man's friend. The wind has not changed, and yet, with the man's change, how completely the wind has changed for him.[4]

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vii. p. 256. (1867.)
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. vii. p. 258.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 40. (1881.)
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 312. (1886.)

It must be said further of Phillips Brooks that in his presentation of the Atonement he reflected the attitude and spirit of the Anglican Church, with whose formularies he was in full sympathy. The charge made against him in his lifetime and after his death that he neglected or denied the sacrificial aspect of the work of Christ came from those who identify the fact of an Atonement with some theory of Atonement, Anselmic, or Grotian, or other, where the identification is so tense and rooted that it is found impossible to make the distinction. The same objection is raised from the same source against the Apostles' or Nicene creeds that they pass over in silence the Atonement. It would be truer to say that they offer no speculative theory of the significance of the death of Christ, while yet they give the fact of the death the most prominent position. This was Phillips Brooks's attitude. He would not narrow or pervert the mysterious and infinite significance of the fact of an atonement by any theory. He wrote no sermon or treatise, there is no sermon in his printed volumes, whose object is to maintain some new theory or defend an old one. But those who listened to his preaching from Sunday to Sunday never missed anything so vital in Christian experience as this, — the omission of the Atonement of Christ in reconciling the world to God and God to the world. An eminent theologian said of him that the doctrine was implied in every sermon. The subject is an important one, and will be alluded to again in a later chapter.[1]

III

Those who compared the preaching of Phillips Brooks in the earlier and the later periods of his life were aware of

[1] Phillips Brooks came as near perhaps to offering a theory of the Atonement as was possible for one with his conception of it, in the third lecture of his book on the *Influence of Jesus*, where he maintains that not in the physical suffering in and of itself, but in the submission of Christ to the will of God, of which the suffering was an inevitable accompaniment, lay the mysterious potency of the sacrifice of Christ. But this is only one of the aspects of a subject, concerning which there are many hints of other aspects scattered throughout his sermons. Cf. *ante*, pp. 230, 231.

some change which it was not easy to define. His powers seemed to have expanded, the effect produced was greater; he was listened to with a feeling of added solemnity and even of awe as he roused the slumbering spiritual faculties into the consciousness of a divine capacity, into enthusiasm for the highest things. Every limitation to his freedom, if there had been such, was removed. He went here and there on innumerable errands, and of every sort and description, from mothers' meetings to the gatherings of little children, the various associations of young men, the universities and colleges within his reach, denominational meetings of every name, anniversaries of institutions, ordinations and solemnities of every kind. Wherever he went he seemed to carry the same message, yet adapted to times and seasons, till it became the special message of God for the moment. He lifted all smaller occasions into the universal relationship, and the greatest he reduced to the simplest motives. He had attained the consummation of that freedom and simplicity which had been the ideal of his youth.

To account for the change in his attitude which all who heard him felt, yet could not describe, will not be attempted here. Many forces conspired to produce a mysterious inward revolution, or, to use again his own prophetic words of himself as he contemplated his year's absence from his work, "The gap is to be so great that the future will certainly be something different from the past." But while we may not attempt to explain the transition in his life, yet there are circumstances in his development important to note, and about which there can be no uncertainty.

We have seen from his correspondence how Phillips Brooks, when in Germany, had been reading Lotze with a feeling of grateful surprise. What "Ecce Homo" had been to him in earlier years Lotze was to his later years. To both he came prepared by his own previous work. In his philosophy of life and of religion he had been anticipating what Lotze could teach him. He had felt deep dissatisfaction with the abstract theories of prevailing systems of philosophy, a certain scorn for the one-sided intellectualism of

his age, whether in philosophy or theology. The speculative reason had seemed to him inadequate for the expression of the rich fulness of the contents of the soul or for the deductions from human history. In these convictions his study of Lotze confirmed him, giving him the strength and confidence which a man standing alone must eagerly welcome. There was no break in his experience, only the continuation in bolder fashion of the principles which had hitherto given him freedom and power of utterance.

These principles may be read in his sermons or occasional essays or addresses. He affirms with unhesitating confidence as the axiom of his procedure that the reality is larger than philosophy can represent it, and the Christian life than any system of theology. Convinced of the emptiness of terms and of abstract notions, he turns away from them to the fulness of the individual life, or the life of the race recorded in history, with renewed and ever increasing interest in the examples of life to be found about him. There is another organ of knowledge than the dry light of the pure intellect; and the truth attainable by this other organ of knowledge is objective and real, even though no appeal can be made to the theoretical reason in its defence. In this means of knowledge the intellect is not inactive, but is fused in organic unity with the conscience and the affections of the believing soul. In order to know the things of Christ there must be purity of heart, the submission of the will, and what is known as the illumination given by the Holy Spirit.

Hence he discarded theological gymnastics as having no value, but as illustrated in the experience of the New England people injurious to the interests of the spiritual life. He rejected the distinction between the theology of the intellect and the theology of the feelings as having no basis in actuality; or if one must choose between them the preference should be given to the theology of the heart. Religion must be simplified by bringing into prominence its fundamental truths, — that all men are the children of God in virtue of creation; that the moral life is the expression of the divine will; that the phenomena of the world's order are

incidents in the kingdom of God. The appeal for the defence of these primary convictions must be taken to an immediate inner experience, attesting the truths of religion directly, independently of logic, so that faith becomes the organ of spiritual knowledge, as the eyes of the body receive impressions from the visible world. In both cases alike the result is an objective actuality, valid and real.

With these convictions came the freedom to disregard the materialism of science, the skepticism of shallow culture, the disquieting results of philosophical and historical criticism. No exact science can penetrate the value of realities in the spiritual world. The aspirations of the human heart, the contents of the feelings and desires, the aims of art and poetry, must be studied in order to give religious tenets any meaning of value. The "watchwords of easy currency" in theology are of little avail without the devoted search in that experience of life, from whence they had drawn whatever value they had once or might still express.

But in this process we must note the absence of anything like a negative tendency which led him to pick and choose, or to reject as unworthy, any of the contributions of past ages in the church to the sum of religious knowledge. Beneath theological formulas, he assumed that originally heart and conscience had been at work in organic fusion with the thinking mind. Even though the results might not be final, in the sense of attaining the ultimate absolute expression of the content of life, yet they were approximately true and constituted lines of advance which must not be withdrawn. In some cases, notably in the doctrines of the Incarnation and of the Triune distinctions in the nature of Godhead, he rested with a sense of security that no future progress in religious thought could possibly shake or destroy.

Such were the deeper presuppositions, the underlying motives, of the preaching of Phillips Brooks. He attempted no exposition or defence of his method in the pulpit, but simply applied it with triumphant success. It might have been feared that this application of religion in its simplicity would have proved jejune and monotonous in the pulpit. But, on

the contrary, life seemed to grow richer and its contents more varied and full of meaning as he carried the conviction into every department of human thought and experience that every man was actually the child of God. Under the influence of this conviction he was stimulated into deeper interest and solicitude as he brooded in contemplation over the stupendous drama of life. His natural endowment in the imaginative faculty, seen from his earliest years, which gave him the capacity for entering into all human interests, continued to grow in range and intensity, finding its opportunity in the wide reading of the experience of other ages no less than in the remarks of casual conversation. He subjected himself to the best minds, but with no undue subjection, enriching himself also by the best examples, finding inspiration everywhere in life, but above all in the life of Christ as the Son of God, and therefore the revelation of the Father's will.

The evidence of a change in the later attitude of Phillips Brooks may be seen by comparing some of his later with the earlier writings. The change, it is apparent, is mainly one of emphasis, and yet it is accompanied with a certain modification of statement. We take, for example, his lectures on the Teaching of Religion, delivered at Yale in 1879. He had then given the initiative to the intellect, which, in turn, acts upon the feelings or emotions, and the feelings, when thus aroused, act upon the will. The intellectual aspects of truth are compared to "a clear glass held squarely between God and man;" and the function of "feeling is to furnish the middle term" between the knowing intellect and the conscience. While he admits that this is not the highest or most direct way of attaining the religious life, yet he recognizes it as legitimate and practical, and seeks to illustrate and enforce it. But in one of his latest essays, with a similar title, "The Teachableness of Religion," written in 1892, he discards this concession to the lower method, and boldly proclaims what he then considered impossible for many, the approach to religion by the unified totality of all the human powers.

Religion must be imparted to the total man. The total man is something more than the sum of his parts. No definition of religion satisfies us except that which declares that it is the completeness of the life of man. We are always taking man apart and treating him in fragments. Every highest consideration of him insists upon the restoration of his unity. He has a quality in his entire life which no examination of his partial qualities can account for. This is the first fact concerning the nature of religion, which must always dominate the method of its teaching. It belongs to the whole man in his unity. It is a possession, a condition, a quality of the total undivided human life.

The invitation, "Come to Jesus," is the exact utterance of the great Teacher of religion describing what the disciple is to do. It describes a complete experience, in which are enfolded the communication of knowledge, the imposition of commandments, the awakening of affections, but which is greater than the sum of all these, as the whole is always greater than the sum of its parts.

Let us sum up, then, what we have said about the general method of the teaching of religion. It comes directly from the soul of God laid immediately upon and pressing itself into the soul of every one of His children. It is the gift of the total nature of God to the total nature of man. Therefore it can utter itself only through the total human life, which is personal life. And it is by the primary personal relationship, and by the great universal personality of man, and by the Son of God who is also the son of man, and by the Church which is the anticipated fulfilment of humanity, by these, as media, that the Eternal Father, who at the same time is always giving Himself most of all immediately, bestows Himself on man.[1]

But there is another tendency to be noted in his later representative utterances. He inclines to identify the total man in his unity with the will. He places the stress upon the will, as if in itself it carried the harmony of all the powers. He had always magnified obedience as the highest virtue, but he speaks at last as though the will were the essence of life whether in God or man. It begins to be more evident that he had himself been going through an inward revolution, and must therefore be ranked with those who had uttered their protest in history against the tendency to give too exalted prominence to the human intellect. He was

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 215; also *ibid.* pp. 2–6; 34–60.

in sympathy with Duns Scotus, in the Middle Ages, who made assault on the intellectualism of Thomas Aquinas, and prepared the way for the decline of scholasticism in theology. In his own age he was in sympathy with Schopenhauer, who had renounced with scorn the Hegelian principle which makes the absolute idea or reason the basis of the universe. He, too, was inclined to regard the world as the manifestation of will. But he reversed the interpretation of the "will to live," and gave it a positive purpose, till the "will to live" becomes the expression for the highest philosophy of human life, which is true alike for God and for man. In all this he was translating and interpreting his own history, — a hungry, voracious will ranging the world for the bread of life. In a sermon preached at Harvard University before the graduating class of 1884, when he was urging the importance of "character in transmitting truth and turning it into power," he thus spoke: —

> The first secret of all effective and happy living is in a true reverence for the mystery and greatness of your human nature, for the things which you and your brethren are, in simply being men. But surely among all the faculties which this mysterious human nature has, none is more interesting, none more thoroughly deserves our study and our admiration, than this, that it is able to carry over learning into life and to be a mediator between thought and action.
>
> If we ask what it is in human character that constitutes this faculty, we cannot hesitate to give the answer. It is the Will, that central constituent of character always. There can be no character without will. Fill a man with every kind of knowledge, let him understand the sky and the earth and the sea, let him know all that history and all that metaphysics can tell him, that does not make him character. Those things may all lie in his mind as the apples lie in the basket. Not till a will, a choice, a distinct preference for one thing over another, a distinct approval of this and disapproval of that comes in, not until then has the man any true character; not until then do the knowledges become faculties and unite into a man. Character having its virtue and its value in will, this is the critical power which stands between learning and life, and sends the one through in power on to the other.
>
> Hence it is that the really powerful thing, the only really pow-

erful thing in the world of man, is and always has been felt to be character. Men of little character, men of little will, may accumulate material. It lies in great dead mass until the man of character comes and turns it into force. Everywhere Truth has lain helpless till character has come to concentrate it and hurl it as power upon life.

The characteristic word with Phillips Brooks henceforth was "obedience" as the correlative of "will." He defined the essence of God as will. He complained of the "new theism" that it overlooked the will in God, and he announced as the word for the future, "He *commanded* and it stood fast." In a sermon entitled the "Knowledge of God," preached in 1886,[1] he went so far as almost to identify knowledge with will, till all life seems to resolve itself into will. In the last sermon that he wrote, written not for his own parish immediately, but for the students of Harvard University, he took up the word "obedience" and glorified it as the word of life: —

He [Christ] seems to gather up his fullest declaration of this vital connection of man with God and call it in one mighty word *obedience*. You must *obey* God, and so live by Him. How words degrade themselves! . . . This great word "obedience" has grown base and hard and servile. Men dread the thought of it as a disgrace. They refuse to obey, as if they were thereby asserting their dignity. In reality they are asserting their own weakness. He who obeys nothing receives nothing. Rather let us glorify obedience. It is not slavery but mastery. He who obeys is *master* of the master whom he serves. He has his hands in the very depth of his Lord's treasures. When God says to His people, Do this and live, He is not making a bargain; He is declaring a necessary truth, He is pronouncing a necessity. He who does my will possesses *Me*. For my will is the broad avenue to the deepest chambers of my life. . . . "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." So speaks the infinite God to the obedient Child. . . . Obedience means mastery and wealth. Therefore let us glorify obedience, which is light and life, and dread disobedience, which is darkness and death.[2]

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. pp. 280 ff.

[2] Cf. *The William Belden Noble Lectures*, 1898, p. 21, where this passage is cited.

This was the root difficulty with Agnosticism, that it separated the intellectual faculty from the will which is the essence of character, and as mere intellect went sounding on its dim and perilous way.

When Christ says, "The Father knoweth me," that means God has a *will* for every act of mine. What, then, can "I know the Father" mean except, "In every act of mine, I do the Father's *will*"? *Obedience becomes the organ and utterance*, nay *becomes the substance and reality of knowledge* on the side of Him who is aware that in this more special sense God knows Him. . . . God cannot know anything in pure passivity. He always wants something to be done about the thing He knows. Every knowledge of God involves and issues in a *will*. . . . Oh, how we separate our knowing and our obeying powers, our mental and our moral natures, as if they could be separated, as if either of them could live without the other.[1]

It is difficult to classify Phillips Brooks in his theological attitude because he is unlike any theologian with whom we may compare him. In giving the prominence to the will in Deity and in humanity he resembles Calvin and Augustine, — a possible inheritance, also, from his Puritan descent. But on the other hand he was emancipated from every trace of the doctrine of election, whether ecclesiastical or individual, whether through the church by baptism, or by the action of special grace in conversion. In the prominence which he gave in his preaching to the conviction that all men are the children of God, by creation and by redemption, he departs from the teaching of Calvin and Augustine; going back to the earlier theology, which in its comprehensiveness regarded all humanity as the body of Christ; refusing to reduce the body of Christ to the "Catholic" Church, however defined, as involving a limitation which neutralized the power of the Incarnation. But again, he was not in sympathy with what seemed to him the exaggerated intellectualism of the age of creeds and councils in the ancient church, while yet he accepted the results which had been reached. He dwelt more upon the obedience of Christ as the evidence of His divine nature. It had been the

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. pp. 290, 295.

objection to the divinity of Christ, the standing objection in every age of the church, that He professed obedience to the Father's will; and obedience, it was assumed as an axiom, implied inferiority, — he who obeys is inferior to him who is obeyed. For this reason, certain passages of Scripture speaking of Christ's obedience to the Father had been greatly neglected, if not discredited, by those maintaining the coequality of the Son with the Father. But these were the favorite texts with Phillips Brooks. He reversed the argument and rested upon the presupposition that perfect obedience means perfect equality. Had he cared to formulate his theology into a system this would have been one of his leading motives in maintaining the divinity of Christ. The point cannot be expanded here, but it has a profound significance.

> God's will and Christ's obedience. Here there is the perfect mutualness, the absolute understanding and harmony, of the Father and the Son. . . . In the words of completed obedience the mutual knowledge of Father and Son is perfect, and being blends with being. . . . Father and Son have come close to one another. In mutual knowledge, in harmony of will and obedience, they are absolutely one. Of no act that the strong, gentle hands can do can we say anything but this, that Father and Son together do it, making one power, working one result. . . . It is the Father and the Son. It is God in Christ. It is Christ filled with God.[1]

This importance attached to the will, as if it held the intellect in solution, explains some characteristics of Phillips Brooks otherwise unintelligible to an age which gave the supremacy to the intellect. Thus he admitted the existence of the devil, treating the subject with seriousness, not merely for rhetorical purposes, when others amused themselves with writing the autobiography of a being who was defunct. It gave urgency and point in the resistance to evil to regard temptation as not wholly a subjective mood or passing sentiment, but as instigated by a being who was personal, who could be fought and overcome. It made the battle of life more real and tangible to regard it as a conflict of wills.[2]

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 291. (1886.)

[2] Cf. *Ibid.* vol. vi. for a sermon on the Mystery of Iniquity: also, *The Spiritual*

This same tendency to magnify life as will showed itself in another form. He did not like to think of an empty space in which the world was swinging; his nature abhorred a vacuum, and to people space with life, with spirits good or evil, did not seem to him irrational. In one of his sermons, on the Battle of Life, preached in 1885, he laments that the belief has faded away "in a universe all full of unseen forces." It has not faded away because of its unreasonableness, but because men have made this unseen world a field for witchcraft and magic obnoxious to the moral sense.

When men can get rid of the paraphernalia of ghost stories and the false supernatural which brings its double harm, degrading the souls that believe in it and hardening into blank materialism the souls whom its absurdities or enormities drive into disbelief . . . I do believe that we shall see a great restoral of healthy belief in spiritual presences.[1]

In the last experience of Phillips Brooks there emerges a peculiar type of mysticism, springing out of the consciousness of oneness between the divine and the human will. It is a mysticism wherein there is no sensuousness of emotion, no luxury of sentimental feeling, as in forms arising from other sources, whose tendency is to degenerate into emptiness. And yet there is no sense of union so close as that springing from the harmony of will with will. In comparison with it intellectual sympathy is weak, or the sentiment of a common emotion. In this consciousness of oneness of will, there is, also, the possibility of infinite tenderness, of an adoring love surpassing human comprehension. Here are some of the passages where Phillips Brooks describes the experience of his later years: —

Many of the noblest souls have always felt, what they could not entirely describe even to themselves, such a mysterious union between their personal life and the deep spirit which works in all things, that they have known that the unit of their existence and

Man, an English volume of his sermons, for a sermon on the Temptation of Christ.

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vi. p. 79. See, also, vol. viii. for a sermon on Unseen Spiritual Helpers, in which the same thought is presented from a different point of view.

their action was not the simple personality which in the tightest and most literal sense they called themselves, but was something more and greater. Just as the Body is not the Man, but the Body with the Soul flowing through it and filling it, so — such has been the thought of many of the greatest natures, the thought of which we have all caught sight in some moment of our lives — I am not merely this compact and single group of powers, pervaded with this consciousness of personality; I am all this, kept in communion with the heart of all things, fed by the spirit of the universal life.

Translate this floating, mystical persuasion into the terms of Religion, and it becomes the conviction that God and man are so near together, so belong to one another, that not a man by himself, but a man and God, is the true unit of being and power. The human will in such sympathetic submission to the divine will that the divine will may flow into it and fill it, yet never destroying its individuality; I so working under God, so working with God, that when the result stands forth I dare not claim it for my personal achievement; my thought filled with the thought of One who I know is different from me while He is unspeakably close to me, as the western sky to-night will be filled with the sunset. Are not these consciousnesses of which all souls that have ever been truly religious have sometimes been aware? "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," wrote the Apostles to the brethren at Antioch. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," wrote Paul to the Galatians. Who has not felt it? It was God and I, making one unit of power, that conquered my great temptation, that did my hard work, that solved my problem, that bore my disappointment. Let me not say that it was God alone. That makes me a machine, and responsibility floats off like a cloud. Let me not say that it was I alone. That robs the work of depth and breadth and height, and limits it to what I know of my poor faculty. No! It was this active unity of God and me, His nature filling my nature with its power through my submissive will. It is not something unnatural. It is most natural. I do not truly realize myself until I become joined with, filled with Him.

This is the religious thought of character. I could not preach to you of character, of human selfhood and its great function, as I have preached to you to-day, and not carry it as high and deep as this. Men call it mystical and transcendental; they say it all sounds dreamlike to the great majority of men. I confess that objection weighs with me less and less. A thousand things seem dreamlike to the great majority of men which by and by

are going to be known as the great moving powers of the world.[1]

The work of Phillips Brooks as a theologian was to render the formula in terms of life. To apply the reverse method, and reduce again his thought and its expression to the categories of traditional opinion, does injustice to his attitude. Yet the foregoing study of his theology will not have been in vain if it serves to make his position more intelligible when judged by conventional standards. Let one final word from him close the discussion. He is speaking of the supreme test to which all changes in religious thought must come: —

> Every change of religious thought ought to justify itself by a deepened and extended morality. . . . The manifestations of devoutness are variable and mistakable. The manifestations of moral life are in comparison with them invariable and clear. About my being humble and full of faith any man may be mistaken. About my being honest and pure it is far less possible to err. Therefore it is a blessed thing for all religions that the standards of morality stand clearly facing it and saying, "Can you do this? Can you make men brave instead of cowardly, kind instead of cruel, true instead of false?" For every new form of religious thinking it is a blessed thing that, full of its first fresh enthusiasm, it is compelled to pass along the road where the old solemn judges sit who have judged all the ages, the judges before whose searching gaze many an ardent young opinion has withered away and known its worthlessness, the judges who ask of every comer the same unchanging question, "Can you make men better men?" No conceit of spirituality or wisdom must make any new opinion think it can escape that test. He who leaves the plain road where the great judges sit, and thinks that he can get around behind them and come into the road again beyond where they are sitting, is sure to fall into some slough of subtlety and to be seen of men no more.[2]

[1] From Baccalaureate Sermon, Class of 1884, Harvard University. For similar utterances, cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 208, 378.

[2] Cf. in *Essays and Addresses*, p. 230. See, also, the *Theology of Phillips Brooks*, by Leighton Parks, Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston (1894), for a valuable discussion of Dr. Brooks's theology, with references and citations; and "Phillips Brooks as a Theologian," by Rev. John Fox, in the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, July, 1895.

CHAPTER XVII

1884–1885

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS. VISIT TO WASHINGTON. THE OLD HOUSE AT NORTH ANDOVER. THEATRE GOING. SISTERHOODS. THE NEWTON CONTROVERSY. MISSIONS. LATIN SCHOOL ADDRESS. VISIT TO ENGLAND. DEGREE OF D. D. CONFERRED BY OXFORD UNIVERSITY. SERMON AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK

In the robing-room of Trinity Church is a window given by Phillips Brooks in 1884, a thank offering to his people for their generous kindness, and representing also an epoch in his career. The window has a further interest in being his own conception, worked out under his supervision. This is a description which reveals something of its significance: —

ΕΦΦΑΘΑ.
[Be opened.]

The picture is that of Jesus and the man of Galilee "that was deaf and had an impediment in his speech." At the left stands Jesus, his arm stretched out that his fingers may touch the lips of the man who has been brought to him. Around stand the Apostles and friends of the afflicted man, while in the background one sees the sail of a ship upon the Sea of Galilee.

Above are representations of three angels holding a scroll with the words

εἰς ἃ ἐπιθυμοῦσιν ἄγγελοι παρακύψαι,
[" Which things the angels desire to look into."]

At the bottom of the window two small pictures represent the Baptism and the Supper of our Lord: on the left the Baptism, — John upon the bank pouring the water upon the head of his Master, who stands in the stream; while above, the dove is descending from the heavens; on the right, The Lord's Supper, — Jesus breaking bread at the table with His disciples, and St. John leaning upon His shoulder.[1]

[1] Cf. *An Historical and Descriptive Account of Trinity Church, with a Guide to its Windows and Paintings.* By A. H. Chester, Cambridge. 1888.

Of this window, which meant vastly more to him than he ever confessed in words, he wrote to a friend who admired it: —

I am glad you like the little window in the robing-room, because it was my own thought entirely and one in which I took the deepest interest. The makers did their work just as I wanted them to, and the result has already given me great satisfaction and inspiration. I hope that it will help a long line of the future Rectors of Trinity to speak with free and wise tongues.

The Coopers and the McVickars spent the last week in January at the Rectory; after the happy days were over Mr. Brooks wrote Mr. Cooper, sending him a gift: —

February 12, 1884.

May it remind you of him who tenderly remembers your visit as one of the bright spots in his dark pilgrimage. I missed you awfully after you had gone. The house seemed empty, and I wandered up and down the stairs looking behind all the doors to find my jovial friends. But by and by I found they were not there, and so I dried my tears and went to work. I had a pleasant visit with John at Springfield. Then I went up to Willie Newton's, and he sleigh-rided me and talked to me about the Inter-ecclesiastical Church Congress, and showed off his children, and was as nice and sentimental as possible. Then I went over to Williamstown in the snow, and saw Mark Hopkins, and preached to the boys, and wished I could stay longer, and came home.

Since then we have lost Wendell Phillips, and all the town has been debating whether he was the noblest or the basest man that ever lived, and we discriminating souls have decided that he was a mixture of the two.

On the appearance, after a long delay, of the "Life of Frederick Denison Maurice," he writes to his brother Arthur: —

March 21, 1884.

I have got the advance sheets of Maurice's Life, which Scribners sent me, and am enjoying them immensely. He was the strangest, moodiest creature, but with such a genuine intellect and such a true love for his race and time. . . . Isn't it sad that we shan't see dear little Clarkson [late Bishop of Nebraska] any more in this world?

To a letter from Rev. C. A. L. Richards, asking in re-

gard to a current report that Mr. Brooks had surrendered his faith in the miracle, he wrote: —

Boston, March 22, 1884.

What a curious question! No, I have not "surrendered the miraculous element in the New Testament," nor do I "believe Jesus the natural son of Joseph and Mary," nor do I "think Stopford Brooke needlessly withdrew from the Church of England," and points like these. Who on earth can be the man who cares to know what I think about these things?

He is recalled at this time as once entering his study, where friends were waiting for him, throwing his hat across the room indignantly, and refusing to talk. It appeared that he had just come from a conversation on the street with a clergyman of another denomination, who quietly assumed that he did not believe the creeds he was in the habit of reciting. He had broken out in moral wrath against the man and against his assumption, asking him if he realized the meaning of what he was saying. To a clergyman who had published a statement to the effect that Mr. Brooks no longer believed in the tenets of his creed, he wrote an emphatic letter, saying plainly that the statement was untrue. This difficulty which he encountered might afford opportunity for a curious psychological study. People wanted him to believe as they did. It shook their faith in their own position if it were shown that he did not. Hence they assumed the agreement. They were unwilling to accept his denials. They apologized for him on the ground that he could not know himself on such points. If he were a consistent logical thinker, he would see that he did not believe what he thought he did.

When Easter had been kept, he went to New York for the visit previously arranged with his brother and thence to Washington. Just as he was leaving New York, he wrote to Boston, commending to his assistant at Trinity a case of need: —

New York, April 19, 1884.

Will you go and see a colored man named —— who is in the City Hospital, Boston? It is a bad case. The man shot himself some six weeks ago, in consequence of some fraudulent pro-

ceedings in which he had been caught, and now he is in a wretched state. He will probably die, — or, if he lives, will be a helpless creature. He is half paralyzed, and at times he is more or less out of his head. I wish that you would see him, for when I left him he was very desolate. Do comfort the poor soul, and set him right if you can.

A round of festivities awaited him in Washington. Lunches and dinners, at which distinguished men were invited to meet him, filled up the days. Among his hosts were Senator Bayard and the historian Bancroft. He met Senators Hoar, Dawes, Pendleton, Tucker, and Wade Hampton; Judges of the Supreme Court Gray, Field, Harlan and Matthews. At a dinner given in his honor by Mr. Bancroft, he met, among others, General Sheridan and President Arthur. He called upon the President at the White House, and the President returned his call. He took the occasion while in Washington to revisit the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, and "grew very sentimental about old times." Leaving Washington, he returned to New York; from there he went to a missionary meeting at Troy, where he spoke, returning to Boston by way of Springfield, where a reception was given him by his brother.

In Pennsylvania the name of Phillips Brooks had been mentioned as a candidate for the bishopric in case Bishop Stevens should ask for assistance. He writes on the subject to Rev. Arthur Brooks: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, May 18, 1884.

Dear Arthur, — I thank you for your kind note, on which I have been pondering since it came. It is a funny feeling to be brought face to face with the question whether one would be a Bishop if he were elected. But when I ask myself the question, I become quite sure that I would not. First, I feel confident that I do not want it, and second, I am sure that I am not made for it. And in the case of Pennsylvania, if there should come an election there, they have so good a man in McVickar that there is no need of looking farther, and it would be wrong to distract attention from him to anybody else. . . . Let him be Bishop, and if anybody asks anything about me, tell them you believe — as I now assure you is the case — I would not accept it if I were chosen.

An incident occurred in the spring which gave him great pleasure, — the invitation to stand as sponsor for the oldest son of the Rev. H. H. Montgomery, then Vicar of Kensington, afterward Bishop of Tasmania. Mr. Montgomery's wife was a daughter of Archdeacon Farrar. To his infant godson, Harold Robert Montgomery, he writes this letter: —

Boston, June 9, 1884.

My dear little Godson, — I sent you by express to-day a little package, which, when it arrives, I beg you to open and to keep its contents as a token of the love and remembrance of your far-away Godfather. I hope that you will find it useful for a while, and by and by when you outgrow it, I shall be very glad if it still serves to remind you that there is Somebody away off here whom you belong to, and who cares about you very much indeed. Your Father and Mother have shown me the great confidence and kindness of asking me to be your Sponsor. They will tell you one of these days how they and I first met. But I am afraid that I myself will have to tell you the whole story of how good they were to a wanderer who had strayed across the ocean. I should have been very deeply interested in their child even if they had not made such a sacred tie between us. As it is, nothing can happen to you for which I shall not deeply care. May you grow very strong at once, and after a while very wise, and never fail to be very happy, and be always very good. Next year I shall be a few days in England, and then we will see each other's face. And some day I shall have the chance to show you this country, which I want you to grow up liking very much, and thinking only next best to your own. I am so glad that you are born now, for I think that you are going to have the best and most interesting time to live in that anybody has ever had. You must be very good to be worthy of it. But just at present you must give your whole mind and time to growing very big and strong.

May God give you His best blessings alway.

Affectionately your Godfather, Phillips Brooks.

He had an attack of lameness in May, which shut him up in the house as a cripple for several days. Otherwise his health seemed to be good. He went out to Commencement at Harvard as usual, "going faithfully through the whole programme," and pleased with the Φ B K oration by Professor Jebb, of Oxford.

We all went out to Class Day evening, and the yard was exceedingly beautiful. Then Bishop Harris was here and preached the Ordination Sermon at Cambridge, and preached for me at Trinity yesterday morning. He 's a fine fellow. . . .

Had he gone to England in the summer, he would have acted as representative of Harvard University at the three hundredth year celebration at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. But the summer was spent at home, part of it at Sharon Springs, N. Y., of which he writes: —

What a pretty, quiet place it is, — a place for children to run wild, and for old folks to sleep. Even Dr. S—— was not half so ugly last night as I expected him to be about —— and Father X—— did not stand to his ritualistic colors worth a cent.

He speaks of attending the services in the Episcopal Church, but they were not wholly to his taste: "I sat in a pew at both services and enjoyed my mind." Here is a specimen of his analysis of character, in which his letters abound: —

Sharon Springs, N. Y., July 9, 1884.

Thank you for letting me see the remarkable epistle in which our friend pours forth his soul. It is a strange being. I doubt if he himself has any idea where sincerity ends and insincerity begins. And with this fulsome and unreal part of him there are mixed up such good qualities, so much energy and kindliness and desire to be useful, that it seems a perpetual pity that he should not be a great deal better than he is. He is a curious study of the way in which one's weakest and strongest qualities not merely lie side by side, but also are twisted in with one another, and get each other's strength and weakness.

Altogether the summer rather dragged. "What a dreadful time summer is! I long for Lent and its labor, or Christmas and its carolling, in contrast with this loungy, hot, dissipated life." One event, however, did interest him deeply; he had come into possession of the old homestead at North Andover. He felt for the first time the sensation of being an owner of land, and was impressed with the circumstance that he should have fallen heir to the home of his ancestors. It gave him a new sense of dignity to walk over his lands and contemplate them as his own. He magnified

to its full importance this consciousness of possession, and yet played with it as if he had been presented with a new toy. It was his pleasure, from this time, to represent himself as spending his summers at North Andover, and carrying on there extensive farming operations. Many improvements within and without the house made things more comfortable and attractive. A study was fitted up with its large fireplace, where he was surrounded by the portraits of his ancestors, — a so-called study, for he spent but little time there; he could not get accustomed to living in a country town, and when he was there he sighed for the city and the ways of men. But he did his best to win himself to the enjoyment of his property. The old corn barn he made over into a playhouse for the children of his older brother. A stove was put into it where the children could play at cooking, and where he was to go and take tea with them. A study table was also provided, for it was assumed that he would spend there much of his time. With his own hands he lined almost every inch of the wall surfaces with pictures in both its stories, for anything in the shape of a picture pleased him, and even cheap woodcuts were better than nothing. In the midst of the changes and improvements he writes, "How I wish we had taken hold of it and made these changes ten years ago, while Father and Mother and the Aunts could have got the enjoyment of them."

With the exception of a few weeks at Sharon Springs he was in his place at Trinity Church for the summer, preaching on Sundays, visiting the sick and the poor during the week, anxious that they should not feel forsaken. The care of the mission chapel of Trinity, then situated on Charles Street, had for a time been assumed by him. It was one of the anecdotes told of Mr. Brooks that in urging upon Rev. Reuben Kidner to come to Boston and take up this work, he mentioned as an inducement the crowded congregations which awaited him in this wayside chapel; this had been his own experience on the Sunday evenings when he had preached there. Plans were now talked of for enlarging the work under Mr. Kidner's direction, and of building a larger

HOUSE AT NORTH ANDOVER, EXTERIOR

chapel in some better situation. He speaks of his interest in the mission in a letter to Miss Derby: —

Boston, July 26, 1884.

I am very glad indeed to hear you speak as you do of the new chapel work. I have great hopes of it, and that first evening seemed to me to be full of promise. I mean to try to be of more use there next winter than I have been of late years.

Along with your note came that of Mr. N——, suggesting so kindly that some overworked clergyman should come and enjoy Campobello for a while at his house. It is very good of him indeed. I am not able to claim that I am overworked, and yet I was much tempted to suggest myself. But I must look about and see if there is not somebody that needs it more. If you see me arriving in the character of an exhausted and destitute minister, you must not expose me. But I am afraid that I must stay at home and look after Trinity, for we have just met with a sad mishap. Our suit with reference to the small triangle in front of Trinity Church has gone against us, and either a very large amount of money must be raised to purchase it or it must be built upon, and a big tenement house must stand right up before our front door. But this will all come out right somehow and the new West-End chapel also will get built some day.

In the fall, political issues were causing great excitement throughout the country. The nomination of Mr. Blaine for the presidency caused widespread dissatisfaction in the Republican party, giving rise to what was known as the "Mugwump" movement, by whose aid the Democratic candidate, Mr. Cleveland, was elected, — the first Democratic President in a period of twenty-five years. While Mr. Brooks did not vote for Mr. Blaine, yet he positively refused to join in the revolt from the Republican party.

The Church Congress met at Detroit in October, where he read his paper on "Authority and Conscience."[1] He accepted an invitation to deliver lectures in the following year at the General Theological Seminary in New York, and fastened at once on the subject of Tolerance, which had long been in his mind, as needing some new and stronger exposition: "I propose to give its history, and discriminate it from its counterfeits and anticipate its future."

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*; see, also, *ante*, p. 488.

The proposed visit of Archdeacon Farrar to this country was hailed by Mr. Brooks with delight. He charged himself in advance with the duty of making preparation for it, offering suggestions as to how the time shall be most profitably employed: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 3, 1884.

My dear Dr. Farrar, — This is a joy indeed! Henceforth I will not cease to hope for any good thing which I want very much, for I shall be sure that some changing year will bring it in some most unexpected way, as it has brought your promise of a visit to America. Already I look at our Boston streets with jealous eyes, and hope that you will like them; and last night, when I went to hear your countryman, Dr. Gosse, lecture at the Lowell Institute, I was thinking all the time how much I wished that it was you already in possession of the platform, where we shall see you by and by.

I care little what you do in New York. Boston is the centre and the Hub. First, you and your friend who comes with you will make my bachelor house your home when you are here, won't you? It is only a wayside hut, where I live quite alone, but there shall be the heartiest of welcomes and liberty to do the thing which you like best. Will you not tell your companion what pleasure it will give me if he with you will come to me for all your Boston visit? And then when you are here, would it be pleasant to you if an audience should gather for your Bampton Lectures made up of the students of all the Divinity schools of various churches, — Episcopal, Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, and Universalist, — together with the clergy of all of those denominations? Such an audience would delight to hear you, and you could do them vast good. There would certainly be the wish to make an acknowledgment of several hundred dollars for the trouble you would take.

As to the Lowell Institute, Mr. Lowell would, I know, be overjoyed to know that you would lecture for him, if — and that brings me to the one point of difficulty about it all — you can make your visit *late enough* to let him give you an audience. The trouble is that everything is dead here almost until the first of November. September is an almost useless month to be here. Society, schools, lectures, are almost hopeless. Our Divinity schools and colleges begin about the first of October. The nearer a course of lectures can be brought to the first of December the better it succeeds. I am anxious, therefore, that your visit here shall be as late as possible. If you can write to me at what

time you can come, making it as late as you can manage it, and will let me know that some such arrangement as I have suggested would be agreeable to you, I will see at once that the arrangements of it are set in train. I am so glad that you are coming! You do not know how true and deep is the regard which hosts of people here have for you, or how much good your visit will do to us all, or how much I want to see you in this dear old town! You are to preach your first sermon in my church. I wish with all my heart that Mr. Montgomery would also come with you. Is it impossible? I thank you for your kind words about my little visit for next summer. I am afraid it will be very short, and I am to be so much in the power of my friends with whom I travel, a whole family of them, that I must not hope to accept your kind invitation to be your guest in London. I must call a hotel my home, but you will let me come in upon you as I used to do, and sit sometimes among your children at your table. I have promised to preach at Cambridge on the first Sunday in June, and when Jowett wrote to me about Oxford I told him of this plan and said that if there were no impropriety in accepting both invitations, I would come there on the last Sunday in May. What sort of sermons ought these to be? I have heard nothing further from Dr. Jowett.

I wish that you were here to-night! But it is very much to know that you are coming. With the kindest regard to Mrs. Farrar and to all your family,

I am ever faithfully yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To Dr. Weir Mitchell he writes, speaking of his recent book, "In War Time:" —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, December 20, 1884.

MY DEAR WEIR, — Just after I had finished "In War Time" there came in the copy of it which you, in your kind thoughtfulness, had sent to me. I should have sent a line anyway to say how much I had enjoyed the story, but now I must also tell you how very much I value the copy of it which you have given me yourself. I have not had enough to do with great people to have ceased to feel a thrill at an author's gift of his own book. An author, the man who can wave his wand and summon all these people and make them behave themselves like folks for four hundred pages, is a mystery and a marvel to me. And to have him open the door to me with his own wonderful hands is a surprise and delight.

And then the book comes from a dear old friend, which is far more. It is full of the dear old times. The very smell of Ger-

mantown is delightful, and I cannot be mistaken in thinking that here and there I have a reminiscence of people I have known with you. And the people whom I have not known you have, and I feel as if I knew them through you.

I thank you, my dear Weir, for writing it and for sending it to me. I take it for a Christmas present, and send back swarms of Christmas wishes for you and yours. God bless you, merry gentleman! Ever affectionately yours,

P. B.

To Lady Frances Baillie he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 25, 1884.

Dear Lady Frances, — Before I go to church this Christmas morning I want to send you a word of greeting, which I wish that you could get to-day, but oh! for those three thousand miles of sea! At any rate you will know that I thought about you on this best morning of the year, and sent out this bit of a letter from the midst of our snowdrifts to tell you of my kind and grateful remembrance.

I should not be ashamed to have you see how our New England Christmas looks, — such sunshine and such spotless snow, fresh fallen during last night; and a tingling, clear, cold air which makes everybody who goes by under the windows go springing, as if they were so full of Christmas joy that they could not walk soberly.

And so we are in the depths of another winter, full of work and full of all sorts of interesting experiences. It must be a dreadful thing to live after life has ceased to be interesting, and when folks have become tiresome. Every now and then somebody comes in on us from your great land to make variety for us, and to remind us how alike and how unlike the mother country and the daughter country are. We have seen many pleasant Englishmen and Englishwomen here this autumn. Whenever they come I feel the old pleasure rise up in my heart, and I want to be among you for a while in June. Well, I am coming in June.

Now I must go to church. May all best blessings of the Christmas and the New Year's come to you and yours. Ever, dear Lady Frances,

Yours most sincerely, Phillips Brooks.

It was not often that Phillips Brooks had the opportunity to go to church as one of the congregation, and listen to the preaching of others. Here is a picture of him in the old

church on Tremont Street, sitting in the familiar pew where he had grown up from boyhood. He writes, December 26, 1884: —

The Bishop had us all to talk to the other day in old St. Paul's, and I sat alone in Pew No. 60, and heard him, and used Mother's old Prayer Book in the service.

1885.

The following letters were written to a lady who had thoughts of entering a sisterhood in order that her life might be under "rule" and subject to a "spiritual director." The tone of the remonstrance is urgent, for on this subject the feeling of Phillips Brooks was as deep as Luther's when he broke with asceticism, or of the English reformers when they sanctioned the abolition of the monasteries: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 3, 1885.

My dear Miss ——, Is there not very great danger that, in seeking to lose the worst part of yourself, its anxiety and oppression, you may lose the best which God has given you in the submission of your life to rule and machinery? I cannot help telling you once more how sad is the mistake which I feel sure that you would make if you gave way to the impulse which has taken possession of your mind.

But may not this one thing have weight with you, the duty which you owe to your present work? Can you desert the souls which look to you for help? Can you give up your school-teaching into which God has allowed you to carry so much of life-giving power? Can you abandon your class in which you have gathered so many young hearts, all growing earnest under your inspiration? I do not see how it is possible. If ever God marked out one of his servants for a certain kind of work and showed His purpose for her by the blessing which He gave to her labors, He would surely seem to have done it for you. Can you disregard all this and give yourself up to a system in which you certainly do not thoroughly believe, and by your embracing of which you would assuredly seem to disown the method of the healthy, human, and spontaneous work in which you have accomplished so much.

I need not tell you that you can make no change in your work which will change in the least degree my faith in your singleness of purpose and devotion to Christ. But, my dear friend, for

your own sake, and the Church's sake, and the sake of the souls which you are training, may I not beg you to continue the work for which I have so often thanked God?

May He give you His light abundantly.

Your sincere friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, January 8, 1885.

MY DEAR MISS ——, I am more glad than I can tell you. I do joyfully and solemnly thank God for your decision. Now may your whole life realize more and more in ever increasing usefulness and happiness that it is God whom you have followed, and that in His rich world is the place where He will give Himself to you most richly.

May He bless you, my dear friend, always.

Faithfully yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It may have been partly in consequence of his deep, constitutional repugnance for anything savoring in the least degree of the monastic tendency that he sympathized with movements whose object was to give women a greater opportunity in the world of action. He felt the significance of the juncture in the circumstances of the time begetting the two alternatives, one of which would send them to semi-monastic seclusion, as in the Middle Ages, and the other throw open to them spheres of influence which had hitherto been closed. In his experience of evils to be reformed in municipal life, he felt that women could take an important place which could not so well be filled by men. He gave his sympathy to those who were laboring to this end.

Among the changes in clerical life which Mr. Brooks deplored as reducing the richness of his environment was the transfer of the Rev. William R. Huntington from his long rectorship of All Saints' Church, Worcester, to the rectorship of Grace Church, New York. His desire to keep his friends about him led to the suspicion that he even put obstacles in the way of their removal, when there was danger of their getting beyond his range. While there was no truth in the suspicion, yet he did want to keep his friends about him, for it seemed to shake the stability of his universe to let them go. He writes to Dr. Huntington with reference to an exchange: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 3, 1885.

My dear Huntington, — Thank you for your kind note. Boston is expecting you for Sunday, and I will do the best I can to keep New York from grumbling. I shall not be able to go on until Saturday afternoon, but I hope to get a good part of next week in your great town. My brother Arthur will expect me to be his guest, so that I must not accept your courteous offer of the pleasant hospitalities of the rectory. But I shall pay my respects to Miss Reynolds and your children, and perhaps you will be back before I leave.

I suppose I may take it for granted that you have a surplice at Grace Church which I can wear, and if you will tell your sexton to have the pulpit desk four feet and three inches from the floor, the gospel as I try to preach it will be more effective.

A good club last night, at which we should have rejoiced to see your face. Ever yours affectionately,

Phillips Brooks.

He writes to Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 14, 1885.

My dear Newton, — I thank you very much indeed for your note, and I am glad to know from it that the impression which I formed this week in New York is correct, that the Newspapers are making the mischief, and that we are not to see your real work hindered and the Church disgraced by a presentment and a trial. I am sure that the work which you have done is one for which you may well be thankful, and for which those who love our Church most wisely may rejoice. You have had a true message to many whom others' messages have failed to reach. You have done very much indeed to keep the mind of the Church open to the light. Whatever God may have to say to her, you have made it more possible for her to hear.

That is a great work for any man to have done. In that, more than in the impression of his own exact ideas upon the Church's mind, any progressive man's best service to the Church must lie. We certainly cannot be surprised or angry that such a work excites anger and opposition. I, for one, believe that no opposition will exasperate you, and that you will be kept from any word which can hinder the best result of what you have seriously and devoutly undertaken.

I wish you would rest yourself for a Sunday by coming on and staying with me and preaching in my church. Any Sunday that you will name I shall be delighted to see you.

Ever yours most sincerely, Phillips Brooks.

In February Mr. Brooks went to New York to deliver his lectures on Tolerance. Of this event he speaks in a letter dated February 14, 1885: —

I have been at New York lecturing . . . at the General Theological Seminary. . . . I saw Buell, and Eigenbrodt, and all those others who have been vague names to me from my childhood. . . . They were civil, and the fellows sat and took my lectures; and when the last was over, we went over to the Eden Musée and saw the wax works and the chamber of horrors.

To his brother he writes in the capacity of an officer of the Church Congress with reference to the appointments of speakers: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 12, 1885.

My dearest Arthur, — The man who can say what side X—— will take on any imaginable topic is a dangerous member of society. He possesses a degree of insight and perspicacity which it is not safe to have about! On the whole, I think that X—— doesn't like æstheticism in Christian worship. But I dare not say that his paper will not be a furious abuse of Puritanism and an assertion that only by altar lights and superfrontals can the Church be saved! Still, do put him on. Better, a thousand times better, X—— in the wrong than Y—— in the right! X—— will be interesting at any rate, which Y—— never was, nor is, nor will be for ever and ever, Amen. Honestly, I have no serious doubt that his talk would all be on the side of simplicity and sense, and I should think he would be a first-rate man for the place.

He writes on the subject of attending the theatre: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 24, 1885.

Dear Miss Derby, — I understand and appreciate your feeling perfectly, but I think that it is better not to go. If I could tell people frankly about it, I would not hesitate to do so. But the trouble with the Theatre is its dreadful indiscriminateness. The same House which gives good Mrs. Vincent her benefit to-day may have almost anything to-morrow. What can we do with an institution such as that? When you come home I will tell you more fully what I think about it if you care to hear, but at present I know that I may beg you to believe that I have not decided without thought this question which you have asked me. I am sure that Mrs. Vincent will not doubt my respect for her because I do not go to her benefit, and you will not imagine that I do not value your judgment on the subject.

I send my kind remembrances to your mother and to Carrie, and I am,

Ever yours sincerely, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In giving his impressions of Phillips Brooks, Mr. Edward W. Hooper recalls how when men complained of the churches as incompetent to distribute the bread of life, or as "trying to dam up the water of life that it might be distributed only to regular subscribers," — a familiar complaint at the time, Mr. Brooks would reply that he had no sympathy with such remarks: —

> Such speeches have just enough truth in them to make them pungent, but they are not really true. The churches to-day are honestly trying to bring the Water of Life to all men. They blunder and they fail, but they do try. And I do not know, for myself, any other agency with which I can combine such poor effort as I can make in that direction, except with them.[1]

In this, as in other cases, Mr. Brooks strove to recognize the situation as it actually was, — there were men outside of the churches whose aim was to be good and to be useful, but who no longer went to church or cared to do so. He alluded to the relation of the church and the clergy to these men, whom the community might hold in the highest respect, in a sermon preached at Appleton Chapel April 26, when his text was "Watch ye therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" (Luke xxi. 36). The division between church-goers and non-church-goers was not to be explained by the operation of a "special" and a "common grace," as the earlier Puritan divines had taught. There was fault upon both sides to be removed, but a common ideal held both classes in the same responsibility, — worthiness to stand before the Son of man.

The attention of Mr. Brooks was called, in a direct and practical way, it would seem for the first time, to what are known as "Missions," by a request from his brother that he would "hold a mission" in the Church of the Incarnation. He dismissed the request, saying he had not the special gift

[1] Quoted from *The Harvard Monthly*, February, 1893, p. 206.

required, but the subject lingered in his mind and took shape in after years in efforts of a similar kind which will be described in their place.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 28, 1885.

Dear Arthur, — Your letter talking about things to happen after Lent is over sounds delightful, but very far away and mystical, very like the most glorious and mysterious passages of the Revelation. But it will all come to pass in good time. Indeed, it is nearer now than it seems. Confirmation is over, and there is only one more Bible class after to-night. I wonder if those innocent boys have any idea how much I dread the meetings, and how awfully I am afraid of them. I am startled at the idea of holding a "mission." I don't know how, and, so far as I do understand it, I don't think that I have the right sort of power. I have an idea that there are mysterious methods of which I am profoundly ignorant, and, besides, I have made tremendous resolutions about staying at home next winter and working up my parish, which is running down.

But we will talk about it all in that blessed week when we shall be together. . . .

Easter Day fell on the 5th of April, and from that time he gave himself to the preparation of his address before the Boston Latin School. What the prayer he made at Harvard on Commemoration Day in 1865 was to the University, that his oration was to the Boston Latin School, revealing his genius in a new light, his sympathetic insight into the meaning of events in history, his subtle power of characterizing historic personages, the large atmosphere wherein he environed the institution with his loving heart, the exquisite sentences, the humor and the gentle satire, the directness, the simplicity, the naturalness of it all, — these characteristics of Phillips Brooks were here seen in their conjunction and at their best. The address was given on April 23, 1885. The enthusiasm it elicited from a constituency representing old Boston may be inferred from these tributes: —

April 24, 1885.

My dear Sir, — The Latin School Association are under great obligations to you for your admirable oration. All are enthusiastic in praise of it, and well they may be.

As a literary, historical, and eloquent production, it was the best I ever listened to, and my experience has been a large one.

The committee have been commended for their sagacity in selecting you as the fittest of all the host of graduates for such a service.

Believe me, ever with the highest esteem,

Your friend, C. H. Dillaway.

I cannot refrain [says Mr. Merrill, the head master] from giving you the assurance again of my unbounded satisfaction and pleasure in your memorial address. After a day's retrospection and hearing so many words of commendation, with not a shadow of adverse criticism, it is evident that the committee were most fortunate in their unanimity, from the very beginning, in the selection of an orator. The spirit of your address, its sentiments and eloquence, were just what I expected from you, and I thank you with all my heart for it.

Nothing could have been better [writes the late Mr. Robert C. Winthrop] than your account of our old school, — nothing certainly more brilliant. My little gold medal has increased tenfold in value since it found a mention among the prizes of 1824 in your admirable oration.

Rev. Dr. Pynchon, President of Trinity College, Hartford, writes in the same strain, and gives interesting reminiscences of the old days: —

Trinity College, Hartford, April 27, 1885.

Dear Dr. Brooks, — I was very sorry not to find you at home on Saturday. I wanted particularly to express to you my very high appreciation of your Latin School Address. To say that it was a masterly oration, powerful and interesting and full of humor, and worthy of the most famous of the old school of Boston orators, would be but small praise, because I think its greatest merit consisted in wise lessons and in its certainty of being very useful. I hope a very large edition will be printed, and that a copy will be placed in every family of young children in the entire city, and especially in the hands of the rich and well-to-do people. It is a very great misfortune to them as well as to the public that they no longer send their children to the city schools, and particularly to the Latin School. The reason they give for not sending them there is the very reason for sending them, viz., that they may come into contact with the sons of the people, and grow up with them as part of them. It would

be of the greatest benefit to them all their lives. For myself, I feel under a debt to the city of Boston which I can never repay. Not a native of the city, or even of Massachusetts, I was sent there after my father's death, when about eight years of age, to live with my guardian, and as soon as possible was placed at the Latin School, where I got the very best education that America afforded for nothing. The school was then on School Street, in the heart of historic Boston. King's Chapel, Sir H. Vane's house, Governor Bowdoin's mansion, Hancock's house, Faneuil Hall, the Province House, the Old South, were close at hand. Frances Anne Kemble was playing in the Tremont Theatre. Bishop Wainwright was the pastor of Trinity. Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, A. H. Garrett, Theodore Lyman, Martin Brimmer, walked the streets, and often visited the school. All those surroundings were calculated to make a deep impression upon a boy; they did on me, and I have never lost it. I have had all my life a consciousness of dignity, as having been educated by the city of Boston, and have nourished a strong desire to be able to do something, some day, in return. It was this feeling that drew me to Boston the other day. Mr. Dillaway was then Master, assisted by Sebastian F. Streeter, Gardner, and H. W. Terry. Dillaway I loved, Gardner I feared, Terry I enjoyed, Streeter I admired. Your delineation of Mr. Gardner was to the life. It was truly a masterly portraiture. The last time I saw him was in Essex Street, as I was going from the B. & A. Station. "Are you still engaged in teaching the young idea?" "Yes," I said. "Ah, it is a wearying life. We deserve something better."

This was not long before his death. No old scholar can ever forget him and his appearance in the schoolroom as he walked over the floor, — his hair, his hands, and his legs. Yet he was exceedingly kind, and it was only upon the dull, the lazy, and the wicked that he poured out his wrath.

I was delighted to hear everybody in Boston, from President Eliot down, say that this was positively the finest thing you have ever done. If so, it was simply because it was the offspring of filial devotion to the old school and its master. May the oration of the five hundredth anniversary be equal to it!

Believe me to be always,

Most cordially yours, THOS. R. PYNCHON.

A letter came to Mr. Brooks from the late Bishop Vail of Kansas, which is valuable for the light it throws on the relationship between the two, and for its references to the friendships which they held in common: —

April 25, 1885.

. . . Your words in your previous letter touched my heart. The very mention of Cooper's study down there on the east side of Franklin Square brings up so many tender thoughts, — Cooper, Vinton, Bishop H. W. Lee, Strong, Yocom, *et id omne genus*, — what days those were! Dear Vinton! I used to call him the "noblest Roman of them all," and I shall pass the title over to you by right of inheritance. What times by and by, when in the blessed home we shall all meet and talk over the past, when our work here is done, and we come home from our work there, from time to time, and chat over the past of our work here, in those abiding mansions. May God pity our imperfections, and pardon our sins, and admit us to see the King in His beauty and glory, and evermore to work for Him!

Among the papers of Mr. Brooks, this following receipt finds its place here: —

Boston, April 29, 1885.

Received of Rev. Phillips Brooks ten dollars for drawing his will. F. E. Parker.

On Saturday, May 8, Mr. Brooks sailed for England by the Cunard steamer Etruria, arriving at Queenstown the following Saturday, after a passage of six days, twelve hours, and twenty-five minutes, regarded at the time as the best record made in ocean travelling. He writes to Mr. Cooper, "I feel as usual when about to start, that I wish I were not going." But in reality he was eager to go. There were many friends in England who were expecting his coming, homes stood open to him there as here, where the warmest welcome awaited him, and there were many who looked for him, as for a messenger sent from God. He had important engagements to fulfil, and high honors were to be bestowed. The same social recognition given him in 1883 was to be repeated in 1885, with equal if not greater cordiality. The English appreciation of Phillips Brooks seems almost to surpass the devotion of his own countrymen. He was inundated with letters, which began to pour in upon him before he left home, asking him to preach in many of the most important churches in London and elsewhere in England. When his arrival in England was

announced, the flow of letters was increased, reminding him of conditional promises he had made to preach here or there, on his previous visit. It was now taken for granted that he would come to England every other year.

On reaching London he betook himself immediately to the house of Archdeacon Farrar, where he saw his godson Harold Montgomery. His first sermon was preached for Dr. Farrar at St. Margaret's, Westminster. At the Abbey, where he preached on June 7, the crowd was vaster than ever that surged into the church before the service began. His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, was not among the early comers, and secured but a poor place, where it must have been difficult to hear. Mr. Brooks alludes to the occasion briefly in one of his home letters: "Preached in Westminster Abbey to a host of people. The great place looked splendid, and it was fine to preach there."

Mr. Brooks had preached notable sermons in the Abbey, but the sermon on this occasion, on the Mother's Wonder, from the text, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" enhanced his reputation and brought to him many letters of gratitude. On June 11 he went to Caterham Valley to preach the ordination sermon at the request of the Bishop of Rochester, when there were forty candidates to be presented. At the Chapel Royal, Savoy, whose chaplain, Rev. Henry White, was another friend, he preached, on June 21, from the text, "As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God." In its issue for June 25, the London "Truth" refers to the occasion: —

> The Chapel Royal, Savoy, was densely crowded on Sunday to hear Dr. Phillips Brooks preach his last [sic] sermon in London during his present visit to England. The multitude was so great that Dr. Brooks might well have imitated the practice of a former chaplain of the Savoy, the renowned Thomas Fuller, and redelivered his sermon in the garden which surrounds the Chapel, to the disappointed audience outside.

On Thursday, June 25, he preached twice, in the morning at St. Mark's, Kennington, and in the evening at Lincoln

Cathedral, where he was entertained by his friend Precentor Venables. On Saturday he went to Salisbury as the guest of Dean Boyle, and the following day he preached in Salisbury Cathedral. If he could have accepted all the invitations which came to him, it would have required a sojourn of several months. But he found time to go again to Harrow, at the urgent request of the head master, Dr. Montagu Butler, and roused the boys with his stirring appeal. He also went to a meeting in behalf of the Mission at Delhi, where he spoke out of a full heart and from a knowledge of the actual situation. He was asked by the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Harold Brown, to preach the sermon at the opening of the Church Congress, but was unable to comply with the request; and was also obliged to decline a request from the Dean, Dr. J. Stewart Perowne, to preach at Peterborough Cathedral.

Two events stand out in this visit which distinguish it from like occasions in other years, — his reception at the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, Oxford, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, had long been desirous that he should come to Oxford. On Trinity Sunday, May 31, he preached to a crowded congregation in St. Mary's Church, from the text Proverbs viii. 1, 22, 23; the sermon was published in part in the Oxford "Magazine" for June 3, and in full in the Oxford "Review." These were among the comments on the sermon and on the man: —

> Those who were wise enough to go to hear Mr. Phillips Brooks in St. Mary's certainly were not disappointed. There was a large crowd, especially of senior members of the University. The American preacher has certainly nothing of the proverbial Yankee about him. His style is flowing and dignified, and an occasional slip in his delivery only made its force and vigor seem more natural. It is a rare treat to hear a mean between the cultured homily, with which we are too familiar in Oxford, and the ranting, which seems to be the only prevailing alternative. We hope this is not the last time that Mr. Brooks will rouse Oxford from St. Mary's pulpit.
>
> Mr. Brooks has come among us to be welcomed as the author

of much of the delicate analysis of human motive and aspiration which in American literature we have learned to love.

He was long enough at Oxford to become a "familiar figure" to the students. On Monday night, June 1, he was a guest of Trinity College. On the next day he was present at a congregation in Convocation House. On June 16 he went to Oxford for a second visit, to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, where he was the guest of the Vice-Chancellor, and of Dr. Hatch, the author of the Bampton Lectures on the "Organization of the Early Christian Churches." Dr. Hatch had been eager to know Mr. Brooks as a man with a spirit kindred to his own. In a convocation held in the Sheldonian Theatre, on Tuesday, for the conferment of honorary degrees, the Vice-Chancellor presiding, Dr. Ince, the Regius Professor of Divinity, presented Mr. Brooks, recounting the circumstances of his career, how, not long after his ordination, he had gained recognition in America for keen intellectual power and remarkable eloquence; as an eloquent expounder, also, of the true Catholic faith. Some years ago his fame as an orator and preacher had reached England. The University had now been given an opportunity to hear him preach, and he could, therefore, plead his own claim best for the honor of a degree.[1]

[1] The address of Dr. Ince in presenting Mr. Brooks for the degree is here subjoined: —

"Post episcopos nostrates ad honores Academicos admissos non incongruum cuiquam videbitur si Theologum quendam gente nobis arctissimis vinculis conjuncta oriundum ad eundem honorem accipiendum præsentare pergam. Fama egregii concionatoris veritatem Christianam mira eloquentia edentis ab America ad nostras oras pervenerat. Intra hunc terminum speciali universitatis decreto data est nobis Oxoniensibus occasio ipsum concionatorem accipiendi, videndi, et (quod melius) nostris auribus audiendi. Non eget commendatione mea, hic vir reverendus, Phillips Brooks. Si gratiam vestram, Academici, petere necesse esset, ipse causam suam in Ecclesia S. Mariæ Virginis voce sua jamdudum egit. Hæc tantum mihi dicere liceat. Postquam literas humaniores et scientias quæ ad disciplinam cujusque hominis exculti pertinent in Collegio Harvardensi didicisset, orator noster ad Theologiæ studium se contulit. Tum ad sacros ordines Diaconatus et Presbyterii admissus, ingenio subtili, facundia, copia sententiarum et verborum uberrima, annis adhuc juvenilibus eminere visus est. Nunc regit Ecclesiam S. S. Trinitatis apud Boston, urbem Transatlanticam, cujus nomen

That the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford should commend Phillips Brooks as a defender of the Catholic faith, and that, too, in Oxford, the home of ecclesiastical conservatism, shows the impression he had made by his sermon at St. Mary's. He had taken for his text verses from that striking chapter in the book of Proverbs which reveals the influence of Hellenic thought upon the Hebrew mind, where the complex life of Deity is suggested by the personification of Wisdom: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was." The sermon was marked by the richness of imagination which had characterized his earliest preaching, when he was still fresh with the dew of the morning, that had brought him the fuller revelation of God. He must have been recalling, as he wrote the sermon, those vigils at the Virginia seminary, when for the first time he was reading the works of Philo and Origen. They had borne fruit with him, as in the ancient church they had prepared the way for the fuller Christian faith. The subject of his sermon was the "Life in God."

I have known that I was to come here and speak to you to-day, while the whole air of the place and of the Church in which I

originem Anglicam et migrationis memorabilis historiam nunquam obliviscendam revocat. Quo in loco notus est Fidei Christianæ et vere Catholicæ Vindex. Cives suos inter quos inveniuntur multi literis et philosophiæ dediti, Christi Evangelii doctrina et præceptis instruit: et adolescentes ingenuos in academia vicina Harvardensi apud Cantabrigiam Americanam allicit, delectat, ad veram sapientiam persuadet. Rationem prædicandi et Sacras Scripturas ad vitæ hodiernæ usus accommodandi in prælectionibus coram Collegio Yalensi habitis et a nostris Theologis avide lectis exposuit, artis suæ oratoriæ ipse exemplar idemque præceptor.

"Hunc igitur virum, de Theologia, de Religione, de Academica republicâ ubicunque gentium posita, optime meritum ad vos duco ut admittatur ad gradum Doctoris in Sancti Theologia honoris causa."

The bishops alluded to, upon whom the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred at the same time, were the Rt. Rev. Edward Harold, Lord Bishop of Winchester, Rt. Rev. Lord Arthur C. Hervey, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Rt. Rev. Charles John Ellicott, Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (the Chairman of the Committees for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments).

spoke was full of the great truth to which this day belongs, — the truth of the Trinity; and I have thought much of how I might best make what I desired to say seem fitted to the spirit of this lofty festival. It has not seemed to me best, even if it were in my power, to enter into dogmatic definition of the doctrine which tries to sum up in itself the Christian's faith in God. Rather I have chosen to preach to you of Life, its glories and its possibilities, to try to make the men to whom I was to speak feel with a deep enthusiasm the splendor and the privilege of life as the mysterious gift of God.

It has appeared to me that, speaking so, I should not be speaking in a way inappropriate to Trinity Sunday. For what is the truth of the Trinity? It is the truth of the richness of the Divine existence. The statement of the doctrine of the Trinity is the attempt to tell in our poor human language how manifold and deep and various is the life of God. This is the special meaning of the Feast of the Trinity. Other festivals of the Christian year remember what God *has done*. Christmas, Epiphany, declare the manifestations of His love and power in the experiences of His Son. Good Friday makes real anew, from year to year, the tragedy in which mercy and righteousness triumphed over sin and death. Whitsunday bears witness to His perpetual presence with mankind. Once in the year, on Trinity Sunday, the Church dares to lift herself up, and think with awe and loving fear of what God *is*. That is the sublimest occupation of the human mind. If the human mind dares to think itself equal to that occupation, dares to believe that it has fathomed God or surrounded God with its adventurous thought, how weak it grows in its audacity. But if, as it thinks of Him, it finds itself filled with this one truth concerning Him, that He is Life, that He is infinite and endless Life, that not in one tight compact personality but in a vastness and variety of being, which reaches our human nature on many sides, making it vital on them all, that so God the Creator, the Redeemer, the Inspirer, comes with His manifold living influence to man, — if so the Church of God can think of God on Trinity Sunday, then what a blessed, what a glorious festival it is. How all of human living and thinking becomes the stronger for its devout observance.[1]

One of the undergraduates who was present when the degree was conferred recalls "the hearty applause which the appearance of Phillips Brooks commanded:" —

[1] Cf. *The Oxford Review*, June 3, 1885, p. 354.

More than any man I have ever known, Phillips Brooks possessed that which commanded instant trust, complete confidence, — a power not only the outcome of a splendid physique, eloquent of strength and protection, of a broad, quick, and ever-sympathetic mind, but of a great heart filled with love for all his fellow beings, a love blind to all differences of class and race, and which, shining ever from his kindly eyes, lit up his face with a sunny smile, and made him godlike. I was an undergraduate at Christ Church when Oxford conferred the degree of D. D. upon him, and I shall never forget him as he appeared before the vice-chancellor — Jowett, I think — clad in his gown of crimson and scarlet, nor the surprise with which many of my Oxford friends regarded his splendid athletic proportions, and his perfectly formed head. There was nothing of the Jonathan about him, and the mass of even educated English people still picture an American as a thin man with a long nose and a goatee. . . . In applauding Phillips Brooks, men did not merely applaud a famous preacher. The praise was not that of the scholar, the artist, the athlete, but of those who felt instinctively when they saw him that here was a man as God intended a man to be; and there were no hands that were not busy clapping; even the heads of colleges forgot for once to remain unmoved.

On June 13 he went to Cambridge, to fulfil his appointment as one of the Select Preachers before the University. During his stay he was the guest of the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Ferrar, and of Professor Jebb, whose acquaintance he had made in the American Cambridge. He had the pleasure of witnessing a boat race on Saturday afternoon. Distinguished men were invited to meet him, among them the late Professor Freeman, and Dr. Westcott, the present Bishop of Durham. On Sunday he preached in Great St. Mary's, and his subject was chosen well for the place and the time, — in substance the first of his lectures on Tolerance, already referred to in a previous chapter. The occasion has been described by the late Dr. Hort, the eminent New Testament scholar, in a letter to his wife dated June 14, 1885: —

St. Mary's was a strange sight to-day. The scaffolding was prominent, now moved into the middle of the church. The crowds were enormous, at least downstairs. I do not think I

have seen so many M. A.'s for many years, and the ladies swarmed and overflowed everywhere. The undergraduates alone put in a *comparatively* poor appearance. The labors of the week had probably been too much for them. The sermon itself did make me very sorry indeed that you missed it. I do not know how to describe the rather peculiar appearance of Mr. Phillips Brooks. He is very tall, with a marked face and manner. It is a shame to compare him to so very unlike a man as Thackeray, but there was a real likeness; something, also, of Mr. Hotham *and* of Sedgwick! In the Bidding Prayer it was startling to hear him, "as in private duty bound," speak of Harvard College, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He began, as Mr. Litchfield had described after hearing his Oxford sermon, with quite extraordinary rapidity. It was a great effort to catch what was said, the voice being at that time rather low and by no means emphatic, and the manner, though interesting to an intelligent hearer, was not impressive to any one who needed rousing. But in all these respects he improved as he went along, though almost always too fast. But the simplicity, reality, and earnestness could hardly have been surpassed, and I should imagine that few ever let their attention flag. The matter was admirable, — a carefully thought-out exposition of Maurice's doctrine of tolerance, as the fruit of strong belief, not of indifference. There was no rhetoric, but abundance of vivid illustrations, never irreverent, and never worked up for effect, but full of point and humor. Altogether it was one of the sermons that it is a permanent blessing to have heard. If possible, I will get an extra copy of the "Review" before afternoon post on Wednesday, that you may be able to read it.[1]

The sermon excited so much interest, and so many persons expressed a strong desire to possess it, that Mr. Brooks was requested to give it for publication, the Cambridge Mission offering to take the responsibility of an edition. But the offer was declined, as the sermon only represented in part what he had in him to say on the subject of tolerance.

There was a continuous round of lunches and dinners marking each day of the month that he remained in England. The Earl of Aberdeen gave him the opportunity of spending a Sunday with Mr. Gladstone. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were among his

[1] *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 317.

hosts at dinner parties, Lady Frances Baillie and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Professor Bryce, author of the "American Commonwealth," Lord Mount Temple, Rev. Gerald Blunt, Mrs. Alice Stopford Greene, the widow of the historian, Dr. Sewell, Sir H. Adams, Dr. Thorold the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Russell Reynolds, and many others were among those who entertained him. He met Tyndall and Huxley, Miss Ingelow, William Morris, Browning and Matthew Arnold, Mr. Bosworth Smith and Dr. Boyd (A. H. K. B.). He had now many friends among the English clergy, and he made many calls, which must have been a serious tax upon his time and strength. The artistic side of his nature was kept in view by Mr. Edward Clifford the artist, under whose guidance he studied the work of Burne-Jones and Rossetti. He speaks of his pleasure in meeting the Tennyson children, and of a day on the Thames with Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery and Eric, Sybil, and Lillian Farrar. He renewed his relations with friends of former days, — the Buchanans, the Messers, and others. Among the names recurring in his letters are Rev. Stopford Brooke, Sir George Grove, Rev. Llewelyn Davies, Canon Duckworth, Rev. Harry Jones, Canon Spence, Rev. H. R. Haweis. There was no reserve among the English people when it was a question of some one whom it was desirable to know, nor did they stand upon ceremony in the matter.

Very touching were the things said to him by those who knew and loved him, or by those, and they were many, who had gained strength and life from his words or writings. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, and formerly Master of the Temple, writes to him: —

June 30, 1885.

It was a refreshment to look upon you in the church and pulpit at Kennington, and to feel assured that the old strength, the old grace, the old love, were fresh and young in you still. May it be so for many a long year on both sides of the great deep! To have known you, to have had your kind thought and your kind wish, will always be a memory and a hope too, to

Your respectful, admiring, and loving friend,

C. J. Vaughan.

Clergymen and laymen, ladies of high distinction and cultivation, told him what he had done for them; and chiefly it was that he had brought consolation and faith and hope to many who were walking in darkness. He had extended his pastoral office till it knew no limits of nationality. In all this there was neither rest nor leisure, but as he leaves England he writes: "Everything here has been delightful. People have been very kind and invitations flow in in far greater numbers than I can accept them. I have left England (July 15) after a most delightful visit. It was full of interesting occurrences, and I shall look back upon it with the greatest pleasure." In another letter he speaks of his visits to Oxford and Cambridge and contrasts the two Universities: —

> In Oxford I have had two delightful visits; staying first with Jowett, and then with Hatch, who wrote the Bampton Lectures about the organization of the Church. It is a curious world, full now of the freest thought running in the channels of the most venerable mediævalism, which is still strong and vigorous and controversial. Almost everybody you see in Oxford believes either too much or too little. It is hard to find that balanced mind, so rational yet so devout, so clear and yet so fair, with which we are familiar in the Club. Cambridge, where I also had a pleasant visit, seemed to me to be freer, but less interesting. It is less burdened with the past, and also, it would seem, less picturesquely illuminated by it.

The remainder of the summer was spent on the Continent in the company of Mr. Robert Treat Paine and his family, who joined him as he was leaving England. His real holiday had now begun. The party travelled through Germany, stopping at Bonn and then going through the Tyrol to Venice. Venice brought refreshment and repose. As usual, during his summer wanderings in Europe, he took as much, if not more, delight in revisiting places with which he was familiar as in seeing them for the first time. It fed his sense of humor to think of himself as carrying the whole world with him, and then to feel the contrast in places which had lived without him. Then, too, he had established personal associations with such places in the company of friends with whom he had lingered in them. In writing as he does

numerous letters in this reminiscent mood, to McVickar, Cooper, Franks, and Strong, or to his brothers, he never fails to remind them of the mutual associations they have with the place where he is tarrying. Indeed, he seems to have valued the return because it brought back delightful memories in which there was no alloy. In this invisible companionship of his friends, he looked again at Bellini and Titian, Tintoretto and Carpaccio, lounged in gondolas, went from Venice to Switzerland, gazing upon old scenes with fresh eyes, recalling his first visions. He wrote in these idle days some of his charming letters to children where he indulged his gift for arrant nonsense, and yet showing a psychological capacity to read the heart of a genuine child.[1]

To Rev. W. N. McVickar he writes: —

St. Moritz, August 2, 1885.

I cannot bear to let the whole summer pass without sending you a word of greeting, and so — how are you, my dear boy? In what happy fields are you walking, with what happy girls? And what fragile country vehicles are you overloading with your preposterous weight? For myself, I was informed by the scales of a remote but entirely trustworthy Tyrolese village the other day that I had lost forty pounds, and now weigh only a contemptible two hundred and sixty. Since then I have not blushed to look the meek diligence horses in the face, nor trembled as I stepped into the quivering gondola. I was there last week, at Venice, I mean. Antonio and Giovanni still haunt the quay in front of Danieli's, and tempt you to go with them and smoke Minghettis on the Grand Canal. Not only there, but in many places which I have touched this summer, the fragrance of your footsteps lingers, and often, when I have fallen asleep in the railroad cars, I have stirred at some slight noise which seemed to me to be Jimmy feeling for his roll.

While in Venice he heard of the death of General Grant: —

What a blessed release, after his brave waiting, and what a fine, strong, simple figure he will make in our history! There could not be a more distinctively American life and character than his.

[1] Cf. *Letters of Travel*, pp. 325 ff.

To Archdeacon Farrar he sends his thanks for the words he had spoken in Westminster Abbey on the national loss: —

LUCERNE, August 8, 1885.

MY DEAR DR. FARRAR, — May I thank you for your Address of last Tuesday, a part of which I have just had the opportunity of reading in the "Times." You cannot know how deeply it will touch the hearts of our people, and how they all will thank you for carefully studying and valuing one to whom they owe so much, and whose character has in many respects appealed to them so strongly. You have done very much to bring the nations very near to one another at this time when the heart of America is softened to receive lasting impressions.

On the return from Switzerland he stopped at Paris, where he met M. Nyegaard, and he also listened for the first time to M. Bersier. To M. Nyegaard, after he had reached home, he wrote this letter: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, October 17, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It is good indeed to know that I have seen you, and that I have held the hand which writes this pleasant letter that I received the other day. I look back to the hours which we spent together in Paris with sincere delight. Do you remember that we spoke of Emerson, our American philosopher, whom I ventured to praise, and whom you said that you would read. I took the liberty, the other day, of sending you a copy of his works, which I trust you will do me the favor to accept as a token of my affectionate regard. I think you will find much in him to like as well as much with which you will profoundly disagree.

I saw M. Bersier on the Saturday after we were together, and spent a very pleasant hour at his house. I was delighted with him. There is a vigorous and healthy manliness about him, mind and body, which refreshes and inspires.

The next day I heard him preach, and the preacher was the man. You added a new favor to the many for which I already am your debtor when you took me to him.

I have received the Dutch translation of my Lectures, "Boodschap en Getuigenis." Ponderous and incomprehensible name! With it there came a courteous note from M. Valeton. I cannot read the book, but I turn its pages with interest and awe. It is a most tantalizing tongue. It always seems as if you ought to be able to read it, and you never can. I shall dare to hope that something in it may help some far-away Holland

preachers and congregations whom I shall never see. Now, I want you and your wife to come to America, and to make me a visit in Boston. Let it be soon. I send my kind regards to her, and I am faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To Mr. Cooper, who sent him greetings on his safe return to America, he wrote: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, September 17, 1885.

DEAR COOPER, — Thanks for your greeting. Yes, I am at home again, and glad to be on the same side of the pond with you again. McVickar was here to receive me, and I only needed you to make the thing quite perfect. You won't fail me this winter, will you?

Dr. Tyng has gone. That breaks another link with the old times. I hope the new ones are better, but the old ones had a great deal of a sort of good about them which it is not easy to find now.

And again to Mr. Cooper he writes a humorous letter, thanking him for a little book for which he had furnished an introduction, whose object was to improve the ways of life among the poorer classes: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON,
Sunday evening, October 4, 1885.

DEAR COOPER, — I thank you very much for sending me the pretty little story about "Alice Dean." I have read it with great interest, and shall profit by it all I can. I have also read your introduction to it, and shall put it in practice right away. I read the paragraphs on pages four and five, and straightway had my study carpet swept, and put a dictionary and a commentary on the table, and ordered some plaster figures of a boy in the street for the mantelpiece, and hung your picture and Willie McVickar's in a good light, and told Katie to wash the table cloth, and set the table for supper; but there I came to a stand-still. Whatever shall I do for a bright, cheerful, tidy wife, with clean children! These I cannot beg, borrow, or steal. and it is too late now to come by them in the regular way. So this workingman's heart will never leap with joy, or at least only halfway. But there are plenty of other workingmen whom your little book will help, and it was a capital idea to have it printed.

Aren't you coming to the Congress? We shall all be there, and I, for one, badly want to see your blessed face. You need not go to all the meetings if you don't want to, and you shall

smoke all the pipes you will. Do come! How I wish I were in your study, and not here this Sunday evening!

One of Dr. Brooks's sermons, written in the fall, was on the text, "Luke, the Beloved Physician." Already there were in the air symptoms of the movement known as Christian Science. In this sermon he touches upon the organic relation between good health and good morals.

The duty of physical health and the duty of spiritual purity and loftiness are not two duties; they are two parts of one duty, — which is living the completest life which it is possible for man to live. And the two parts minister to one another. Be good that you may be well; be well that you may be good. Both of these injunctions are reasonable, and both are binding on us all. Sometimes on one side come exceptions. Sometimes a man must give up being well in order to be good. Never does an exception come on the other side. Never is a man under the necessity of giving up being good in order to be well; but the normal life of man needs to be lived in obedience to both commands.[1]

He goes on to compare the clerical and the medical professions. Both are apt to make the same mistakes, to lose sight of their ends in their means.

Theology has driven human souls into exquisite agony with its cold dissection of the most sacred feelings, and medicine has tortured sensitive animals in a recklessness of scientific vivisection, which has no relation, direct or indirect, to human good.

The reference to vivisection brought to him a protest from a physician who urged that the real correlative to the clerical sin he mentioned was the very common medical sin of attending to the disease and ignoring the patient's personal needs. "The few physicians who vivisect in this country are our most humane men, respected and loved by us all." To this letter and to its protest Dr. Brooks replied: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, October 22, 1885.

Dear Doctor, — Thank you for letting me hear from you again. We are not likely to meet often, I am afraid. It is good that once in a while we can get greeting of one another, and be sure that we are caring for the same things, and working for the same Master. I beg you let me see you when you can.

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. v. p. 230.

I have not forgotten the talks which we had years ago, nor ceased to be thankful to the God who led and is leading you.

You are right about the sermon. The true correlative of the clerical sin in medical life is the one which you named and not the one which I named. I shall make the change, but I must still somewhere put in my word about vivisection. I do not know how much of cruelty there is. I know that there is some.

God bless you always. Your sincere friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

During the fall he gave up much of his time to the preparation of a chapter for the "Memorial History of Boston," entitled "A Century of Church Growth,"[1] where he reviewed the history of the Episcopal Church. It is interesting as showing how faithfully he devoted himself to a task for which he might not have been thought specially fitted. He had already shown, however, what he could do in this line of historical or antiquarian research, by his address before the Boston Latin School, where he had not only been punctiliously accurate in his collection of facts, but, what was more, had shown that he could make history as real and as living to the imagination as was the passing event of the day. He made thorough preparation for what was to be small in its seeming result. He wrote down every name, and in connection with it events or circumstances reflecting any light on the personality. He studied the data in the history of each parish, scanning its reports for the symptoms of life, however feeble its outward existence. Nothing seemed small or unworthy to him. But he kept in full view the larger life of the time in order to give the true setting. As we follow him in his studies for the work, there breaks forth, now and then, a sense of humor at the situation. After going through the records of the episcopates of Bass, Parker, Griswold, and Eastburn, he sighs, "Oh, for a touch of genius!" But these humorous touches disappear when he comes to write, and every word is serious and dignified.

Mr. Brooks had been requested by his brother to make some inquiries while in England in regard to clergy who were said to have accomplished successful results in holding

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, where it is published in separate form.

Missions. He had fulfilled the request, and in so doing had become interested in the subject for himself. But it was with hesitation, and only after misgivings overcome, that he committed himself to approving the idea which the mission involved. For the mission seemed to imply that the regular work of the parish minister was not by itself sufficient to awaken an interest in religion, and that the pastor must go outside of his parish for aid. All the evils of the revival system, with wandering, irresponsible evangelists who caused ephemeral excitement by drawing crowds to whom the ordinary ministrations of the churches were dull, — these things were before his mind. It was an effort to introduce into the Episcopal Church what many regarded as an element foreign to its ways. In several letters to Rev. Arthur Brooks he speaks on the subject: —

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, June 8, 1885.

As to the Mission, I asked all the people I saw who the best missioners were, and the Bishop of Rochester specially praised and glorified Rev. R. B. Ransford, of St. Jude's Vicarage, East Brixton, London. So I went out and took luncheon with him, and we talked it all over. He is a fine fellow, broad in theology, earnest in spirit, cheerful in temper, and thoroughly sensible about the whole matter of missions. Does not believe in the minister of the parish giving himself over into the missioner's hands. Hates the name of missioner, and altogether goes further towards making the whole thing seem sensible and practicable than I supposed was possible. I have not the least idea whether he would come to America, but if I were going to have a mission, and wanted an Englishman to run it, I would ask him.

Wengern Alp, August 1, 1885.

When the Congress is safely over, there will come your mission. I am so glad that you have got a good man, and I shall be all curiosity to know how it goes on. On the whole, I am very glad it is to take place. It will at least break the rigidity of the church's ways, and strike the true keynote of preaching. Boston will be ready when New York has proved that it is the true thing to do.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, October 9, 1885.

I am glad Ransford is coming, but it almost took my breath away when I heard it. I felt for an instant as if the whole responsibility of your mission was on my shoulders. But you know I did n't warrant him, — only said that he seemed to be a first-

rate fellow, with real sensible ideas regarding what a mission ought to be, and that I should certainly engage him if I wanted a missioner. Awful word! That is all I said, and that, you see, is n't much!

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, November 23, 1885.

Dear Arthur, — I feel as if I were taking a solemn farewell of you when I see you plunging into this mysterious Mission. I wonder to myself whether I shall know you as you come out. All looks very interesting about it, and I am sure I hope and pray that it may do great good. I am delighted that Ransford makes so good an impression. I hope that I shall see him before he leaves the country. Would he be willing, and would it be a good thing for him, to come on here, — say, on the second or third Sunday in December, — and tell my people about the mission? I will write to him about such a plan on a word of encouragement from you.

The usual routine of work in the fall was varied by the visit to this country of Archdeacon Farrar, who during his stay in Boston was the guest of Mr. Brooks, and on All Saints' Day preached for him in Trinity Church. Mr. Brooks had been looking forward to the visit, and had done all in his power to bring it about by urging it upon his friend. He was anxious that Dr. Farrar should see the country to advantage. He felt somewhat like a boy in college when he takes his friend home with him for the vacation. A sense of proprietorship, as it were, in his native city took possession of him, as he thought of its people, or looked at its streets and its buildings, and saw them in a new light as he gazed at them through the eyes of another. Although he loved England, he was proud of America, and of the opportunity to interpret America to one accustomed to English ways. He made no apology for the homely fashions or social usages which had been preserved in rural New England, but gloried in them as evidencing the triumph of the democratic principle in its purity and strength, and among the sources of American greatness. He rejoiced in the cordial welcome everywhere given to Dr. Farrar, in helping to bring England and America to that better understanding of each other which should lead to international amity.

On Thanksgiving Day, he chose for his text the words describing the dream of Nebuchadnezzar: "I saw a dream which made me afraid, and the thoughts upon my bed and the visions of my head troubled me," — words where "the Babylonian king had summed up his realm in his feelings." The subject of the sermon was the "Temper of a Time," how one ought to feel in the days which were passing. For our own time this was the summary: (1) great sense of danger; (2) great expectation; (3) great hope in man; (4) great trust in God. He dwelt on the function of wonder as indispensable to any man or age. He passed in review the current feeling in regard to social changes, mechanical discoveries, and theological disturbances. It was indispensable for a man, if he would help his age, that he should be a man of the time. A value was to be set upon every movement which was in the right direction, however slight or unconnected, because no man could say how or where it would ultimate. There should be an earnest desire to get at the heart of things under their form, — yet keeping forms, — the mixture of conservatism and radicalism. He saw grounds for hope in the pursuit of mechanical discoveries and pointed out their true value. Everything should be valued which tended to increase true faith in and true hope for man in the reign of the coming democracy. Let religion grow deeper and more simple. Freedom was the word to be applied as a test in the political confusion which threatened to dissolve political parties. But the supreme need was for strong *moral* purpose, as the ground and basis of everything.

Although Phillips Brooks was an optimist, cultivating hope for the world as a solemn obligation and responsibility, yet at this time, as in previous years, he was wrestling in secret with the foes of hope, as Jacob wrestled through the night in mortal combat with his mysterious antagonist. He could not assume that all was well until he had measured the motives which begot the moods of pessimism. In the search for its causes he found them in the theoretical philosophy of fatalism, in partial views of life, in personal disappointment, in an affectation of contempt. "Pessimism," he writes it

down in his note-book, "comes from and tends to the loss of individuality." While he was engaged in working up a sermon on the subject, texts of Scripture flashed upon his mind: "In the daytime he led them with a cloud, and all the night through with a light of fire." Every theist must be an optimist, but before one could say, "The Lord is good," he must take in the range of the divine activity: "See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me. I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand." He saw a truth in pessimism, something from which an inspiration for higher living could be obtained. But he condemns the folly of vague optimism as of vague pessimism, or of vagueness anywhere. "Define yourself." Schopenhauer he designates as a "scared pessimist." Christ's view of man must be the true one; He was no pessimist; "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved;" and yet He says, "For judgment have I come into this world." The salvation from pessimism is in the unselfish service of men. To get at the facts of life and place them in their true light is the first duty. Much of the pain in the world comes from memory and from anticipation, from the past and from the future, not from the present. He repeats the lines of Victor Hugo: —

C'est le bonheur de vivre
Qui fait la gloire de mourir.

He recalls, in a picture of Domenichino's, at Bologna, the little angel trying the point of one of the thorns in the Crown of Thorns with his finger. He notes the correspondence of general human good and ill, hope and despair, with the same in the personal life. "Progress must be seen as law, as well as fact. There remains, (1) the perpetual faith with which men trust each other; (2) the hopefulness with which they want to live; (3) the complacency with which they see their children start out in life. 'The Lord is good.' The book Ecclesiastes gives the picture, — enjoyment with a background of judgment; neither wanton self-indulgence nor cynical pleasure and hatred; neither idle optimism nor wanton pessimism."

Among the sermons which issued from the inward conflict, where he was weighing the materials of his own life as well as studying the world around him, there are three, written at this time or very nearly, which may be mentioned by their titles: the "Battle of Life" (1885),[1] the "Giant with the Wounded Heel" (1886),[2] and the "Sword bathed in Heaven" (1886).[3] In these sermons, which are the types of many others, there is felt a difference of tone as compared with his earlier preaching, — the tone of a man in the thick of mortal combat, a giant in the toils, and yet in the process of escape, who discerns light and victory. The essential characteristic of human life, which the age is in danger of overlooking, is perpetual warfare, — of all life, whether in celestial regions or in earthly places. God is in the conflict as well as every man, and the battle is of Titanic proportions. There is victory for every man, though the type of human life at its best must be the giant with the wounded heel. There is victory for every man, but on one condition, that the sword with which he fights must have been bathed in heaven.

To the Hon. George F. Hoar, United States Senator from Massachusetts, who wrote Mr. Brooks, asking why St. Paul, in the midst of his lofty statement of the great doctrine of immortality, in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, should break the connection by the thirty-third verse, — "Evil communications corrupt good manners," Mr. Brooks sends a letter, interesting and characteristic, as though he read the Apostle through the knowledge of himself: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 3, 1885.

My dear Sir, — I am sure that we must all have been struck, as you have been, by the curiously incongruous tone of the thirty-third verse of St. Paul's fifteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians.

I have been in the habit of finding the explanation, first, in the fact that the verse is a quotation (from Menander), and one, no doubt, so familiar to the people that it had become a proverb; and, second, that the Greek words had none of that particular tone which belongs to the words which our English trans-

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vi. [2] Cf. *Ibid.* vol. iv. [3] Cf. *Ibid.*

lators used; particularly the word "manners," which surely has not either the dignity or the range of the Greek "ἤθη."

At the same time, it seems to me to be altogether characteristic of St. Paul to interrupt a glowing and lofty argument by a few words of special and homely exhortation and warning suggested by what he is saying, then resuming his argument all the more loftily beyond. Such passages are not, I think, uncommon with him. Certainly they bring out very forcibly the way in which the two impulses, of high speculation and of care for men's behavior and character, were both always present with him; and I have come to feel that in this particular passage the two impulses add to each other's vividness and force.

There are a few words on these verses in Dean Stanley's "Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians," which seem to me to be suggestive. I am, my dear sir,

Yours most sincerely,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On the 13th of December, 1885, Phillips Brooks crossed the line, the approach to which he had been dreading, as only one so full of life could dread it, and kept his fiftieth birthday. All his life, as we have seen, he kept, or was forced to keep, these memorial days, and he made far too much of them for his own comfort and peace. The resemblance to his mother comes out in the common tone they assume in speaking of life after the age of fifty. In a letter to Mr. Cooper he seems to make light of the event, saying, "I reached the half century, and shook myself as I started out upon another half century." But this is on the surface. In reality he was beginning to assume that youth was over. Though he had written it and said it many times before, now he felt and meant it when he said it. He began to speak of himself as old. In addressing young men he would assume that life for him was over, or that he was a spectator of the scene in which they were the actors. When he was remonstrated with for taking such a tone, which only pained those who listened to him and who were surprised at his saying of himself what they did not believe was true, he would answer that he supposed he felt it or he would not say it.

To Mrs. Robert Treat Paine he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 13, 1885.

Dear Mrs. Paine, — I wish you could know how very bright your kind note and the beautiful gift which came with it make this semi-centennial morning. You know how much your friendship has been to me — the friendship of you all — for a good third of this long life of mine. You cannot know it wholly, but I do hope that you know it in part. This kindness has deepened and assured my happiness in your friendship, and my gratitude to all of you. Now, in spite of blunders and defects which seem to me to increase in me, in melancholy fashion, let me hope that you and Bob and all your children will give me still a place in your affection till the end.

I am not very conceited this morning; the past looks pretty poor so far as it has been my work. But I am very grateful to God for all these happy years. I should be a wretch indeed if I were not. And high among the causes of my gratitude stands the friendship of my friends.

This kindness was good indeed! Thank you again and again.

Ever sincerely yours, Phillips Brooks.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston,
Monday morning, December 21, 1885.

Dear Arthur, — How good you and L—— were to come on here for the semi-centennial dinner. I cannot thank you enough, and I shall remember it forever as the most delightful piece of brotherly and sisterly affection. You have been awfully good to me many and many a time, but you never were better or gave me more pleasure than when you took those two long journeys to wish me a happy New Year and start me off on my second half century. It was so good to be all together once again, the total family. The times get rarer, and one small consolation in being fifty years old is that I have furnished the opportunity of such a meeting, and that you were good enough to come. I felt very guilty at first when I saw how much pleasure you had taken for me, but now I accept it all without a qualm and am very happy about it. Do let L—— know how heartily I thank you both. . . .

Forefathers' Day! Blessed old Puritans! How glad I am they lived and that they don't live now!

To the Rev. G. H. Strong he writes: —

December 24, 1885.

Dear George, —. . . I was fifty a week ago last Sunday and you are — who can say how old? Well, no doubt it is all right, but there is getting to be a very "John Anderson my Jo

John" feeling about it all which I don't like nearly so well as the old cheery, hopeful feeling of the days when —— and —— were daily and hourly visions. I send you still with my own venerable hand, like Paul the aged, my best thanks and heartiest good wishes. . . .

Ever affectionately, P. B.

Here is a letter written to his two little nieces in Springfield, on receiving from them for a Christmas present the portrait of some remote ancestor: —

December 26, 1885.

Dear Dodo and Hattie, — It was very good of you to think of your old relative and send him the picture of an even older relative for a Christmas present. I thank you very much indeed, and I shall hang him up and love to think of how kind you were and of how good he was. I do not think he was ever as kind as you are, and I do not think you will ever be as good as he was. I hope not!

You never knew him. He died before you were born. Indeed I did not know him very well myself, for I was very young the last time he was here. But everybody says he was a nice old man and hated Christmas with all his soul. How little can he have ever thought that he himself would be turned into a Christmas present some day! I do not know but what it was wrong in you to play such a joke on him, but I am sure that it was very funny. I cannot think how you ever got hold of him. I thought he was dead up in Andover, and now here he comes from Springfield in a box just as if he had been alive in your town all these years.

You must tell me how you came to find him, and if he has a way of running about, because if he has, I must tie a string to him, for I should be very sorry to lose him, partly because he is so good and pretty, and partly because you are so kind. I thank you for him a million, million times. And I hope you had a merry Christmas, and lots of presents, and a nice sermon, and a good dinner, and pies and ice cream, and nuts and raisins, and gum-drops.

Give my love to John and Hattie, and believe me,

Very respectfully your affectionate uncle, P.

The following extracts are from his note-book, made while travelling during the summer of 1885: —

Sermon on the impulse every now and then to every one to get

loose from the despotic course of life and break things. The Radical in everybody. The love of camping out.

Sermon on the disciples' dispute which should be greatest, the humanness of it. Show how ambition may be nobly turned into which shall be usefullest and meekest. The demon of comparison.

Sermon on "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Cf. Descartes, *Cogito, ergo sum.* The relation of thought to life.

As crossing a Paris or a London street, when we are halfway over, we cease to look for danger on the one side, and begin to fear it only on the other, so of growing old.

Thanksgiving sermon on the whole modern relation of rich and poor. The old relation was between distinctly superior and inferior beings. The attempt next to create absolute equality: Declaration of Independence. The solution must be in the real valuing of things. Apply to conceit of rich, apply to jealousy of poor. This with free power to change conditions. Does this suit Christianity? Yes, in special precepts, but still more in the general emphasis of character. Do not be carried away by superstition of wealth either way.

Strong theistic tendency arising. Socialism struggling for definition. The spread of representation, with strong questionings about it. Ours a transition time, — all times so, but some peculiarly. Real meaning of the struggle for honest government. Civil service reform. The nation realizing itself for its future, gathering itself together for advance. Not a mere economic question. Death of McClellan and Grant; final end of the period; first absolutely non-war President.

Subjects for Wednesday evening lectures. Certain Bible words and their meanings. In the first lecture show how they came to be misunderstood. The confusion of allegory and literalism. The love of the concrete and the definite. The plainness and distinctness of the superficial reason; the wish to make them strictly ostensible. 1. God. 2. Heaven. 3. Hell. 4. Redemption. 5. Salvation. 6. Sacrifice. 7. Eternity. 8. Reward. 9. Atonement.

Time, that aged nurse, rocked me to patience.

Some men make themselves God, without knowing what they are doing. The deity they appeal to is really their deeper, higher self. When they feel God's approval, it is really their own self-praise. When God reproaches them, it is their own

self-rebuke. When they go apart from the world to hold communion with Him, it really is an entrance into their own self-consciousness. To other men, some good fellow man, more or less consciously and completely enlarged into an ideal of humanity, answers the same purpose, and is in reality their God. To still others, a vague presence of a high purpose and tendency felt in everything. Tennyson's "one increasing purpose," and Arnold's "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness." This fulfils the end and makes the substitute for God. But none of these supply the place of a true personality outside ourselves, yet infinitely near to us.

Clear plea for search after *truth* in religion, as distinct from search for *pleasure* or for *safety*. Protest against æsthetic ritualism and against stubborn orthodoxy.

Text: "If thine eye be *single*, thy whole body shall be full of light." The great desirable end, Light. How Christ and the Bible dread and hate darkness. That their glory. The enemies of moral light are Cowardice, Contempt, Cruelty, and Sloth,—these the powers of Darkness. Selfishness behind all. Our aim is to show how clear, simple, unselfish devotion to some great practicable purpose clears all these away. Christ the illustration. Only one question to ask: not, Is it safe? or, Is it best for *me?* nor, Is it popular? nor, Is it easy? but, Is it *right?* The danger of one-sided men. This is not that. Unselfish devotion to *another* the only way to *singlefy* the life of devotion to Family, Country, Science, Humanity, God. Apply to political matters and to Theology. The general love for complication, universal sympathy, etc. But a deeper love below it for simplicity. The real solution and union of the two in *centrality*. The lack of this; the way Christianity supplies it. Christ the man of men, the Lord of being.

The return to simplicity in religious questions. Is there a God? The new departure theories.

Text: "The summer is ended." For most of us, the ship going *home*. A period of relaxation over. A touch of disappointment. It must be so wherever there is no real ideality and lofty hope. The summer a ripening of spring seed into autumn fruit. True value of foreign travel in ripening *home* affections and connections. The unity of a life is in *God*. His nearness. The summer and the whole year conception of life make it depend on God as *the sun*.

There is a true and a false simplicity, and when the time

comes that simplicity is desired it makes all the difference whether we choose the true.

Such a time does come — hatred of all complication, in all deeper moods, in all mature life. Then shall you get simplicity by exorcism or by centrality?

1. In civilization. Let us return to Barbarism, let us cut off elaborations? Not so! But let us get sight of the one increasing purpose.

2. In the personal nature. Give us the simple man? Nay, so you get the meagre man. Give us the manifold man, with one great purpose.

3. In thought. Let us stop this ranging of thought everywhere? But no, let us think devoutly.

4. In action. Let us stop and come down to simple life? No, but men should be nobler by it all.

Text: "Be still, and know that I am God." God's great assertion of existence, as if that was so much. "Be still," — the hush of this endless talk. A great reverse or accident, breaking the special methods of life down; Z——. The breakdown of a Faith and its perception of Truth behind it.

The perplexities of life (labor, etc.), ignoring first principles and the deeper powers at work. The whole return to what seems pure theism. Battling in God. The ship on the ice. Ice melting lets it down into the sea. Mystery behind all life.

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